THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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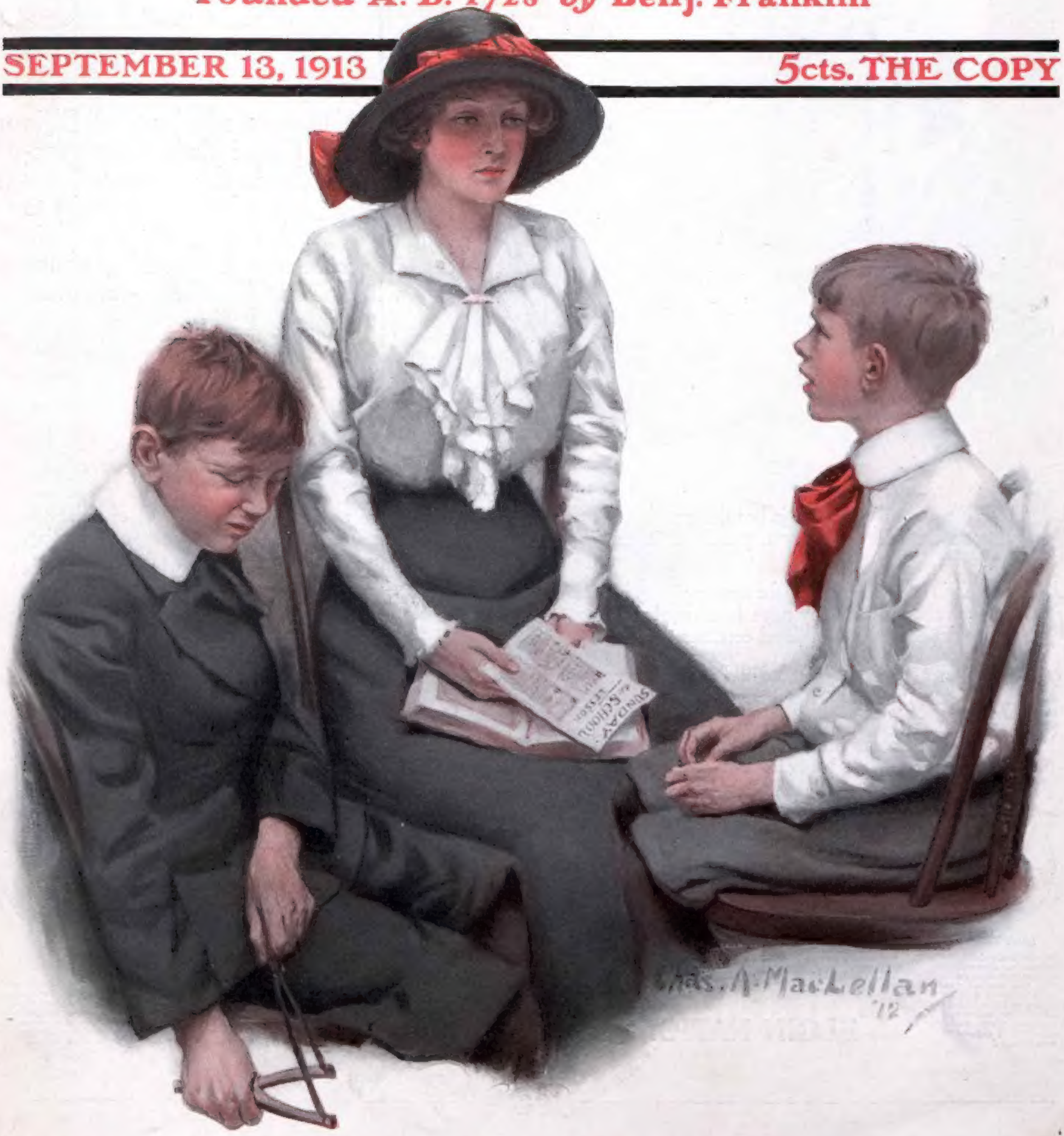


Life Among the Abandoned Farmers—By Irvin S. Cobb

40,000 ELGINeers

FORTY thousand merchants sell Elgin watches. They include every representative jeweler in the country. This fact, in itself, is a splendid testimonial to Elgin worth. It means that the Elgin has the confidence and backing of the men who know watches best—that every good jeweler is an Elgin*eer*.

The Elgin Watch

THE reasons why the Elgin has the confidence of the jewelry trade are well stated by a prominent jeweler, who writes as follows:

"The Elgin has been made by the same company in the same place for fifty years, and is to-day more favorably known by a greater number of people in all civilized countries than any other watch.

"Intelligence and experience are particularly essential in the watchmaking business—when you buy an Elgin you buy a half-century of watchmaking experience.

"Elgins that have seen actual service 20, 30 or 40 years are not uncommon. This means something—it means that the Elgin National Watch Company has looked after its own interests by looking after yours—it means that they employ competent workmen and then allow them sufficient time to turn out a finished product.

"The simplicity of construction of Elgin Watches reduces the possibilities of getting out of order and makes them easy of access in repairing and cleaning.

"We submit that these reasons why we sell Elgin Watches are good reasons why a watch purchaser should buy an Elgin."

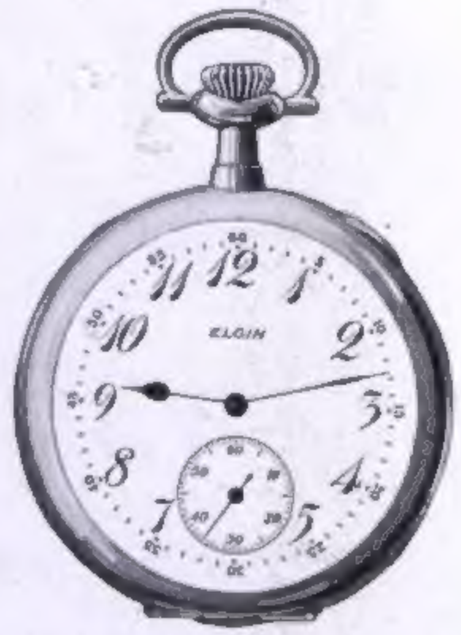
Elgin history, Elgin fame, Elgin equipment, Elgin production and Elgin performance are powerful arguments for Elgin quality—arguments which must weigh with the watch buyer who wants the utmost for his money.

Consult *your* local Elgin*eer*. You know him and *he* knows watches. Ask him what he knows about the Elgin.

LADY ELGIN

Diminutive, dainty, dependable. As small in diameter as the new 5-cent coin now being issued by the U. S. Mint. Being an Elgin, its mechanical perfection and accuracy of movement are natural. Solid gold cases only.

Elgin mastery of watchmaking is further exemplified by the G. M. WHEELER model, a sturdy, handsome, medium-priced watch; and by VERITAS, B.W. RAYMOND and FATHER TIME, standard models for railroad men. Your local Elgin*eer* will gladly show any Elgin Watch to you.



LORD ELGIN

A wonderful timer—the masterwatch. Extremely thin. Justly famed as the partner of dominant men. Contains very latest devices for perfect timekeeping, including Micrometric Regulator, Compensating Balance and Double Roller Escapement. Solid gold or 25-year filled cases.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

Copyright, 1913, The House of Kuppenheimer

TODAY, as in the past, Kuppenheimer Clothes mark the high tide of refinement and economy in men's wear.

Young men of eighteen to thirty years, good fellows who are still young at forty, older men and those in between, should not overlook the pleasure of examining this season's offerings to be found in the stores of the more progressive merchants throughout the country.

The two English models as shown here are decidedly correct—other styles if you prefer them—an endless variety to select from.

Our book, Styles for Men, will be sent upon request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

You'll see in our young men's clothes the ultra fashion ideas; the things that are "a season or two ahead"; things that older men will take up later. That's what that department is for—to keep ahead; its work represents the advance line of fashion in men's clothes; and that's why young men are so keen for our goods. Our illustration brings out some of the points that characterize this season's models; you'll see more of them when you see the clothes themselves.

Young men's clothes, as we make them, are different; the back, the shoulders, the front, the sleeves are different. Notice in our illustration the three-button, two-to-button idea; the long slope of the lapel and the way the collar lies. Notice how the coat hugs the waistline; the patch-pockets; the Norfolk vest on the central figure. When you see the clothes examine the Eas-adjust waistband in the trousers, an exclusive feature in our goods.

YOU want smart style, latest style, correct style; but you've got to be careful if you want to be sure of getting it. Not all "soft roll" coats are correct in style; not all "English models"; there's something more in correct style than just calling it that.

We know; we make a business of knowing; and when you find our mark in the clothes you may depend on getting the right thing. You'll get quality, also; without quality, style doesn't last very long.

The young men in our illustration are wearing suits such as can be had for $25 in any store selling our goods. We advise you to see the clothes for yourself. You'll find suits as low as $18 and $20; and as high as $40 and $50. If you see the $25 suits you'll see why ready clothes are best to buy.

Send for the Fall Style Book showing
many new models for men and women

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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LIFE AMONG THE ABANDONED FARMERS

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

I WISH to say I have given up all intention of buying an abandoned farm. This decision on my part is fixed and irrevocable. I arrived at it after a long period of study and investigation. Much as I regret to state it, I shall never live on an abandoned farm and be an abandoned farmer.

For years it has been the dream of our life—I should say our lives, since my wife shared this vision with me—to own an abandoned farm; but now I know this can never be. The idea first came to us through reading articles that appeared in the various magazines and newspapers telling of the sudden growth of what I may call the abandoned-farm industry.

It seemed that New England in general—and the state of Connecticut in particular—was thickly speckled with delightful old places which, through overcultivation or illtreatment, had become for the time being sterile and non-productive; so that the original owners had moved away to the near-by manufacturing towns, leaving their ancestral homesteads empty and their ancestral acres idle. As a result there were great numbers of desirable places any one of which might be had for a song. That was the term most commonly used by the writers of these articles—abandoned farms going for a song.

Now singing is not my forte. People would be more apt to go away from a song of mine than to go for it; still, I made up my mind that if such indeed was the case I would sing a little, accompanying myself on my bank balance, and win me an abandoned farm.

I Could Shut My Eyes and See the Whole Prospect

The formula as laid down by the authorities was simple in the extreme: Taking almost any Connecticut town for a starting point, you merely meandered along an elm-lined road until you came to a desirable location, which you purchased for the price of the aforesaid ditty, lullaby or roundelay. This formality being completed, you spent a trivial sum in restoring the fences, and so on, and modernizing the interior of the house; after which it was a comparatively easy task to restore the land to productiveness by processes of intensive agriculture—procurable from any standard book on the subject or through easy lessons by mail. And so presently, with scarcely any trouble or expense at all, you were the possessor of a delightful country estate upon which to spend your declining years. It made no difference whether you were one of those persons who had never to date declined anything of value; there was no telling when you might start in.

I could shut my eyes and see the whole delectable prospect: Upon a gentle eminence crowned with ancient trees stood the rambling old manse, filled with marvelous antique furniture, grandfather's clocks dating back to the whaling days, spinning wheels, pottery that came over on the Mayflower, and all those sorts of things. Round about were the meadows, some under cultivation and some lying fallow, the latter being dotted at appropriate intervals with the grazing fallow deer.

The Home of a Dream

AT ONE side of the house was the orchard, the old gnarly trees crooking their bent limbs as though inviting one to come and pluck the sun-kissed fruit from the burdened bough; at the other side a purling brook wandering its way into a greenwood copse, where through all the golden day sang the feathered warblers indigenous to the climate, including the soft-billed Greenwich thrush, the Peabody bird, the Pettingill bird, the Phelps-Stokes bird, the albatross, the flamingo, and others of the commoner varieties too numerous to mention.

At the back were the abandoned cotes and byres, with an abandoned rooster crowing lustily upon a henhouse, and an abandoned bull calf disporting himself in the clover of the pasture. At the front was a rolling vista undulating gently away to where above the tree-tops there rose the spires of a typical New England village full of Republicans and characters suitable for putting into short stories. On beyond, past where a silver lake glinted in the sunshine, was a view of either the distant Sound or the distant mountains. Personally I intended that my establishment should be so placed as to command a view of the Sound from the east windows and of the mountains from the west windows. Why, the mere thought of it was enough to make a man start taking vocal culture right away.

Plans to Cross the Slippery Ellum

BESIDES, I have been waiting impatiently for a long time for an opportunity to work out several agricultural projects of my own. For example, there is my notion in regard to the mulberry. The mulberry, as all know, is one of our most abundant small fruits; but many have objected to it on account of its woolly appearance and slightly caterpillary taste. My idea is to cross the mulberry on the slippery elm—pronounced, where I came from, ellum—producing a fruit which I shall call the mulellum. This fruit will combine the health-giving qualities of the mulberry with the agreeable smoothness of the slippery elm; in fact, if my plans work out I shall have a berry that will go down so slick the consumer will not taste it at all unless he should eat too many of them and have indigestion afterward.

Then there was my scheme for inducing the common chinch bug to make chintz curtains. If the silk worms can make silk why should not the chinch bug do something useful instead of wasting his energies in idle pursuits? This is what I wish to know. And why should this man Luther Burbank enjoy a practical monopoly of all these propositions? That was the way I looked at it; and I figured that an abandoned farm would make an ideal place for working out such experiments as might come to me from time to time.

The trouble was that, though everybody wrote of the abandoned farms in a broad, general, alluring way, nobody gave the exact location of any of them. I subscribed for one of the monthly publications devoted to country life along the Eastern seaboard and searched assiduously through its columns for mention of abandoned farms. The owners of most of the country places that were advertised for sale made mention of such things as fourteen master's bedrooms and nine master's baths—showing undoubtedly that the master would be expected to do more sleeping than bathing—sunken gardens and private hunting preserves, private golf links and private yacht landings.

I Had Expected That the Platform Would Be Inhabited by Picturesque Natives

In nearly every instance, also, the advertisement was accompanied by a halftone picture of a structure greatly resembling the new county building they are going to have down at Paducah if the bond issue ever passes. It seemed a suitable place for holding circuit court in, or even fiscal court, but it was not exactly the kind of country home that we had pictured for ourselves. As my wife said, just the detail of washing all those windows would keep the girl busy fully half her time. Nor did I care to invest in any sunken gardens. I had sufficient experience in that direction when we lived in the suburbs and permanently invested about half of what I made in

our eight-by-ten flower bed trying to make it produce the kind of flowers that the florists' catalogues described. You could not tell us anything about that subject—we knew where a sunken garden derives its name. We paid good money to know.

None of the places advertised in the monthly seemed sufficiently abandoned for our purposes, so for a little while we were in a quandary. Then I had a bright thought. I said to myself that undoubtedly abandoned farms were so cheap the owners did not expect to get any real money for them; they would probably be willing to take something in exchange. So I began buying the evening papers and looking through them in the hope of running across some such item as this:

TO EXCHANGE—Abandoned farm, centrally located, with large farmhouse, containing all-antique furniture, barns, outbuildings, family graveyard—planted, orchard, woodland, fields—unplanted, for a collection of postage stamps in album, an amateur magician's outfit, a guitar with book of instructions, a safety bicycle, or anything useful. Address ABANDONED, South Squantum Center, Connecticut.

I found no such offers, however; and in view of what we had read this seemed stranger still. Finally I decided that the only safe method would be by first-hand investigation upon the spot. I would go by rail to some small but accessible hamlet in the lower part of New England. On arriving there I would personally examine a number of the more attractive abandoned farms in the immediate vicinity and make a discriminating selection. Having reached this conclusion I went to bed and slept peacefully—or at least I went to bed and did so as soon as my wife and I had settled one point that came up unexpectedly at this juncture. It related to the smokehouse. I was in favor of turning the smokehouse into a study or workroom for myself. She thought, though, that by knocking the walls out and altering the roof and building a pergola on to it, it would make an ideal summer house in which to serve tea and from which to view the peaceful landscape of afternoons.

We argued this back and forth at some length, each conceding something to the other's views; and finally we decided to knock out the walls and alter the roof and have a summer house with a pergola in connection. It was after we reached this compromise that I slept so peacefully, for now the whole thing was as good as settled. I marveled at not having thought of it sooner.

The Passing of I Vum the Terrible

IT WAS on a bright and peaceful morning that I alighted from the train at North Newburybunkport. Considering that it was supposed to be a typical New England village, North Newburybunkport did not appear at first glance to answer to the customary specifications, such as I had gleaned from my reading of novels of New England life. I had expected that the platform would be inhabited by picturesque natives in quaint clothes, with straws in their mouths and all whittling; and that the depot agent would wear long chin whiskers and say "I vum!" with much heartiness at frequent intervals. Right here I wish to state that so far as my observations go the native who speaks these words about every other line is no longer on the job. Either I Vum the Terrible has died or else he has gone to England to play the part of the typical American millionaire in American plays written by Englishmen.

Instead of the loafers, several chauffeurs were idling about the station and a string of automobiles was drawn up across the road. Just as I disembarked there drove up a large red bus labeled: Sylvan Dale Summer Hotel, European and American Plans. The station agent also proved in the nature of a disappointment. He did not even say "I swan" or "I cal'late!" or anything of that nature. He wore pink elastic garters on his arms and his hair was scalloped up off his forehead in what is known as the lion tamer's roach. Approaching, I said to him:

"In what direction should I go to find some of the abandoned farms of this vicinity? I would prefer to go where there is a good assortment to pick from."

He did not appear to understand, so I repeated the question, at the same time offering him a cigar. Before answering he carefully rolled the cigar in a blue-bordered handkerchief and, murmuring something about smoking it after dinner, stowed it away in his vest pocket.

"Bo," he said, "you've sure got me winging now. You'd better ask Tony Magnito—he runs the garage three doors up the street from here on the other side. Tony does a lot of driving round the country for suckers that come up here, and he might help you."

To reach the garage I had to cross the road, dodging several automobiles in transit, and then pass two old-fashioned New England houses fronting close up to the sidewalk. One had the sign of a teahouse over the door, and in the window of the other, picture postcards, birch-bark souvenirs and standard varieties of candy were displayed for sale.

Despite his foreign-sounding name, Mr. Magnito spoke fair English—that is, as fair English as any one speaks who employs the Manhattan accent in so doing.

Even after he found out that I did not care to rent a touring car for sightseeing purposes at five dollars an hour he was quite affable and accommodating; but my opening question appeared to puzzle him just as in the case of the depot agent.

"Mister," he said frankly, "I'm sorry, but I don't seem to make you. What's this thing you is looking for? Tell me over again slow."

Really the ignorance of these villagers regarding one of their principal products—a product lying, so to speak, at their very doors and written about constantly in the public prints—was ludicrous. It would have been laughable if it had not been deplorable. I saw that I could not indulge in general trade terms. I must be painfully explicit and simple.

"What I am seeking"—I said it very slowly and very distinctly—"is a farm that has been deserted, so to speak—one that has outlived its usefulness as a farm proper, and everything like that!"

"Oh," he says, "now I get you! Why didn't you say that in the first place? The place you're looking for is the old Putnam place, out here on the post road about a mile. August'll take good care of you—that's his specialty."

"August?" I inquired. "August who?"

"August Weinstopper—the guy who runs it," he explained. "You must have known August if you lived long in New York. He used to be the steward at that big hotel at Broadway and Forty-second; that was before he came out here and opened up the old Putnam place as an automobile roadhouse. He's cleaning up about a thousand a month. Some class to that mantrap! They've got an orchestra, and nothing but vintage goods on the wine card, and turkey trotting at all hours. Any night you'll see forty or fifty big cars rolling up there, bringing swell dames and ——"

I judge he saw by my expression that he was on a totally wrong tack, because he stopped short.

"Say, mister," he said, "I guess you'd better step into the post-office here—next door—and tell your troubles to Miss Plummer. She knows everything that's going on round here—and she ought to, too, seeing as she gets first chance at all the circulars and postal cards that come in. Besides, I gotter be changing that gasoline sign—gas has went up two cents a gallon more."

Miss Plummer was sorting mail when I appeared at her wicket. She was one of those elderly, spinsterish-looking, kittenish females who appear in an intense state of surprise all the time. Her eyebrows arched like croquet wickets and her mouth made O's before she uttered them.

"Name, please?" she said twitteringly.

I told her.

"Ah," she said in the thrilled tone of one who is watching a Fourth of July skyrocket explode in midair. The news seemed to please her.

"And the initials, please?"

"The initials are of no consequence. I do not expect any mail," I said. "I want merely to ask you a question."

"Indeed!" she said coyly. She said it as though I had just given her a handsome remembrance, and she cocked her head on one side like a bird—like a hen-bird.

"I hate to trouble you," I went on, "but I have experienced some difficulty in making your townspeople understand me. I am looking for a certain kind of farm—a farm of an abandoned character."

At once I saw I had made a mistake.

"You do not get my meaning," I said hastily. "I refer to a farm that has been deserted, closed up, shut down—in short, abandoned. I trust I make myself plain."

She was still suffering from shock, however. She gave me a wounded-fawn glance and averted her burning face.

Abducted by Jabez Pickerel

"THE Prewitt property might suit your purposes—whatever they may be," she said coldly over her shoulder. "Mr. Jabez Pickerel, of Pickerel & Pike, real-estate dealers, on the first corner above, will doubtless give you the desired information. He has charge of the Prewitt property."

At last, I said to myself as I turned away, I was on the right track. Mr. Pickerel rose as I entered his place of business. He was a short, square man, with a brisk manner and a roving eye.

"I have been directed to you," I began. He seized my hand and began shaking it warmly. "I have been told," I continued, "that you have charge of the old Prewitt farm somewhere near here; and as I am in the market for an aban ——" I got no farther than that.

"In one minute," he shouted explosively—"in just one minute!"

Still clutching me by the hand, he rushed me pellmell out of the place. At the curbing stood a long, low, rakish racing-model roadster, looking something like a high-powered projectile and something like an enlarged tailor's goose. Leaping into this machine at one bound, he dragged me up into the seat beside him and threw on the power. Instantly we were streaking away at a perfectly appalling rate of speed—fully forty-five to fifty-five miles an hour I should say. You never saw anything so sudden in your life. It was exactly like a kidnapping. It was only by the exercise of great self-control that I restrained myself from screaming for help. I had the feeling that I was being abducted—for what purpose I knew not.

As we spun round a corner on two wheels, spraying up a long furrow of dust, the same as in pictures of the chariot race in Ben-Hur, a man with a watch in his hand and wearing a badge—a constable, I think—ran out of a house that had a magistrate's sign over it and threw up his hand authoritatively, as though to stop us; but my companion

I Fled Like a Hunted Roebuck

"Merciful Heavens! You Do Not Drive the Car Yourself, Do You?"

yelled something the purport of which I could not distinguish and the constable fell back. Glancing rearward over my shoulder I saw him halting another car bearing a New York license that did not appear to be going half so fast as we were.

In another second we were out of town, tearing along upon a country highway. Evidently sensing the alarm expressed by my tense face and strained posture, this man Pickerel began saying something in what was evidently intended to be a reassuring tone; but such was the roaring of the car that I could distinguish only broken fragments of his speech. I caught the words "unparalleled opportunity," repeated several times—the term appeared to be a favorite of his—and "marvelous proposition." Possibly I was not listening very closely anyhow, my mind being otherwise engaged. For one thing I was surmising in a general sort of way upon the old theory of the result when the irresistible force encounters the immovable object. I was wondering how long it would be before we hit something solid and whether it would be possible afterward to tell us apart. His straw hat also made me wonder. I had mine clutched in both hands and even then it fluttered against my bosom like a captive bird, but his stayed put. I think yet he must have had threads cut in his head to match the convolutions of the straw and screwed his hat on, like a nut on an axle.

I have a confused recollection of rushing with the speed of the tornado through rows of trees; of leaping from the crest of one small hill to the crest of the next small hill; of passing a truck patch with such velocity that the lettuce and tomatoes and other things all seemed to merge together in a manner suggestive of a well-mixed vegetable salad. Then we swung off the main road in between the huge brick columns of an ornate gateway that stood alone, with no fence in connection. We bumpily traversed a rutted stretch of cleared land; and then with a jar and a jolt we came to a pause in what appeared to be a wide and barren expanse.

As my heart began to throb with slightly less violence I looked about me for the abandoned farmhouse. I had conceived that it would be white with green blinds and that it would stand among trees. It was not in sight; neither were the trees. The entire landscape presented an aspect that was indeed remarkable. Small numbered stakes, planted in double lines at regular intervals, so as to form aisles, stretched away from us in every direction. Also there were twin rows of slender sticks planted in the earth in a sort of geometric pattern. Some were the size of switches. Others were almost as large as umbrella handles and had sprouted slightly. A short distance away an Italian was steering a dirtscraper attached to a languid mule along a sort of dim roadway. There were no other living creatures in sight. Right at my feet were two painted and lettered boards affixed at cross angles to a wooden upright. The legend on one of these boards was: Grand Concourse. The inscription on the other read: Nineteenth Avenue West. Repressing a gasp, I opened my mouth to speak.

Once Aboard the Lugger

"AHEM!" I said. "There has been some mistake——"

"There can be no mistake!" he shouted enthusiastically. "The only mistake possible is not to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity while it is yet possible to do so. Just observe that view!" He waved his arm in the general direction of the horizon from northwest to southeast. "Breathe this air! As a personal favor to me just breathe a little of this air!" He inhaled deeply himself as though to show me how, and I followed suit, because after that ride I needed to catch up with my regular breathing.

"Thank you!" I said gratefully when I had finished breathing. "But how about ——"

"Quite right!" he cried, beaming upon me admiringly. "Quite right! I don't blame you. You have a right to know all the details. As a business man you should ask that question. You were about to say: But how about the train service? Ah, there spoke the true business man, the careful investor! Twenty fast trains a day each way—twenty, sir! Remember! And as for accessibility—well, accessibility is simply no name for it! Only two or three minutes from the station. You saw how long it took us to get here today? Well, then, what more could you ask? Right here," he went on, pointing, "is the country club—a magnificent thing!"

I looked, but I didn't see anything except a hole in the ground about fifty feet from us.

"Where?" I asked. "I don't see it."

"Well," he said, "this is where it is going to be. You automatically become a member of the country club; in fact, you are as good as a member now! And right up there at the corner of Lincoln Boulevard and Washington Parkway, where that scraper is, is the public library—the site for it! You'll be crazy about the public library! When we get back I'll let you run over the plans for the public library while I'm fixing up the papers. Oh, my friend, how glad I am you came while there was yet time!"

I breasted the roaring torrent of his pouring language.

"One minute," I begged of him—"One minute, if you please! I am obliged to you for the interest you take in me, a mere stranger to you; but there has been a misunderstanding. I wanted to see the Prewitt place."

"This is the Prewitt place," he said.

"Yes," I said; "but where is the house? And why all this—why all these——" I indicated by a wave of my hand what I meant.

"Naturally," he explained, "the house is no longer here. We tore it away—it was old; whereas everything here will be new, modern and up to date. This is—or was—the Prewitt place, now better known as Homecrest Heights, the Development Ideal!" Having begun to capitalize his words, he continued to do so. "The Perfect Addition! The Suburb Superb! Away From the City's Dust and Heat! Away From Its Glamour and Clamor! Into the Open! Into the Great Out-of-Doors! Back to the Soil! Villa Plots on Easy Terms! You Furnish the Birds, We Furnish the Nest! The Place For a Business Man to Rear His Family! You are Married? You Have a Wife? You Have Little Ones?"

"Yes," I said, "one of each—one wife and one little one."

"Ah!" he cried gladly. "One Little One—How Sweet! You Love Your Little One—Ah, Yes! Yes! You Desire to Give Your Little One a Chance? You Would Give Her Congenial Surroundings—Refined Surroundings? You Would Inculcate in Her While Young the Love of Nature?" He put an entire sentence into capitals now: "GIVE YOUR LITTLE ONE A CHANCE! THAT IS ALL I ASK OF YOU!"

He had me by both lapels. I thought he was going to kneel to me in pleading. I raised him to his feet. Then his manner changed—it became domineering, hectoring, almost threatening.

I will pass briefly over the events of the succeeding hour, including our return to his lair or office. Accounts of battles where all the losses fall upon one side are rarely interesting to read about anyway. Suffice it to say that at the last minute I was saved. It was a desperate struggle though. I had offered the utmost resistance at first, but he would surely have had his way with me—only that a train pulled in bound for the city just as he was showing me, as party of the first part, where I was to sign my name on the dotted line A. Even then, weakened and worn as I was, I should probably not have succeeded in beating him off if he had not been hampered by having a fountain pen in one hand and the documents in the other. At the door he intercepted me; but I tackled him low about the body and broke through and fled like a hunted roebuck, catching the last car just as the relief train pulled out of the station. It was a close squeeze, but I made it. The thwarted Mr. Pickerel wrote me regularly for some months thereafter, making mention of My Little One in every letter; but after a while I took to sending the letters back to him unopened, and eventually he quit.

The Episode of the Descriptive Dog

I REACHED home along toward evening. I was tired, but I was not discouraged. I reported progress on the part of the committee on a permanent site, but told my wife that in order to find exactly what we wanted it would be necessary for us to leave the main-traveled paths. It was now quite apparent to me that the abandoned farm-seeker who stuck too closely to the railroad lines was bound to be thrown constantly in contact with those false and feverish metropolitan influences which, radiating from the city, have spread over the country like the spokes of a wheel or a upas tree, or something of that nature. The thing to do was to get into an automobile and go from the main routes of travel, into districts where the abandoned farms would naturally be more numerous.

This solved one phase of the situation—we now knew definitely where to go. The next problem was to decide upon some friend owning an automobile. We fixed upon the Winsells. They are charming people! We are devoted to the Winsells. They were very good friends of ours when they had their small four-passenger car; but since they sold the old one and bought a new forty-horse, seven-passenger car they are so popular that it is hard to get hold of them for holidays and week-ends.

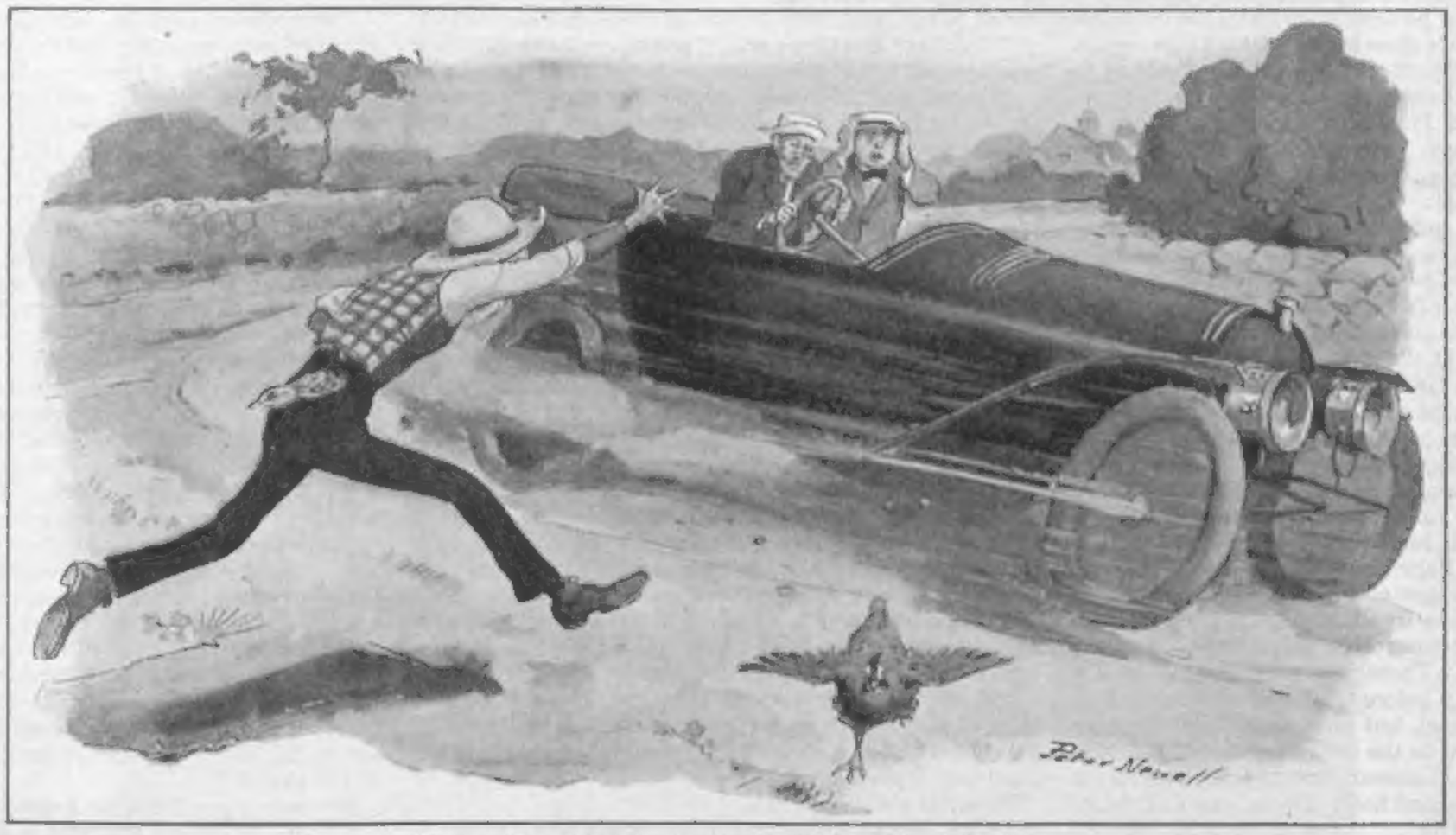
Every Saturday—nearly—some one of their list of acquaintances is calling them up to tell of a lovely spot he has just heard about, with good roads all the way, both coming and going; but after a couple of disappointments we caught them when they had an open date. Over the telephone Winsell objected that he did not know anything about the roads up in Connecticut, but I was able to reassure him promptly on that score. I told him he need not worry about that—that I would buy the road map myself. So on a fair Saturday morning we started.

The trip up through the extreme lower end of the state of New York was delightful, being marred by only one or two small mishaps. There was the trifling incident of a puncture, which delayed us slightly; but fortunately the accident occurred at a point where there was a wonderful view of the Croton Lakes, and while Winsell was taking off the old tire and adjusting a new one we sat very comfortably in the car, enjoying Nature's panorama.

It was a little later on when we hit a dog. It seemed to me that this dog merely sailed, yowling, up into the air in a sort of long curve, but Winsell insisted that the dog described a parabola. I am very glad that in accidents of this character it is always the victims that describe the parabola. I know I should be at a complete loss to describe one myself. Unless it is something like the boomerang of the Australian aborigines I do not even know what a parabola is. Nor did I dream until then that Winsell understood the dog language. However, those are but technical details.

After we crossed the state line we got lost several times; this was because the country seemed to have a number of

(Continued on Page 65)

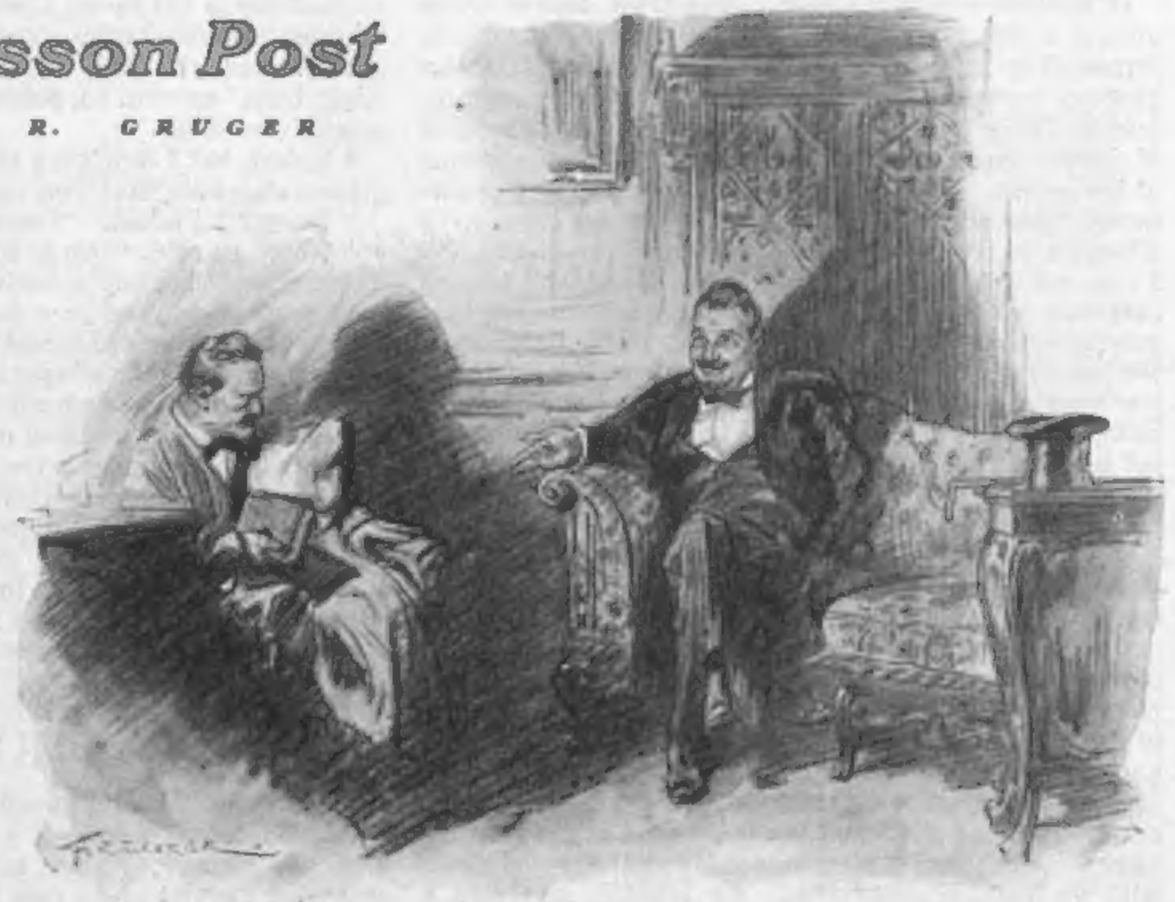


We Spun Round the Same as in the Chariot Race in Ben-Hur

FOUND IN THE FOG

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It is the Gossip of Fashionable Europe, This Infatuation of Lady Landeau"

LONDON had been in fog for a week—that thick, yellow, sulphurous fog that seems to seep out of the earth, that turns the city into a cavern, packed with the smoke of an inferno and filled with weird sounds. It had lifted a little on Friday evening when Monsieur Joncquel came out of the Empire Service Club.

"*Diable!*" he commented as he waited for his hansom to draw up; "these Britons have lungs of brass."

He had come this day from Paris and dined with Sir James Macbain, the head of the English department of police. London had been startled by a mystery, a mystery that had emerged from this fog.

On Wednesday night a four-wheeler had taken a fare at Charing Cross upon the arrival of the train from Dover. The fog was thick and the driver did not notice that a second man entered his cab. The only one he remembered was a short, stout man of middle age who named a hotel in Gloucester Road. When the four-wheeler arrived before the door of the hotel two men were found in it. The short, stout one was dead and the other unconscious. The dead man proved to be Lord Landeau and the other the Count de Choiseul. Both had been shot in precisely the same direction from right to left. But while the bullet that killed Lord Landeau had passed entirely through his body, that which entered the Count de Choiseul had been deflected by striking a rib and had caused only a flesh wound that bled profusely. A revolver with two chambers empty was lying on the floor of the cab. The driver explained that as he passed Hyde Park he heard two reports in quick succession, but he took them to be the explosive sounds of a motor vehicle close behind him. Upon regaining consciousness the Count de Choiseul had declined to make any statement whatever.

The hansom crossed Piccadilly, traversed Albermarle and entered Bond Street. Monsieur Joncquel, traveling whither he could not see, thought of the tragedy and of what Sir James had said:

"The man's guilty, guilty as the devil, but we have failed to trace the weapon, and if he continues to keep his mouth closed we cannot convict him. When we have put our case in, some nimble little barrister will pop up, hint that the prisoner is silent to shield a woman, offer some cock-and-bull story to fit the facts, and out he goes free as any of us. Damn the law! That's what I say. In your country a prisoner can be taken before a magistrate and interrogated, but here he can sit tight and the crown cannot even comment on the fact of his silence."

Monsieur Joncquel smiled as he recalled this didactic explosion of the angry baronet; he was familiar with the English law. The cab turned off sharp into a narrow street running toward Park Lane, and presently drew up before a door. It was one of those gloomy, respectable houses that seem to have dwelt forever in these gloomy, respectable squares between New Bond Street and the border of Hyde Park. There was a policeman on this street, but not precisely before the door. He strolled up when the hansom stopped, but after a glance at the man who got out and a word to the driver he passed on.

A servant admitted Monsieur Joncquel and conducted him to a room on the second floor. There, a man sat reading by a library table. The man was not an Englishman, nor was one able precisely to say of what race he was. One placed him indefinitely in the south of Europe. He had an impressive face, but in it there was something subtly wrong. One thought it was the slack lip, or the small, deep-seated eye, or the heavy jaw, but no one of these features seemed to account for the strength of the impression. He was about forty, strong and athletic, one of a dozen figures to be seen of any morning on the golf course at Cannes or on the links above La Turbie. He seemed a sort of invalid in some sense, for there was a pillow within the arm of the chair on the left side. He looked up sharply when Monsieur Joncquel entered. The Frenchman did not speak until the door was closed behind him; then he bowed with a formal courtesy.

"If He Continues to Keep His Mouth Closed We Cannot Convict Him"

"My dear Count," he said, "permit me to congratulate you."

"I thank you, Monsieur," replied the man, "the wound proves fortunately slight, although the loss of blood was considerable."

"Pardon," continued the Frenchman with a faint, whimsical smile, "I do not felicitate Monsieur le Comte upon his health, but upon his courage."

"Courage!" echoed the man. "What courage have I shown in this affair?"

"Monsieur le Comte continues to mistake the object of my remark," said the prefect of police as he advanced into the room, put his hat and stick on a console and sat down, drawing off his gloves.

"It was not in the affair in which the Count de Choiseul received his wound that he has shown this daring that moves me to a compliment, but after that, when he came to this house."

The man's face darkened.

"And why should I not come here?" he returned. "It is now the property of Lady Landeau. She wired from the Continent directing that I should be removed to this house and properly attended, when she heard of my injury. It was a delicate courtesy, seeing that Lady Landeau is herself prostrated at Bad Nauheim."

"*Magnifique!*" exclaimed Monsieur Joncquel. "Bad Nauheim! It is where one goes for the heart! And such a sensitive, such a delicate and impressionable heart is this heart of my lady."

He made a slight gesture.

"Who should know this better than the Count de Choiseul? Ah, Monsieur, do not traverse the soft impeachment. It is the gossip of fashionable Europe. One hears it on every hand, at Biarritz, at Trouville, at Ostend—of course, Monsieur, in the whisper only and under the rose, but one hears it for all that, this infatuation of Lady Landeau for the Count de Choiseul . . . Bad Nauheim, truly! *Eh, bien!* Many waters will not quench it, neither those of Haute-Savoie nor of any German spring."

"Monsieur," said the man coldly, "you go very far."

"But a less distance than the truth," replied the Frenchman. His manner was careless, debonair.

"Ah, my dear Count, you would elude me in the reserves of a becoming modesty, in the humilities of a noble nature. But I pursue you with felicitations upon your conquest. Perhaps, though, Monsieur does not look upon this affair with so high a value. The Count de Choiseul is a great hunter. The conquest of a romantic woman, without any knowledge of the world and married to a man of twice her age, may not appear to Monsieur to be a triumph of the first order."

The wounded man was pale with anger. But Monsieur Joncquel went on with a light unconcern.

"The fact that Lord Landeau looked upon the Count de Choiseul as a gentleman, and permitted him the liberties of his friendship and the confidences of a man of honor doubtless, too, robbed the affair of a certain sporting element which Monsieur le Comte would have in his adventures."

"Is there then no end to the insults that one must receive?" cried the wounded man, white to the lips. "Is it not enough to lay one under espionage like a common felon, to set a creature of the police about one in every servant's coat. But the prefect of Paris must be brought over to lecture one on morals!"

"Ah," replied the Frenchman with an injured air, "the Count de Choiseul does not regard me as his friend! Is gratitude then a mere fancy of the poets? And it is I who have three times warned him from the pit—Monsieur will remember those three times. In Nice when the Count was about to dispose of some antiques from the collection of—let us say—an adopted uncle. In Paris when the Count was arranging to insure beyond doubt the success of a favorite horse at Auteuil. True the Count had before him a precedent for this in holy legend. Did not Saint Hilarius, according to Saint Jerome, draw upon the instrumentalities of Heaven in order to beat the horses of the Duumvir of Gaza? But times have changed. The saints are not popular in France, and the agencies that Monsieur was about to use for his adventure were, I take it, unknown to the father of the church."

He paused and lifted his finger.

"And a third time in a villa in Baden, when the Count de Choiseul was banking a gentleman's game at roulette. True again, the Count could have urged a very pretty defense upon the point that the German law contemplated games of chance only, and that this roulette was a game from which Monsieur le Comte had very deftly removed every element of chance. But Monsieur instead of depending on that nice distinction—wisely, I shall always believe—preferred to act upon my friendly suggestion.

"Moreover"—and the prefect of police made a gracious gesture—"do I not always, in addressing Monsieur le Comte, accord to him the honors and distinctions of his title, a courtesy that the editors of the Almanach de Gotha have denied him?"

The face of the Count de Choiseul became sullen and ugly. The glaze of culture seemed to slip off.

"What are you after, Monsieur?" he said through stiff jaws.

"*Ma foi!*" replied the prefect; "does Monsieur le Comte ask me that after this reminiscence? For what reason should I come here from Paris but out of my abiding interest in Monsieur's career? After my congratulations upon the approach of the ambitions of a life I would venture upon a fourth suggestion to the Count de Choiseul."

He leaned forward and addressed the wounded man as though he were some envied darling of the gods.

"If this affair should, as the Americans say it, blow over, then the Count de Choiseul has won a way into the very lap of fortune. He will be able to wed a lady of noble birth and to enjoy all that this lady takes by will from

Lord Landeau—this city house which Monsieur has so early occupied with so fine a courage; a deer forest in Argyleshire; a yacht in the Mersey; a villa at Cannes, an apartment upon the Champs Élysées, and the greatest landed estate in the English county of Dorset."

Monsieur Joncquel paused and elevated his eyebrows.

"I do not promise that the conservative Briton will permit the Count de Choiseul to occupy, with these benefits, the vacant seat of Lord Landeau in their House of Lords, but Monsieur should not set that loss at too high a value. We are told by the greatest English journalist now living that this noble body is composed of garrulous old gentlemen always obviously quite wrong."

The Frenchman went on, returning to his serious note.

"These are substantial benefits. If the Count de Choiseul can win to them he has substituted the reality for every fiction that he has so long pretended. *J'en suis bien aisé!* But in order to win them a certain thing remains to be accomplished. A very great deal has been done. By what agencies? *Diable*, such queries run into the riddle of the universe! Nevertheless a final thing remains. And unless this thing be accomplished, Monsieur le Comte cannot enter his kingdom."

The prefect spoke like one dealing firmly with the realities of life.

"*Tiens!* What would you have? Shall the Count de Choiseul hesitate then in the moment of victory? If chance has helped him mount up to the last step, shall he not take that step himself? Or if design has carried him thus far, shall he not courageously go on?"

"Monsieur," said the Count de Choiseul, "we shall get on better if you permit me to understand you."

He sat back in his chair, the pillow under his arm, his eyes narrowed and his big jaw protruding like a plowshare.

"The Count de Choiseul shall precisely understand me," replied the prefect. "The suggestion that I come all the way from Paris to make to him is this—Monsieur must give some explanation of this tragic affair.

"Attend, Monsieur, if you please, and I will show how pressing this necessity is. As this matter now stands it is a mystery—that is to say, a riddle, a problem. Now in France and among all Latin peoples a mystery, a riddle, a problem is forgotten like any other event if the answer is not found within the proverbial seven days of public notice. But to all Saxon races, to the Germans and to the English, a mystery is an eternal challenge. If a thing have an explanation it is immediately forgotten, but if it cannot be explained it will abide forever. Moreover the Saxon mind will never cease to consider it and will never give it up."

He made a gesture with his hands, the fingers extended.

"Look, Monsieur, how the Germans and these English labor eternally to solve mysteries that every Latin knows are beyond the capacities of the human mind—the origin of life, the domicile of consciousness and the meaning of the universe. Do the Germans or the English ever abandon them? Read Haeckel, Monsieur, and Spencer, Monsieur. The English purchase a hundred thousand copies of the ponderous explanation of the professor at Jena, and sit down with that to solve the great riddle for themselves. And with every new year comes a new German or a new Englishman, to show that the answers of his predecessors are wrong and that he alone has the correct ones. Nevertheless though every explanation is shown to be false the mystery is never abandoned. Nor is any mystery ever abandoned by these English people."

The face of the wounded man was inscrutable and the prefect went on:

"Every man in these islands is fundamentally a solver of mysteries. Observe the puzzles on sale, and the devices of journals to increase their circulation by exhibiting a jar full of beans to be guessed at, or by hiding a hundred guineas on the Epsom Downs. And so, on account of this racial characteristic, the London police at once give some explanation of every mysterious crime. If they did not every man in this kingdom would light his pipe and sit down to solve it for them, and he would never cease to work on it until an explanation was given to him. Literally, Monsieur, I do not exaggerate—for the peace of mind of the empire the police of these islands must find a solution for every mystery."

The Count de Choiseul, his attitude still that of a guarded defense, was nevertheless listening with attention. The prefect went on.

"For this reason," he continued, "the London police, when profoundly puzzled, are often very glad to compromise with a mystery—that is to say, to accept any reasonable explanation of it.

"Now, Monsieur le Comte," and he spoke lower, "this affair is a mystery that the police cannot solve, and therefore all England will presently undertake to solve it." He spoke still lower. "I come then to suggest that if the Count de Choiseul will offer a reasonable explanation of this affair the police will accept it. All the London police want is an explanation not clearly inconsistent with the few evidential facts. And if Monsieur can offer such an explanation I undertake to promise that the police shall accept it."

The prefect put up his hand as though to prevent an interruption.

"Pardon, Monsieur, a further word. The Count de Choiseul must not fail to get my meaning. The one thing which the London police require is some explanation of this mystery that does not leave them ridiculous. The true explanation? I do not care. The probable explanation? I do not care. But a rational explanation? Yes, it must be that."

Again he prevented an interruption with a gesture.

"Think about it very carefully, Monsieur, if you please. I have just now with a sort of indirection laid before the Count de Choiseul the conclusions possible to be deduced from certain events in his life. He may have believed my words vitriolic. But, Monsieur, I have been gentle compared to the brutal directness with which this English nation will comment upon these events when it sets itself about the solving of this mystery. And if the Count de Choiseul has in fact any plans for the future they will become impossible.

"Believe me, Monsieur, my flippant and suggestive manner in the earlier moments of this interview were with the design of showing how the Count de Choiseul's life and conduct in this affair could be construed—if they were known. And let us not deceive ourselves—they cannot be concealed if this affair goes on.

"No, Monsieur, hear me a little further before you undertake to reply. There is in every mystery a psychological moment when an adequate explanation will wipe it out of public notice. But the moment cannot be prolonged. It even now strikes in this affair. Observe, Monsieur. On Wednesday evening the wounded De Choiseul was removed at first to a hospital and then to this house. The police appeased the public by giving out that the Count would doubtless explain the tragedy just as soon as he was able to make a statement.

"Now if Monsieur issues such a statement the police will accept it, the public will be satisfied and the mystery will be cleared up. If he does not ——"

Monsieur Joncquel shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands with a suggestive gesture. Then he drew a little closer to the wounded man and continued in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper:

"Moreover so anxious are the London police to be rid of this mystery that they will accept the Count de Choiseul's explanation and abandon the one they believe to be true, and that is—pardon, Monsieur, if I appear *gauche*—that Lord Landeau was deliberately assassinated by the Count de Choiseul. But they believe that an unforeseen event interfered with the Count de Choiseul's plan and imposed upon him this ordeal of silence—namely, that as the Count de Choiseul was about to send a second bullet into his victim, Lord Landeau, either by striking the pistol with his arm in the convulsion of death or by making a momentary attempt before death to grasp it, turned the second shot into the Count's own body precisely in the direction that the ball in fact took, by which the Count de Choiseul received a wound that rendered him unconscious."

He paused and looked the wounded man earnestly in the face.

"Surely, the Count de Choiseul can offer some explanation to take the place of this one?"

The man had been listening, his jaws compressed, his eyes narrowed. He now passed his fingers over the lower part of his face with a sort of irresolution.

"Monsieur," he said, "who is to decide whether this explanation which you seek is convincing and fits what you call 'the evidential facts'?"

"Why, Monsieur le Comte," replied the prefect, "we shall decide that ourselves, you and I, here between us."

"Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, I Shall Perhaps Not See You Again"

The wounded man sat back in his chair. He put out his hand on the table beside him, and the extended fingers moved on the board as to a sort of tune.

"Well," he said, "what is wrong with the theory that the two men in the cab were fired upon by a third?"

"Alas, Monsieur," replied the prefect, "such an explanation is merely to complicate the mystery. It is but to add to the mystery we have—a mysterious assassin, a mysterious motive, a mysterious disappearance, and a further mysterious reason why some unknown person wished to murder both Lord Landeau and the Count de Choiseul. Such an explanation would not help the authorities. It would only set the whole English public hot-foot to work on the thing. Besides, Monsieur, there is the fact of the pistol found on the cab floor. How came it there? No murderer would deliberately leave behind him a weapon by which he might possibly be traced. And, too, Monsieur, in the event that this pistol should prove the property of Lord Landeau or of the Count de Choiseul, what then?"

The wounded man reflected. "Is it not possible," he said, "that Lord Landeau fired these shots?"

"Let us look at that theory a moment," replied Monsieur Joncquel. "Jealousy would be a sufficient motive. But what of these evidential facts? The Count de Choiseul sat on the right, Lord Landeau on the left; the Count is broad-shouldered, the Englishman stout and short-armed. The direction of the ball that killed Lord Landeau makes it clear that the two men were sitting side by side when the shot was fired. Now to inflict this wound Lord Landeau must have reached entirely round the Count de Choiseul with his right arm, a thing impossible.

"Think, Monsieur!" And the prefect looked at the Count de Choiseul with the greatest concern. "A final explanation must remain, exclusive of these, and exclusive of a design on the part of the Count de Choiseul deliberately to assassinate Lord Landeau. *Mon Dieu!* Monsieur is a man of resources! It cannot fail to occur to him!"

The anxiety in the voice of the prefect of police could not be doubted. The Count de Choiseul suddenly threw up his head.

"Well!" he cried, "suppose this to be the true explanation then: A man of honor is in love with a married woman.

(Concluded on Page 38)

MY RICH WIFE

By M. I. BRUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

I CAN trace every step of my success or failure—whichever you choose to consider my career to represent. It began one morning when I glanced out of the blackened window of my little shack of an office, set close to the Cumberland Mine, and saw a girl with a lot of gauze blowing round her seated in an open touring car. I was running my fingers over a blueprint map. Wherever they went they traced a line and left a circle of coal powder on my skin. The girl seemed interested in something down the street.

"That," I said to myself, "must be the old baron's daughter." So we designated the principal owner of the mine, who lived in the city twenty miles away, but spent a good deal of time on the ground, since a certain set of difficulties had come up in timbering. The machine presently snorted down the street and out of my thoughts.

I had no attention for anything except my job, which was to get that mine successfully timbered. They were striking deep and the supporting problem was becoming increasingly difficult. For recreation I thought of the time when the work would be over and I could go back to the place I had come from. I had arrived here only a short time before from British Columbia, where I had been employed as mining engineer. A certain problem in ventilating that mine had caused peculiar difficulties, which I had got round and the results of which I published in a technical magazine. The article brought an offer from this coal mine in the East.

I had never crossed the Mississippi and I decided to go, though a group of men, grown intimate in their temporary segregation in Vancouver, were all opposed to the step. They said the prices were not paid in the East; that I had a fine chance to progress straight to the superintendency of a certain mine in that section at a large salary, and to rise to influence in the province. I thought I would use this Eastern offer to avail myself of a brief vacation—of an adventure, as it were. Since my graduation, six years before, from the School of Mines, in Boulder, I had taken no leave of absence. After the girl and the machine were gone I began to think of a young civil engineer at the hotel in Vancouver, who had just completed a wall for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and a traveling man—a traveler, as the English called him—who was on his semi-annual visit from Dublin. We had found entertainment in discussing the ambitions of our lives. The young engineer wished to form and control a certain company for making steel bridges in the Orient. The Irish traveling man wanted to start a store of his own for rubber goods in Honolulu. We were all leaving at the same time—the engineer for Japan, the traveling man for a trip round the world. They were exchanging addresses and I was regretting that I should not know what mine would be after finishing in the East.

"We can keep track of you," the engineer said. "Your climb will be set forth in all the mining magazines of the next ten years." I never doubted it. I meant to rise to very great success and I meant to do it alone. The muscles of my arms used to grow taut sometimes and my head swim with the feeling of embryonic achievement in me. I was glad that I had been dirt poor and had washed dishes to start me on my way to college. I was glad there was nobody of influence to butt in and help me now.

"I Have Lost—I Have Lost My Power Over You, Marcus"

Rising by the Dinner-Table Route

THE morning after I saw the girl in the machine the old baron finished his chat and rose to fasten the top button of his Prince Albert, denoting that the conference was over. He did this every day and seemed to take an inch off his girth as well as to bottle up his dignity in the action. When we talked business we chatted unconventionally. When we rose in completion he looked up to me—I was a head taller—but did so as if he were looking down. This time he said from his eminence: "Rawson, I'd like to have you come for dinner." He named the time, and though he did not go right away he might have done so as far as finality went. He never offered me the questioning possibility for declining. I did not care much one way or the other, so I brushed my clothes and blacked my shoes and went.

There were seven other people present at the dinner and all the men had on swallowtails. I slipped on the rug as I stepped into the room. The parlor was full of looking-glasses from floor to ceiling, framed in heavy gold, and wherever I gazed I could see myself in my business suit when everybody else was dressed up. The old baron's daughter hastened toward me, with outheld hand. Her mother was dead and she was her father's hostess. She was as pretty as a girl in a sketch, with something very dreamy and sure and composed about her. I wondered if her self-confidence could be disturbed by fire. She had some gauze round her neck that fell into occasional peaks, and she looked as bluely serene as they.

There was nothing in her face to indicate what kind of girl she was, but it seemed as if she must be awfully good at something. She was more gracious to me than to any one else, because, I supposed, I was out of place. I sat at her right. I never knew there were so many subjects that a fellow could not talk about as that crowd brought up. She turned to me and said:

"I think your work is so interesting. Don't you find it interesting? You meet so many interesting people and go about so much." She smiled and seemed to stretch a bridge between her eyes and mine.

I got started and noticed myself growing technical. I looked at her face as at a signal. It was animatedly interested and I kept on. She brought me into all the conversation. She seemed to exert herself to make people have a good time; her gift apparently was natural amiability and charm. "Here," I said, "is a real aristocrat—one of the American queens we read about."

Everybody was polite, but I did not enjoy the evening very much. I had never intended to go in for that sort of thing, and even as a side diversion it interested me not at all. I kept slipping on the rugs. Her hand was the last I held in my adieus, and I was glad to let it go, though she held on to me with her eyes and I could not forget it. When I got home my right hand smelt like new-mown hay. "Thank God, that's over!" I said as I sprawled into bed.

In about a week another invitation came from the old baron like the first one. It was just as final, but I held to the subject long enough to say I could not go. He looked amazed, though he stated merely that he was sorry. The next morning I glanced up from my maps, caught by a sound, and there stood Madeline, the old baron's daughter. She was bareheaded and held a riding crop in her hand. My fingers were dirty. She smiled with perfect composure and said she had come to claim the promise I had made her. I asked what it was and she said I had promised to show her through the mine. She had on a light gray riding habit and I was awfully busy. It seemed as if we might have made an appointment for a more appropriate time; but her attitude was final, like her father's, plus a certain frankness and animated charm. I rolled down my sleeves. I was not sorry to go.

When we got to the second level, where the coal dust was flying, the rub of the mules' harness sounded loud, the lighted men beat round us like bats, and I was growing self-forgetful in my subject, she stopped and said in a just-between-us-friends frankness:

"Why aren't you coming to dinner with us tomorrow night?"

I readjusted my mind as rapidly as possible.

"To be perfectly frank, Miss Somerville," I said, intending to settle this situation right then and there, "I haven't an evening suit to my name and never expect to have. I'm not that kind of man." She clapped her hands.

"Oh, I think that's splendid!" she ejaculated, with pauses for emphasis between her words. If I had done something heroic her attitude could not have been more admiring.

"Look here, Miss Somerville!" I said, going off on a lead that I could not account for. "Why don't you let me come over sometime when there are no other guests?" To myself I said: "Now what are you doing a thing like that for? No good can come of it. You don't want to go girling. Sometime, when you get back West and have established yourself, you'll come across a nice young woman not as well off as yourself, and you'll make her happy by marrying her and giving her pretty things."

The Coils Tighten

MADELINE replied that I could scarcely imagine how hard her life was—to be forever entertaining people who bored her, for her father's sake. She had no society she cared for; and when some one came along who could lighten her task for her she did not think it nice of him not to do so. I went to the dinner and to many others, and I wasted half a day going into town to be measured for clothes.

The next thing Madeline had a house guest and I went with her to the station to meet this stranger. For the following weeks I was terribly riled over delays in my work caused by all sorts of little social demands. Then I gradually drifted unprotestingly into the pleasure of it. "What's the harm," I said, "to amuse myself after hours?"

My scheme of life had allowed for no diversion, and I felt that therein it had been at fault. Madeline projected a theory at me that one could not work if one did not play, and I found myself giving it a good deal of consideration; but there was a single detail of the proposition on which I insisted rigidly. When one worked, one must work, and not even think of the hours of diversion.

One morning I caught myself dreaming over a blueprint and running my fingers idly through my hair. To wake myself I reached for the mining magazine. The first column was devoted to the story of a strike in my old mine. The names of men I knew were mentioned. I could smell the fresh air of the mountains in that article. I leaped to my feet. The whole world outside looked sooty through my dusty window.

I turned and opened my assistant's door to say I was going out. He and Mary Winslow stood facing each other, he looking heartsick and she flushed and angry. I caught the echo of her last words, which were: "Dining his way to promotions." She was a nice, wholesome-faced, straight-haired girl, who lived with a maiden aunt round the corner from the old baron. Madeline was devoted to her and dressed her up in as much finery as she could induce the girl to take. I knew what was the matter. She and this young graduate engineer were engaged. The old baron had just offered me the superintendency of the lowest level, and Mary thought George ought to have it. He had been there when I came. I, too, thought so and I meant that he should; but I was idling along in a procrastinating spirit I had recently developed. There was some great work to be done there in the way of devising means for getting the deep coal out more economically. The old baron was making a point of it. He said I was the man to add to the fortune and it meant big money.

After opening the door I pretended not to notice any disturbance, and simply said:

"Hello, Mary! Menzies, I'll not be back this afternoon." When I had turned again into my own office I lifted my arms and breathed deeply. "It's time to dig out of here!" I said aloud, and then I felt an abounding relief.

I was living on the top floor of a boarding house whose marble tables and mantelpieces had a geological value in their strata of deposits from the dust of many levels of the mines. When I went home that noon I opened my trunk

and began throwing in my clothes. It had come across the continent half empty. It was not going to hold my belongings for the return trip. Except during the periods when one had been a luxury, all my life I had got along on two neckties. Now I had a dozen thrown over my gas fixture. I was glad I was digging out; I felt my growing wardrobe indicating a certain wrong direction in my point of view.

That afternoon I went to the city to buy another trunk, first stopping at the office to leave a note for the old baron, advising him of my resignation. I stayed in town, intending later to go to the mansion to make my adieus to Madeline. As I ate my salad I reflected that I would not see her—that I would write her a note instead. Her father was the one I ought to see and she the one to whom I should write. Something seemed lately to have come over my point of view and make me do everything wrong.

"I ought not to let myself get into that house," I argued. I sent for paper and wrote the thing with my fountain pen while they were bringing my coffee. I addressed and stamped it, and then I said to myself: "That wouldn't look just right—when I accepted so much hospitality at her hands." I usually eat fast, but I spent a long time over the tail end of this dinner. I drank cup after cup of coffee before, at last, I tore the note into pieces. "If I sent it," I argued, "she would just come over to the mine tomorrow."

When I left the mansion that night I was engaged to Madeline and happy in the good fortune of it, though sensible of a compromise—an adjustment in my point of view. I was aware that I was making a provision for something I had taken pains in my saner periods to say could never be. I was going to return to the West and take her with me. I told her I had a hard life before me. She said she would make it easy. I said I had a man's work to do. She said I would do it better with a woman beside me. I had her in my arms and I wanted to be convinced.

I wished to be married at once. It seemed to me I could not stand the temporariness of my situation—the boarding house, all right so long as the period of my stay was fixed, became revolting as a place of indefinite residence. The work, unimportant, uninteresting, galled me. I was restless to get my direction, to settle in my domestic life and start on tasks that would get me somewhere. I thought we should take a house in the mining village for six months, while Madeline adjusted herself to the new conditions and I closed a contract with the people in the West. A married man could not start out there on a venture, as I had meant to do. Meantime I should do what I could to cut down the expense of getting out that coal. It was important, but not a thing for a man to occupy his life over. I would make my father-in-law a present of my improvements.

Madeline wished to be engaged for a year. She said it was the happiest time of a girl's life. She listened patiently while I explained the situation; said she was frank to confess she thought I exaggerated the importance of it; that a man owed himself some time in which to enjoy the most exciting experience of his career. However, she did not wish to be selfish. We compromised on six months and a house wedding. I had said I could not go through the ceremony with an audience, much less go down a church aisle. Also, that I did not wish to be married in the room with the mirrors.

The Wedding Journey

FURTHERMORE I did not intend to give up more than a week to the business of the wedding trip. Madeline was perplexed. She wished to do everything exactly my way, but her mother had been dead for two years and her father's friends would think it strange if he did not give his daughter a wedding.

I was not happy about my engagement. It seemed to me that Madeline was the reverse of generous. I spent hours at the great house, in which I seemed to float in an etherized paradise, only to go home and speculate on how a rich girl could accept a poor man's point of view. I had the feeling that I was not getting married of my own free will. I had a notion that this step was not going to put me forward in my business, and I wished I had never got into it—until a certain evening. Madeline came to me with a look of distress on her white face.

"Marcus, I have something serious to talk over with you."

My heart began to beat quickly. I thought she was going to break our engagement.

"Don't say it!" I begged.

"But I must, Marcus!" She paused, during which time I underwent a revolution in point of view. I loved her and I had to have her. "You know I have been going over our wedding list evening after evening, and I can't get it down below four hundred. I don't see how we are possibly going to manage unless we are married in the mirror room."

I let out a yell of relief.

"Be married wherever you please—only don't scare me to death!"

From that moment I never regretted our engagement. I knew that it was inevitable; that, for good or ill, our marriage was no accident. I felt that, if it was not an advantage to my life's plans, it was still a legitimate obstacle for which I had merely forgotten to allow.

Once, while I was in British Columbia, a man wrote a note of introduction for me in which he incorporated this description: "He poses as a strong man, but I wish to state that his heart is ninety per cent mush." I got that reputation when some children were sent out to the mine for adoption and the man of the family was killed before they arrived. There wasn't a place in the world for them to go. I did not want them, Heaven knows, but they could not be allowed to starve; so I let them be brought to my shack until a suitable place could be found for them. I now wondered whether I had not missed a great deal of happiness in always trying to eliminate from me that ninety per cent that was mush.

We talked about many things that evening. She explained how she felt about living at the mine. All her works of art would be ruined. Her one friend, Mary Winslow, would never come to see her. The servants would not like it. On the other hand, there was the machine, which would get me there at any time. It was decided that I should go to the great house at once and leave that awful boarding place. I was eager for my marriage and I felt that the percentage of risk in it was measurable with the breadth of my point of view. I was sure of Madeline's. If she was not generous she was amiable and just—and I wondered whether those were not finer qualities. She had a calm-eyed, impartial way of bringing up all sides of a question. If it was decided in her favor this was manifestly because her arguments were best; but when the time came that she was argued down she would accept her defeat like a sailor.

Meantime I would make concessions. She was a rich girl and entitled to recognition of her rich girl's point of view. We were married in church. We visited Europe on our bridal tour. When we returned we went to the great house, twenty miles from the seat of my work.

Madeline will never know what self-control I practiced on our wedding trip. I was exaltedly happy for a time—but we did not stop at any place where a mining magazine could be found. All we ever talked about was art and society. We got our mail every three weeks and half of it was lost—especially the papers. I did not know how the strike had ended in British Columbia and I was not sure whether the superintendent had written me. The indolence of foreigners got on my nerves. I wanted to be at home with my beautiful wife. Nevertheless I tried not to look abstracted again after Madeline's gentle comment that she did not believe I half liked the vacation she had held out for principally on my account. But now that I was back on the job I meant to go to it—to have my own good time in my own way.

Mr. Somerville, the old baron, had never spent long periods at the mine, and he was now in New York, where he was famous for his expensive dinners. I got up that first morning at six o'clock, keen with the prospect of work before me. I had just turned on the bath when I heard Madeline's voice above the noise of the water.

"Marcus!" I stuck my head into the room. "Why are you up so early?"

"Work!" I replied.

"You know I can't sleep when I'm disturbed."

I returned to the tub.

"Ah, yes, Madeline. You'll find you'll rest after I get out of here."

When I went back to the room she was lying with eyes closed.

"It was such a long, hard journey," she began immediately. "And I did want to feel fresh on my first day! I have important things to do and I meant to take breakfast in bed."

I measured up my reasons for my course and got ready to present them. The time had come when her argument had to give way before mine.

A Wife Jealous of a Job

"I CAN'T manage even a small section of a mine, Madeline, by getting to it at noon, when my men arrive at seven and eight."

"But, Marcus," she interrupted with a restrained, amiable protest, "you know you'll never encounter anything but pleasantness at that mine when you're married to me!"

A bolt of something shot through me. I felt as a man does just before he knocks another down. But this was a woman with whom I had to deal, and the only manifestation that I could not control glowed in my face. Maybe I ought to have tried explanations with her—I sometimes think I have not taken the teacher's, the leader's, the man's attitude to any such extent as I might. I have given way too easily—partly for the sake of peace; but rather, I feel, because I realized without trying it out that all the arguments in the world would lead Madeline to exactly the position she occupied in the beginning. I scraped my razor across my cheek. She lay in tense silence until I was half dressed. The engagement was not over; she had not altogether gained her way.

"How were you intending to get over to the mine?" she resumed. "I had planned to take the limousine and Seymour."

I lapped one long blue end of necktie over the other.

"I don't know," I said.

She rose up in bed. Bookcases stood on either side of it, lined with solid rows of her shoes.

"Why don't you answer me? Do you think it fair to return an answer like that?"

"I can get a taxi to take me to Crossways and the train."

She did not speak for a moment; and then, with the even utterance of restraint:

"Isn't that extravagant?"

I did not answer.

After a few tense moments she thrust her arms into a blue, flowing robe, leaped from the bed and vanished through the doorway, with the words that her rest was ended for the day.

I went down to breakfast before she returned and was just dipping into the fingerbowl as she descended, pink, fresh and composed.

"Marcus," she began, with not one trace of reproach about her, "I hadn't thought of your going to work today. I had wanted you to come with Mary and me. She's getting married and I told her I'd help her with some errands. Won't you?" I looked unwilling. "Nobody at the mine will ever know the difference. You can go tomorrow. I had wanted Seymour then, but I can get a taxi. And next week we'll get a man just for you. Come on, Marcus! We need a man. Many of the packages will be heavy."

"Marcus, I Love You, and I Want You With Me All of the Time"

"Does Seymour decline to go outside his contract to the extent of carrying heavy bundles?"

She laughed a little, but stiffened underneath at being thwarted.

"Marcus, I love you, and I want you with me all of the time, as in Rome."

Ah, if I could have recognized the significance of that statement then as I do now! She had married me for courier, companion, pet, defender, parcel carrier, as well as perpetual lover. I went on this occasion, thinking gradually to lead her to the realization that her husband, a hard-working American man, could not be in attendance every minute. Mary Winslow was a nice girl, poor and eager. I enjoyed seeing Madeline's unaffected generosity toward her.

That night I offered to go into another room in order not to disturb her in the morning, but she clung to me in protest. She would a million times rather undergo any change in her own habits for the sake of having me with her. The next morning she was in perfect good humor and had Annette see that the car was ready in accordance with her order of the night before.

It was almost eight o'clock before I returned in the evening. I had a copy of the mining magazine in my pocket which I had not found time to glance at during the day. Folded in it was the letter, six weeks old, which was waiting from the president of the mine in British Columbia, offering me the assistant superintendency. Madeline met me on the steps of the wide stone veranda, pleased amiability triumphing over a tentative grievance that I was so late in getting home. The machine had come for me at three.

"Marcus! You'll have to do better than this tomorrow night! We're invited to the Tuthills' to dinner!" Success as well as pleasure rang in her voice, for she had not been asked there before.

"Oh, Madeline," I said, kissing her, "you'll have to tend to that branch of the business. I can't think of going out except on Saturday and Sunday nights. And you know I don't set much store by that sort of thing."

Affection That Blights

SHE was so sweet about it that I did not realize she failed to take my attitude in good part. I was hungry and was doing violence to an excellent piece of roast beef when she began, not in the manner of yesterday, but with steely reasonableness devoid of its prenuptial sweetness:

"Marcus, did you ever stop to think that eight months ago you had never had on evening dress?"

"What I'm thinking about is the tragedy it will be if I ever have to put it on again."

Madeline laid down her knife and fork. I had the feeling that we were approaching a tremendous storm.

"Marcus, you do not know what you are saying!" She was evidently controlling herself. "It's dreadful for a man in your position to think like that. I feel as if the whole course of my life were going to be changed on account of your peculiar notions. Don't you realize I have an object in view? There is going to be a commission appointed—father was telling us about it—to go abroad, and there's going to be an expert mining engineer on it. He said he thought it would be nice for you. And, Marcus, I've quite set my heart on it. We'll meet so many delightful people."

"If you want me to get that job, Madeline," I said more severely than I had ever spoken before, "you'd better let me alone to do a little effective work at the mine. That will come nearer getting it for me."

Madeline took on a teacher's attitude of patience.

"I quite agree with you, Marcus, that every American man ought to work; but I can't agree that he ought to do so every minute, especially when it is quite unnecessary—so far as his living is concerned. I want to go to the Tuthills', and with whom should I appear if not with my husband?" She smiled in pleased and flattering satisfaction.

"I'm sure there'll be no better-looking representative on the commission than he!"

Unanswerable argument! Beside it, what availed all my contrary reasons, tabulated for reciting in emergencies—the necessity for at least six hours' sleep at night—the desirability of slight concentration on one's work? I had no wish to continue the discussion in what I knew was going to be a losing game. I took my coffee alone on the screened side porch, and opened my magazine under the white flare of the round arclight on the ceiling. Still, my eyes turned not to it, but to the dim room, visible through the paned window, where the mirrors hung; and beyond to the angled hallseat, where I had held Madeline to me for the first time.

So this was what life and love and ambition had come to! To be enslaved by your wife! To conform to her schoolgirl, ignorant ideas and abandon your big plans! I had heard other men complain of the unreasonableness of women. Was it the common lot, or did I get it worse because mine was a spoiled rich girl? I should have to go away. I would go to that infernal dinner—and then vanish! Whatever other men stood, I could not put up with it. To be circumscribed in activities—to be criticized! The smell of the syringa came through the screening. When it bloomed a year ago I had the salt air of the Pacific in my nostrils and had never seen the flower or Madeline. Now I was planning to break away from them.

My wife came out on the porch, turned the black knob that shut off the light and sat down in the swing beside me. She began to talk about Mary Winslow and her pleasure in the fact that Mary was to know the happiness of being married. She skimmed my cheek with her slender fingers. We sat together for a long time without speaking while she ran them through my hair. The night was very soft and mysterious and big. She seemed to be in touch with something elemental in it and to send it into me. Her presence surrounded mine in an enveloping possession.

"Marcus, dear, syringa is the flower of love! Doesn't its odor make you shiver?"

I said "Yes."

And when she presently went in I pulled the letter from my pocket that had come from the Western mine. Not now, but in three months I thought I might be able to accept it. I would start in to mould Madeline's point of view. She was the woman I had chosen—she was the woman who had chosen me—and I could not leave her. It would not be right, and besides there was something bigger than my ambitions that held me where she was. I wrote the president of the mine to ask if he would not renew his offer in three months. When I went upstairs Madeline said very tentatively, her arms round me:

"Marcus, I was thinking, if you could just go to that one dinner tomorrow night, you could begin the next day to work in earnest and I wouldn't bring up anything to disturb you."

She did not know it, but she had gained her point some time before. I said:

"All right!"—feeling very tender toward her as I did so—and anxious, because I knew that some day she was going to be thwarted in a thing that neither I nor her father—nor her own effective methods—could get.

Meantime I began experimenting in economical methods for bringing the coal from the great depths, the expense of which was enormous. Sometimes I did not get over to the mine for several days owing to Madeline's insistence that I remain at home—where it was lonely for her. Even at those times I sent for blueprints and worked nearly as well as on the ground. She was amiable when not crossed, and she was not petulant one moment after any conflict ended in which she got her own way. Many women with less reason to be spoiled were more quarrelsome. I could imagine Mary Winslow taking a more antagonistic stand.

She Said She Had Come to Claim the Promise I Had Made Her

Madeline did not disturb me often, and when she did it was usually to discuss some plan for my betterment. After I had analyzed it to the conclusion that it was not for my good, she always said she wished it anyway—and she won.

The three months came and went, and then six and nine, without my hearing from the mine. I began to see that country through the dimmed vision of memory, and I was settling so neatly that the sharp angles of my character did not jamb into the round smoothness of my niche.

Madeline objected to my pipe.

"Why do you smoke it, Marcus, when father has those fine cigars in the library?"

"They are not mine, Madeline, and I never feel that I can afford fifty-cent cigars." I had never dreamed of touching any of my wife's money. She insisted that I should keep all my own and that was enough.

Her handkerchief went up to her eyes.

"One of my greatest sorrows is that I have a husband who will not share my money."

I knocked the ashes of my pipe into the palm tub and stretched my arm backward to the bell. Madeline gave the order. The fragrant, pale smoke spread through the air.

"It is better!" I said in enjoyment. I never went back to my pipe after that.

A Strike for Independence

MY WIFE found me a not unwilling escort to her afternoon garden parties. Loafers in supply stores at the mines referred to me as fortunate, without my wanting to beat them. Still, I had a feverish anxiety to get settled in work sometime—the next day—the next week. Madeline went to New York and I rose on the following morning at six, as I had on that day long since after we had returned from our wedding trip. For three mornings I went over consistently and was getting absorbed in the activities of the mine when a telegram came from my wife: "Having fine time, but desolate without you. Come!" I went.

The experience was different from anything I had ever dreamed could be. People knew me. As the old baron's son-in-law I received an obsequious deference that years of personal achievement at my profession could not have brought me. I was attended, solicited for favor, invited to use clubs. At first I imagined I did not like it, and then the insidious flattery got into my blood. I felt myself perking up in dress to an extent that all of Madeline's persuasions had not accomplished. I rapidly accepted her point of view and admitted to myself that in many things she had been right. I saw that there was power, authority, distinction other than that expressed in the control of a mine. If you had authority it mattered not how you came by it—to have married a rich man's daughter counted higher with these people in the game of life than to have conquered a small section of the earth and looted its treasuries.

I felt myself taking on the authority of the old baron and I expressed it in some of his pompous gestures. Madeline was delighted. She said the little pleasure excursion did me more good than the wedding trip. I was so much changed that, when we returned and I discovered some economic mining devices introduced by Menzies, I was pleased. Instead of envying him for the praise he would get from the old baron, I felt rather the proprietor's pleasure in the benefit to be derived therefrom.

Strangely enough, two days after our return, when I was walking round the opening of the mine in my street clothes, carrying my stick, a letter was brought me from the West. It came from the president of the mine in British Columbia and offered me the superintendency. I received it with a strange sensation. It seemed to come from very far away in space and time and experience. It seemed to be a message bridging over some past existence with the present. I thought about it for an hour, sitting in my office—the little one, from the dirty window of which I first saw Madeline while I was tracing a map with my sleeves rolled up. As I tapped my stick between my legs on the floor, my old attitude came back to me. I would go out there and put that over—if I had to go alone! What was I, to be content to live on somebody else's distinction? What right had a rich wife to insinuate her authority over me? I jumped into the touring car and hurried home.

When I got there twilight had set in and Madeline was about to put on some wonderful, clinging, spangled pink thing for evening. I rushed to her, the letter open in my hand.

"Madeline, my dear," I said in excitement, "we are going away. We are going to live in British Columbia. I've got my own life to live and I've got to do it there. You're going with me. You're going to pack tomorrow. You needn't put in any of those things." I pointed to her evening dress. "Don't answer me. Don't say we're not going!"

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Letting a Sale Make Itself

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATION BY W. H. D. KOERNER

If the Proposition Was True One Way It Ought to Work the Other

ONE salesman will work very hard to make a sale and yet find it difficult to land the customer. He is out on the job early and late, primed to the muzzle with facts about the goods, wears his best clothes and smile, and skillfully explains, argues, demonstrates. He does all the things that go with selling apparently and the prospective purchaser is almost persuaded. Yet the latter does not hand over his order.

Another salesman works on the same situation. He is neither a cotillon leader nor an encyclopedia, nor particularly industrious nor patient. There is nothing clever or startling in what he does. And yet in a week or two the prospect yields handsomely, saying: "Well, I guess I'd better have that thing, after all."

This second salesman has learned that when the conditions of a sale are right there is a tendency at work which helps the deal close itself. It acts almost with the certainty of gravity. He simply gave it a chance to act.

Salespeople are constantly enumerating the conditions of successful selling. They say one must have goods the customer really needs; that they must be sold at a reasonable price, packed attractively, explained clearly, made easily accessible, and so on. These conditions being right the customer ought to buy the goods. They will give him comfort and service; save him time, work, money. So there is truth in the proposition and that truth can be depended upon to persuade the customer of itself. It is something self-evident. It clinches the sale.

Many salesmen canvass under the impression that the truth of a sale needs considerable argument to back it up and skillful polishing to make it attractive; but the man with sound selling sense knows that the truth behind a good sales proposition will operate of itself if given half a chance, and that it is the final clincher in most sales anyway.

The truth often needs a little time to sink in however. People like to find out things for themselves; and they value the strong points they discover in the proposition far more than anything the salesman can tell them.

Thought He Invented It

A CHICAGO concern got the rights to a process improvement that promised to bring about great economies in a big industry. The largest mill in that industry is in New England and it was decided to offer the improvement there first, because a successful installation in that plant would be equivalent to an indorsement by the whole trade. For several weeks salesmen tried to persuade the general manager of the New England plant; but he couldn't see it somehow. Explanation and demonstration had little effect. The facts seemed to touch him on the blind side, closed to argument—and development halted.

When this difficulty came to the attention of the sales manager in Chicago he laid out another plan of attack. The mill manager was left in peace and salesmen turned their attention to his subordinates. One by one his superintendents and foremen were shown the new idea, but quietly, casually, and with absolutely no attempt at selling. Before long the details became part of their technical knowledge; and, as the sales manager had anticipated, they got into the way of speaking about it to the boss when discussing general mill questions.

By-and-by the idea began to take hold of the mill manager. The truth was in it. He needed the process. Presently he sent for a salesman and asked further questions, saying that his men had heard good reports of this scheme. Then he decided that he wanted the improvement installed, and that decision was no sooner reached than he wanted it in a hurry. The installation was made and the improvement proved to be all that was claimed and more, effecting marked saving.

Six weeks after the installation there was a big meeting of mill experts in that line, and this manager delivered a technical address, describing the process improvement. He not only gave it his enthusiastic indorsement but spoke of it as something he had very largely discovered and developed himself!

Now when the salesmen who had labored so long with the mill manager heard about this cool adoption of their improved process as something he had conceived himself, they were naturally indignant. They thought his statements called for denial, and that credit should be placed where it was due; but their own boss calmed them.

"He really believes by now that he invented it," said the sales manager. "He is that kind of man. It is the way he adopts new ideas—first by declaring them to be worthless; then looking into them with the understanding that there is nothing particularly new about them; and finally taking them up enthusiastically as children of his own brain. Why fight him on a point like that? We have got our results by letting him catch the idea in his own way. What more do we want?"

In another case an American promoter went to London to raise capital to manufacture a new cement. One merit claimed for this cement was flexibility; and if it really would do what he said it would the material would have wide usefulness as a coating for decks of ships, marine boilers and piping, and in other places where severe strains had to be met. To show that his stuff was flexible the promoter had spread a layer of it on one side of a thick plank. When a party of capitalists came to investigate his project this plank was placed with its ends resting on two chairs, cement side up, and a heavy man stood upon it. The wood bent down several inches; but when permitted to straighten out again the cement coating was seen to be uncracked.

One man in an important party of capitalists worried the promoter from the first; for, though others asked questions and expressed approval or astonishment, this chap stood back in a corner and said nothing. It took only half an eye to see that he was the skeptic of the party and, as he represented influential interests, the American decided that he must be satisfied as to the merits of the cement at all costs. Another investigator had been very enthusiastic. This silent man drew him to one side and whispered in his ear. The enthusiastic man changed in a moment.

"Will you let me put some of that cement on a plank myself and make the same test?" he inquired.

"Certainly," agreed the promoter, and gave him a small bag of the material, with directions for preparing a plank.

Next day the whole party returned. The enthusiastic man had his plank ready. Two husky porters brought it along under his own eye to see that there was no trickery. The silent investigator was there too, on the edge of the group, watching everything out of the corner of his eye and saying nothing.

How the Truth Cut Both Ways

THE new testplank was placed on the chairs and one of the porters got on it. It bent down, and to make the matter decisive the promoter told the other porter to climb up too. When they got down the cement showed no sign of fracture. Suddenly the skeptical investigator stepped out.

"I'd like to see you turn that plank over and let somebody stand on it," he said challengingly.

The promoter hesitated just a moment; for, very curiously, with all his preliminary tests, it had never occurred to him to try bending the plank cement-side down. Yet if the proposition was true one way it ought to work the other.

"All right," he said decisively. "Turn her over."

One of the porters mounted the inverted board; and now it sagged 'way down, for the cement gave more freely. Something was heard cracking—cracking! The promoter's heart thumped as they turned the board over, for he expected to see the cement seamed with crevices; but that was only the board creaking—the cement was intact.

"There, gentlemen—what did I tell you!" he exclaimed with relief. "Test it any way you please!"

Like the two-edged sword it is, truth had cut both ways. The silent skeptical man became one of the heaviest investors in the project.

When a salesman finds it hard to close deals the difficulty may often be traced to his own lack of belief in the truth of his proposition.

For several years now shoes have been very awkward merchandise. Materials and workmanship have steadily risen in cost and, at the same time, people who buy shoes think of them in connection with unchanging retail prices—three, four or five dollars is what they have always

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The Government Company

II

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WE PICKED out three good men to act as receivers for the city of New York, and Judge Butoffsky duly appointed them at about half past five in the afternoon. You might suppose that created a tremendous sensation—New York in the hands of receivers! But if you turn back to the newspaper files of the time you will find that not a solitary paper had a word about it on the first page—or even on the second page. Not that we made any attempt to conceal the act. On the contrary every paper had the information in its regular grist of court news; but the first and second pages were devoted exclusively to the kidnaping of John Stone.

That afternoon there had been a conference of eminent financiers and philanthropists in Mr. Morgan's celebrated library on Thirty-sixth Street. John had arranged the conference himself for the purpose of discussing the white-slave traffic. The newspapers had been permitted to get wind of it, and there was a galaxy of names that could be depended upon to draw reporters as molasses draws flies. So when the conference broke up there was quite a crowd of reporters, camera men and other riffraff hanging round with a special policeman to keep order.

There must have been a dozen automobiles lined up on the north side of Thirty-sixth Street; but John Stone's machine and mine stood on the south side, halfway down to the Madison Avenue corner, while Peter Thorne's car headed the line on the north side.

Well, John, Peter and I came out of the library first, walking briskly. In order to avoid the reporters and camera men we immediately left the sidewalk and struck diagonally up the street toward John's machine and mine. When we were in the middle of the street and nearly up to our machines, a black limousine coming slowly from the west made us step aside, John being a little ahead of Peter and myself. The limousine stopped. Three men sprang out of it, seized John and threw him bodily into the car. They jumped in after him and the machine was off. The whole thing took only half a minute.

Just as they got John into the car, he and Peter and I yelled in chorus; and before the car reached the Madison Avenue corner a pistol-shot was heard inside it.

Naturally there was terrible confusion. Peter Thorne and I dashed simultaneously to our respective machines, which were standing on opposite sides of the street, and started in pursuit; but in the excitement our chauffeurs ran together, head on, blocking the thoroughfare. Unfortunately Peter and I described the black limousine differently—for any man's observation may be at fault under such circumstances—and a reporter described it in still another way. Of course alarms were sent everywhere, and police headquarters were deluged with news of suspicious-looking black limousines going in every direction. Before seven o'clock every newspaper office had clews enough to keep its staff busy a week.

You can imagine what meat that was for the papers—one of the richest men in the world kidnaped in broad daylight in the heart of the city under the very eyes of his brother plutocrats!

Next morning the black limousine, empty and abandoned, was discovered near a little-used dock up by Dobbs Ferry, and the police found a couple of tramps who had seen a large motor boat making off from the dock just before dawn. Apparently the victim had been carried off to sea; but was he dead or alive? There was the business of tracing the limousine to a second-hand dealer over in Jersey City, who had sold it to a redheaded stranger two days before. Being a childless bachelor, John occupied a modest house on Seventy-second Street. A search of the library disclosed three letters of recent date threatening to kidnap him and hold him for ten million dollars' ransom.

Altogether it kept the newspapers so busy that they could hardly think of anything else; and in justice to Tom Briar I must say the idea originated with him.

Three Men Threw Him Bodily Into the Car

From the beginning, of course, we had considered the newspapers. We knew the public would not do anything unless the papers set them on. If the papers treated our little coup as a great sensation there might be considerable excitement and unpleasantness; but if they paid comparatively little attention to it the public would do likewise. So we felt it to be very important that the public should get used to the idea of being in the hands of receivers calmly and gradually. Peter Thorne even made the unimaginative suggestion that we buy half a dozen of the leading papers outright; but Tom Briar immediately objected.

"I've tried buying newspapers," he declared, "and I know it's a foolish waste of money. There will be no trouble with the newspapers if we handle them right. All they ask is their daily sensation. To prevent them from using us for their sensation, we must give them a better one—and that's as simple as falling off a log. You can see by the way they treat news that they always prefer the personal thing to the impersonal. A peppery scandal in high life is better than a tariff bill, because scrubwomen and longshoremen can comprehend it quicker.

"For example," Tom continued, "any good newspaper would consider the kindnaping of a very rich man as infinitely better news than the kindnaping of a city—not that the kidnaping of a rich man would make any particular difference in the long run to anybody except himself, but it makes a drama that every newspaper reader can understand. To distract the minds of children there's nothing like taking them to a circus. One of us ought to be kidnaped, and as John has no family he is most eligible.

"A little later on—when the newspapers run short of other sensations and seem inclined to make one of us—we can concoct an anarchist plot. That always works well out in Chicago and there's no reason why it shouldn't here. It makes good blood-and-thunder melodrama, you know—the whiskers and bombs and secret meetings, and all that—and it's so simple a child could do it.

"And we must have some exciting disclosures of police graft," Tom added. "Press and public invariably fall for that. It's personal; and then, to the general public the policeman is the symbol of government. They see him every day in his uniform; he holds up his hand and traffic stops. Moreover they depend upon him to protect them from burglars, and it gives them a delicious shuddery feeling to think of their guardian burglaring himself.

"I suppose we've seen a million disclosures of police graft in the United States. They are all exactly alike. Not even the stage business is varied. One simple set of properties and the same prompt-book would answer for every one of 'em; but they catch on every time—good for a front page anywhere any day in the year. The thing is as deathless as Uncle Tom's Cabin. The more it is played the better people like it. The grafting policeman and Eliza on the ice are imperishably fixed in public affection.

"Now we can have as many disclosures of police graft as we judge necessary. As everybody knows, the graft goes on perpetually, with few and insignificant interruptions. Oh, there are a hundred and one ways of keeping the newspapers amused. Just give them their daily sensation and they will pay little attention to us."

This idea of Tom's, I must say, was one of the most valuable that anybody contributed to our enterprise. It worked splendidly and the total expense was ridiculously small. Presently we hired a popular writer of detective stories to work up strange crimes, which our detectives very skillfully unraveled—being furnished with the plot beforehand. This was far more humane than the Roman gladiatorial games and quite as effective in keeping the public entertained.

Of course there was some personal inconvenience. John Stone, for example, grumbled a good deal at having to stay shut up in the top story of my house until the time came for him to be discovered and to give out the story we had prepared. I remember, too, his complaining that the abductors had shaken him up more than was necessary. He even wanted to dock their pay on account of it. But Peter Thorne and I pointed out that we had both been unpleasantly bumped when our automobiles collided, and that all of us must make some personal sacrifices for the public good.

Well, our receivers took charge with very little commotion. They were: Edgar Thomas, whom we lifted bodily out of a forty-thousand-dollar railroad job for the purpose; George Jerkins, a banker who had been going in pretty heavily for reform; and Williams, my private secretary. Of course the public did not know for some time who the real movers were. We deemed that best, because the public did not appreciate us.

We picked Jerkins because his reforming proclivities had made him more or less of a public figure; but, though he was a good business man at bottom, he gave us quite a bit of trouble. Making speeches was one of his failings; and his very first idea was to get the city officials into his office and make them a little speech. We consulted the mayor about it. The mayor, by the way, was a very honorable man who proved quite useful to us. There was a vacancy in the United States Senate at that time and we promised to get him appointed if he behaved properly. He made us no trouble at all.

"Get them in here?" asked the mayor, with surprise, as he glanced round Jerkins' twelve-by-twenty office. "My dear man, you'd have to hire a hall to hold them! I will show you the list."

He produced a roster and it was as long as my arm. I glanced over it and inquired:

"Where is the master of the fox hounds? Why have you no groom of the stole? I don't see any garter king-at-arms here, or any equerries, or first lady in waiting. A whole lot of jobs have been overlooked. What's the reason?"

"Oh, these officers are all necessary, I assure you," the mayor replied. "You see, first, there are myself and my secretary. Then there are five borough presidents and five borough secretaries. Then there are the president of the board of aldermen, and the vice-president, and the clerk, and the deputy clerk. Then come seventy-three aldermen."

"Mostly skates, aren't they?" I asked.

"Well, they are not what you might call men of high ability," the mayor replied guardedly; "but they can do comparatively little harm now because much of their former power has been taken away from them and vested in the

board of estimate and apportionment, which now has sole right to frame the city budget. You see, the people lost confidence in the aldermen, so this board of estimate and apportionment was created; but when the board has framed a budget the aldermen must vote the taxes for it—and they can amend the budget by reducing it if they choose."

"So the people don't have much confidence in the board either?" I observed. "The idea seems to be that two untrustworthy bodies can be trusted. A grand little arrangement! Well, go ahead!"

"Then," the mayor continued, "there are eleven coroners—a fine testimonial to our high homicide rate—and a chief clerk and deputy clerk. In the department of finance you will notice, besides the comptroller and his deputies and secretary, and the auditor of accounts and the chief accountant, there are the receiver of taxes and the collector of city revenue and the collector of assessments and arrears; also there is the city paymaster and the city chamberlain—whose predecessor, I regret to say, is in jail."

"Let's skip a page or two," I suggested. "You have already shown me a board of estimate and apportionment, which you say has charge of city finances—except when the aldermen, or some twenty or thirty other bodies, are controlling them. Also you have shown me a department of finance, with comptroller, auditor, and so on. Now who are these persons down here?"

"They are the commissioners of accounts, who also have more or less control of city finances," said the mayor. "You see, away back after the Tweed exposures, the public lost all confidence in the city council, so this body was created—the commissioners of accounts—to serve as a check on the council and keep it straight. But I am sorry to say the commissioners of accounts soon became much worse than the council. Under my administration," he added hastily, "the commissioners have been very able and useful men; but at times prior to that their record was scandalous. The system seems a trifle confused at first, but when you understand it you will see that it is perfectly logical. First, there is the council; then the commissioners of accounts, to check the council; then the board of estimate and apportionment, to check the commissioners of accounts; then the comptroller, to check the board of estimate and apportionment. I am advocating that the charter be amended so as to provide that the council shall check the comptroller, thereby making the system circular instead of pyramidic."

"Probably a good idea," I replied, glancing on down the list; "but we don't seem to be through with finances yet. Here are commissioners of the sinking fund."

"Oh, certainly," said the mayor. "The city has a sinking fund—so it must have a commission to go with it."

"How many departments or branches or bureaus have you altogether?" I asked.

"We counted up the other day and found there were one hundred and twenty," the mayor replied; "but it is necessary to have a large number, because no one department or branch is permitted to do anything whatever of its own motion or by its own authority. If you examine the scheme carefully you will see that no act, however trivial it may be, on the part of the city can be completed without the coöperation of two or three departments. If we wish to mend a window-light or hire a messenger boy the entire governmental machine, so to speak, must be put in motion. Take, for example, the police department. I have some authority over it; the police commissioner has some; the aldermen and the board of estimate and apportionment and the comptroller all have some. We pass it round, as you might say. I regard the government of the city of New York," he added with feeling, "as one of the finest monuments to American ingenuity! For complications a modern printing press is nothing to it."

Now the beauty of a receivership—as we knew from extensive experience in the railroad field and elsewhere—is that all rules, regulations and by-laws go overboard. With the sanction of the court a receiver can do anything he pleases. Of course, when our receivers went in, the banks immediately turned all the city's money over to them. Nobody could spend a nickel without their O. K.; so all the old machinery of government stood exactly as it was before—except that it could not turn a hand unless we said so. We had no power to abolish a single office and we did not attempt to. Far be it from us to separate patriots from their jobs. We simply cut them off the payroll; then they could hold their positions as long as they pleased.

And right there, strange as it may seem, was where we had our first trouble with the public. I should explain that, at first, the public was inclined to treat this receivership as a joke. The newspapers said it was preposterous and that the higher courts would immediately oust the receivers; but Elbridge Branch and his assistants attended to that. Trust good lawyers to keep the courts tangled up for any reasonable length of time!

At first, then, there was no opposition to speak of, and we had a chance to look round in peace and size up the contraption that had fallen into our hands. The various city departments at that time were scattered all over the neighborhood of the City Hall, in rented quarters. Williams and I were going to call on the comptroller one day—for we proposed to be as friendly as possible with everybody—and in passing down the corridor I chanced to glance in at one of the open doors. My eye was arrested by a bald gray-bearded old fellow in spectacles who was doing something or other at a desk in there. He sort of fascinated me, and I stopped a minute or two to watch him.

"What do you suppose he is doing?" I asked Williams. "Looks to me as though he was making one of those medieval manuscripts, with colored birds and things on the margin, that Peter Thorne is always buying."

Well, Williams did not know; so we asked the comptroller. When I described the man and the room, the comptroller said:

"I know the man you mean. A report on him has just been handed me in connection with a request for an increase of the clerical force. Here is the report."

The report read substantially as follows: "James Jones is a veteran in the city's service—devoted, punctual, diligent and generous of overtime. He should have an assistant and an increase of salary. This division needs thirty additional men." This report was signed by the chief of the division.

"But what does James do?" I asked.

"He posts items from vouchers and warrants into a ledger," said the comptroller.

I was surprised, for I thought he must be doing something that required the finest artistic skill and the most painstaking precision. We sent out for James' ledger and had an actual count made covering the past sixty days, and found that on the average he had posted one item every eight minutes.

"So that is the model of a fine, punctual, diligent employee?" I inquired sarcastically.

"It is pretty tough," the comptroller admitted with a sigh.

And, by-the-way, this comptroller was really a very good business man of the smaller sort—head of a nice little lithographing establishment, if I remember correctly. He was fairly capable, perfectly honest and very anxious to do the best he could by the city. But, in the first place, the city would not let him do much of anything. Like everybody else in the blessed old contraption, he was bound round and round with miles of charter restrictions, laws, ordinances, rules, regulations and red tape. Then he was up against a mass of inertia, incompetence, laziness and graft that would have staggered Hercules.

He Must Be Doing Something That Required the Finest Artistic Skill

"You know," he said, "I have just been making a comparison between the work done by bookkeepers in my own business establishment and that done by bookkeepers on similar tasks in the City Hall. I have made the comparison as exact and fair as possible; and I find that my own bookkeepers, day in and day out, do more than four times as much work as the city's bookkeepers. Yet, as you see, some bureau or other is always asking me to sanction an increase of its clerical force; the work is falling behind; the city service is suffering; they must have half a dozen or twenty more clerks right away! Why not? They know the slower they work the more jobs there will be for their friends."

We began with the division into which I had happened to look, and instead of practically doubling the clerical force—as the head of the division earnestly recommended—we separated a full third of it from the payroll. Incidentally we canned the head of the division also, for the man next door could just as well oversee both bureaus.

We went right on down the hall and then over into the other buildings; and we had not gone far before we were in a great row. We were saving the city's money, but it looked for a little while as though the citizens would turn out and lynch us for it.

You see, every one of these useless barnacles had some political pull or other—he would not have been there otherwise. So they began running to their aldermen and their ward chairmen, and so on; and the little heelers pulled on the big ones—and presently they had some newspapers

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The Borough President Reinstated the Cleaners

Old Times and New in the Theater Business—By William A. Brady

The Orchard Scene in Little Women, Costing Four Thousand Dollars, is Worthless for Any Other Play

Many Properties for the Living-Room Scene Were Real Furnishings Borrowed From the Old Alcott Home

A MIGHTY change has swept over the whole theater business. Today the manager is a different creature and so is the actor. In the good old times the whole thing was run in a casual sort of way. The old manager had no system, no responsibility. His was a shoestring, fly-by-night occupation. Furthermore, he had a fine scorn for the rights of others. And the actor was equally irresponsible.

The manager was never taken seriously in those good old days. Few paid any attention to him and nobody trusted him. He had to pay spot cash for everything he got. If a truckload of stuff was sent to his stage door the driver had orders to get the money before he took the goods off the wagon. The only one the manager could "stand up" was the actor. All this was true of almost every theatrical firm in the country not many years ago.

So far as the actor was concerned, he could do as he pleased. Most of the time the manager owed him money, which gave the actor the whiphand. He could hold the curtain at any time. If he were negligent nobody dared rebuke him. He could go on a spree and get away with it. On so slender a thread as an actor's caprice did the manager's fate hang—in the good old days.

But the old spirit is wiped out. The old gag of coming in on a shoestring is gone. The day of the fellow who took out a company of actors and let them walk home is past. Today the theater man has standing. Any reputable producing manager can get all the goods he wants on credit. An order signed by him is as good as that of a merchant. The activities of The Producing Managers' Association, The Actors' Union, The Musicians' Union and The Stagehands' Union have put the old faker out of business. It is impossible for a man in the theater business not to be honest. Everybody knows it if he does not pay his debts.

What a Manager Pays the Railroads

THIS process of elimination has done its deadly work until only the fittest survive. When I first arrived in New York there were possibly one hundred men there who came from all parts of the country, organized their own companies, built their own productions, and took out one or two shows each. But the little fellow is now a matter of the past. The producing business in New York has narrowed down to six or eight men as against the one hundred of fifteen years ago. You can count the producers of America on the fingers of two hands; the prominent ones on the fingers of one hand. If the little fellow who used to build his own show is ambitious and still wants to work on his own resources, he rents a production that is no longer worth the while of the New York manager, takes it out and handles it. But he seldom if ever makes a production of his own. Nor can the inexperienced man, as in the good old days, go into this business and hold his own any more than he can go into steel or blow glass.

Those may have been the good old days for the manager, but these are the good new days for the actor. Look at what he gets now. True, the pay of utility people, which used to be from $25 to $30 a week, has advanced but little, but the bigger parts that formerly paid from $50 to $75 a week now pay $150. And the higher up the scale you go, the greater has been the advance. I could mention many cases where the increase in actors' pay has been not only one hundred per cent but one thousand per cent. I have in mind a vaudeville team which in twelve years has raised its price from $250 a week to $2500—and gets it too! But why dwell on actors' salaries? They have been exploited till you can't rest. Suffice it to say that in the good old days they got little—and often didn't get that. Today the incomes of some of them are princely.

But the actor's status has changed also. Though the ghost walks regularly on Saturday night and brings him more money than ever before, his independence is gone. He is no longer arrogant, no longer the indulgent, favor-dispensing personage. He must not neglect rehearsals. He cannot get drunk and get away with it. His new standing has brought with it more exacting conditions, stricter accountability.

Salaries may be flexible with a general upward tendency, but the cost of transportation today is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Peradventure it should be revised, it is sure to be revised upward. In the good old days no regular rates of any kind obtained. I have many a time got a rate of a cent a mile between competitive points, with extra car for scenery and baggage, and passes thrown in for the advance man and in nine cases out of ten for the manager of the company as well. In the good old days I have seen the railroads so eager to keep business away from rivals that they actually carried companies for nothing between competitive points.

The Interstate Commerce law has changed all this. Today I must pay the regular theatrical rates, which are just the same as any other rates—two cents a mile in most cases and in certain parts from three and one-half to four cents a mile—and no passes of any kind whatsoever. But as a sop to Cerberus the railroad allows the actor two hundred and fifty pounds of baggage as against one hundred and fifty pounds for the ordinary traveler.

In the good old times, if I had a party of only ten persons traveling between competitive points I could get a baggage car for scenery and "props" for nothing. Today with a party of ten I must pay fifteen cents a mile for such a car, which makes a difference of about one hundred and forty dollars on a trip from New York to Chicago. If I have a party ticket for twenty-five I get my extra car free.

We figure a season as forty weeks, and in making up our estimates allow ten dollars per person per week for transportation. With one-night-stand companies such expense runs considerably in excess of this, but the one-week and two-weeks stand companies bring the average down.

On this basis it is easy to figure out my annual transportation bill: Grace George, eighteen persons, one company; Robert Mantell, thirty-four persons, one company; Way Down East, twenty-four persons, two companies; Ready Money, twenty-five persons, two companies; Little Women, twenty persons, four companies; Baby Mine, sixteen persons, two companies; Bunty Pulls the Strings, twenty persons, two companies; Bought and Paid For, sixteen persons and six companies; Gilbert & Sullivan, eighty persons; The Whip, two hundred persons, two companies; Hop-o'-My-Thumb, one hundred and fifty persons. In brief, I am today paying yearly something like $350,000 of my hard-earned money to the railroads—and not a nickel's worth of favors do I get!

Nor does the railroad make any concession in the carrying of properties. The Whip, for instance, carries nine cars for scenery, properties and animals, and one coach and two sleepers for the company. This is a special train and costs us $1.50 a mile. But to get this rate we must carry, or at least pay for, seventy-five passengers first class.

The Cost of Carting Scenery

THE item of transferring scenery and properties from the depot to the theater and back is a very important one. In the good old days, when we struck a small town we could hire the local teamsters to cart our things to the theater. That was before the transferring of theatrical stuff had become a regular business. We could get the thing done for a song, and that was all that most of us were prepared to pay. But there were times when the local teamster had something else to do. It might have been harvesting time, or if not that, the state convention might be on and he had to convert his hay wagon into an omnibus. Then we found ourselves dumped into a town with no way of moving our belongings except by pushcart, wheelbarrow or hand. Today we have to pay more, but we don't have to worry so much.

Naturally the transfer expense falls most heavily on the one-night-stand companies. Transfer companies charge ordinarily five dollars a load to carry the stuff from the train to the theater and bring it back again when the show is over. But this sometimes runs up to six or seven dollars a load. These people simply receive and deliver, and the theater man has often to hire extra men to load and unload.

A typical case is our number six Bought and Paid For company, which, though it plays only the smallest towns one night each, has quite as great an equipment as the number one company that plays New York or Boston for a season. This company carries six truckloads of scenery and properties, which must be moved at an average, say, of six dollars per load, or thirty-six dollars a day. That means $216 for a six-day week or $252 for a seven-day week, as the case may be. And bear in mind, these small towns do not pay the biggest prices to see the show.

The theatrical rate for moving trunks for members of companies to hotels and back is twenty-five cents each piece for the round trip, which expense is borne by the management. In our mad efforts to educate the public in realism, we have created a Frankenstein monster that comes mighty near devouring us bodily every once in a while. In other words, we have fearfully increased the cost of production. In the good old days people didn't care much what kind of scenery or properties you had so long as you gave them a thrill. Any old thing would do. We used to paint everything on canvas—doors and everything else—and the furniture that we used for one piece we could use for a totally different one and the audiences stood for it. Under such circumstances the changing of plays did not entail the tremendous financial risk that it does today. It is hard to tell how the competition in making realistic productions started. It was evolution rather than revolution. Some wise man must have realized one fine morning that atmosphere and scenery go a long way toward making a success of any piece.

Augustin Daly was the pioneer in the matter of giving his audiences the real article. He began by building solid doors in his scenes. This was an innovation. The papers gave him credit for it. We all had to go and see it. Instantly we realized that we must follow suit or fall behind. So we all built solid doors, and pretty soon we started in to make the trimmings round them solid. That was the foundation of the Frankenstein monster.

In the good old days it was as easy to knock together a scene out of the material we happened to have on hand as it is for a bachelor girl today to furnish her den with soap boxes and green baize. We could almost change plays between evenings and get away with it. But I could not build a solid interior such as we have today inside of a week if I stood on my head. You may be able to take an old scene and fix it up for a try-out somewhere else and get by with it, but not in New York.

We have gone to the other extreme. Mr. Belasco, for instance, in Years of Discretion could not go any further. It is all solid. It was the same thing with The Woman of It. A cornice was a cornice; and my careful observance of realistic detail in the production of Bought and Paid For cost me $6500.

It is said that the theater man pays drug-store prices for everything he gets. We not only have to pay the regular retail price, but very often much more than the retail price. The reason is this: To build a modern, realistic production at anything like normal cost we must have plenty of time—and that we almost never have. We are, by the very nature of our business, what might be called rush victims. We are forever changing at a moment's notice.

The rush feature of this business is due to several causes. The manager may put everything off until the last moment because up to that time there is apt to occur a change in his plans which would mean the abandonment of much work already done and paid for. Or the playwright may write in a different scene. Or possibly the producer may not have the actress he wants to play a part, and so the play lies idle on his desk for some time. Then the right woman may come along, or there may be some turn in public affairs—a great murder, an epidemic of theft or kidnapping or scandal on the notoriety of which the piece might be floated to success. So on it goes in a minute.

Or a piece may be playing in a certain theater and all of a sudden business drop off. Then comes the word: "Look out; we must have something for that house in two or three weeks." So we start with a rush to do in two weeks what ought to take six. Then business picks up again, and we cease our preparations, only to renew them again in a few days perhaps and with a doubly accentuated rush.

Here is an illustration: The Rack was put on one Monday night. I had all the faith in the world in it and gave it a beautiful production. But the public didn't want it, so I decided on Wednesday that we must have something else in the theater for the following Monday. I decided on Bought and Paid For. In this case I made the quickest production of my experience. The woodwork had to be solid and all the properties fitting and up-to-date. There were four scenes to be gotten up between Wednesday and Saturday, and in that time we carpeted and curtained the entire production. Each scene required from three to four different pairs of curtains; in fact, the first scene required six pairs. One firm could not do all the work. We had to scatter it among four different houses with drop-everything-else-and-do-this orders, and, believe me, this rush cost us something.

The word "Go ahead" means to get ready in all the departments. Everybody is rushing and worked up into a state of nervous excitement. We cannot go out into the open market, pick and choose, get things cheap or avail ourselves of bargain prices. The thing of it is to get the things, that's all, and at a moment's notice.

Most of our wants are supplied by specialists. We use a big amount of lumber, for instance, yet I know of only one firm in the city of New York where we can get lumber that we can use in the construction of scenery. There is only one firm in New York where you can get everything in the way of theatrical hardware. Understand, in theatrical construction everything, while apparently solid, must be built so as to be pulled apart for traveling purposes. This requires what is called trick hardware, such as a lash cleat which we use in lashing one piece of scenery to another, or a pin hinge, or the like, and this, as I said, we can get from only one concern. When I want ironwork done I must go to a special man and pay him enough to induce him to drop everything else and devote his forces to my order.

In furnishing a scene one would suppose that we had greater scope, and we should under ordinary circumstances, but the ever-present rush forces us always to the most available concern. We may set up a scene on Sunday for rehearsal. The play is to go on Monday night. Then we find it is all wrong, so we rush to one of the big houses for decorators, drapers and all the rest of it. If we had had time, we could have gone into the open market and duplicated everything in a cheaper grade, which would have answered our purpose quite as well.

In the matter of a large order for costumes we can go into the open market and get estimates just like any other business man; but these all have a time limit, and in nine cases out of ten we put off giving the order so long that the estimate ceases to be operative, and we have to pay the maker from fifteen to twenty per cent above his original figures for the work.

Scene painting has gone up in price just like everything else. Under the new realistic régime an average interior will cost from $350 to $400, while an unusual one will run up from $500 to $800.

In the good old days the scene painter could slap on colors with a whitewash brush almost. But today he must have a delicate and accurate touch, and besides considerable taste and skill as an artist. If we have a scene representing one of the special chambers in the Ritz-Carlton, for instance, we get permission from the manager and then

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THE SOLE REASON

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BETWEEN the dress patterns and the jewelry, the toilet-goods counter bloomed like a garden of Hesperides in a Sahara of misses' and children's gloves, ladies' neckwear, white goods and linings, knit underwear, ribbons, hosiery and all-over laces.

In the heart of the garden bloomed Miss Marie Tompkins, herself a yellow-headed aster, with a carefully curled coiffure and a careful hand that measured out the sweet breath of the violet at eighty-nine cents the ounce, the concentrated oil of the valley lily at two dollars the half ounce, the precious attar of roses at three-twenty-five the thimbleful. However, there is no garden without its serpent and caterpillars; the Land of Cockaigne was exquisite with the perfume of lilies, but deadly with nightshade.

Miss Tompkins delved beneath the counter and searched among a riot of boxes; her small body was crammed tight between an unpacked soapcase and a wooden crate of sponges; an uncomfortable red flooded her face.

"Quit shovin'—can't you, Mamie!" she cried. "Is there any more of that glycerine soap left? Honest, it's the limit the way you girls keep stock! No wonder Higgs is always kickin'!"

"I should worry!" replied Mamie, drop-dropping an ounce of perfume into a measuring cup and smiling between drops at the white-goods counter across the aisle. "I should worry and get a freckle!"

"Size Two and a Half"

"The glycerine was always here underneath the castiles—gee, this counter is run like the crazy-house at Coney!"

Mamie felt of the lobe of each ear and pressed the fastenings of her dangling black earrings.

"Say, M'ree, I wish you'd look at that fresh Gus Kinney over there in the linings. Honest, he ain't took his eyes off me this morning! Don't look now."

"He'd look at a totem pole if it had skirts on!" volunteered Marie, brushing her dusty fingertips together and pushing the hair back with her forearm.

"I wish he'd keep his eyes to hisself!"

"You ought to seen him up at the Crescent Club dance last night, Mame! I says to my friend, I says: 'I wonder if he sees anything green on me.'"

"Ain't it the limit!" sympathized Mamie.

"Then when we came close I seen it was Gus, and he comes up and wants me and my friend to break and give him the rest of the dance."

"Fresh kid!"

"When he was gone my friend says to me, he says: 'Say, the next time I see that guy I'll whisper in his shell-pink ear that I got first mortgage on your time!'—just like that he said it; and I felt so cheap I could 'a' died!"

"I used to have a friend on that order too—he never was a great one to talk right out, but I knew wedding bells was ringing in the back of his head all the time."

"That's just the way with me."

"He's the friend I was telling you about, M'ree. Poor fellow, he was a master plumber, and a boiler explosion did the skyrocket act to him."

"I was lookin' hard as I could, ma'am, but we're all out of glycerine soaps right now. We're expectin' more any day—say, can you beat that for nerve, Mame! Honest, what does she think I yam?"

Mamie built a small pyramid of cold-cream jars, smiled brightly over their tops and nodded her head and earrings.

"Good morning, Mr. Higgs! How's yourself? Ask M'ree there—her middle name's weather."

Mr. Higgs shot his cuffs, crossed his hands under the rear of his coat and swung the tails of his Prince Albert backward.

"Stack up them powder-puffs, girls—the bottom of this case looks a sight!"

Mamie placed her hands on her hips, hunched her shoulders and collapsed at the waistline.

"Listen to that, will you! Wouldn't it curl your hair to hear him! Whose week is it to arrange this case—ours or the tall blonde's at the end of the counter—I'd like to know?"

"Well, it's got to be cleaned up for Monday's sale, whosever week it is," said Mr. Higgs.

"Anything your little heart desires," replied Mamie, tapping one foot up and down and smiling across at the white goods; "but you'll have to approach the blonde queen about it."

"Aw, I ain't so particular—I'll fix it up, Mr. Higgs."

Mamie turned round, black eyes upon her friend.

"Say, M'ree," she said, "who's been watering your wings and gettin' 'em to sprout?"

"I don't mind doing it," reiterated Marie; "and, say, Mr. Higgs, is it going to make any difference if I run over to the shoes for a pair of low-cuts? Honest, if I don't soon get me a new pair I'll have to ride down to work in my limousine."

"Go as far as you like!" said Mr. Higgs, rubbing a palm over his horseshoe-shaped expanse of bald head—"as far as you like—two aisles over, madam."

"Gee!" observed Mamie, hitching her beltline farther downward. "If I was as slick as you are I'd be afraid of sliding in gum shoes."

"I never thought of that," replied Marie, tossing her curls backward and slipping round the edge of the counter. "I'll go over now and order rubber heels on my new low-cuts."

The shoe department was in the farthest southeast corner of the Broadway store. Marie found a bench beneath a purring electric fan, raised her skirts discreetly above her ankles, and extended a slim and high-arched foot.

"Something in patent-leather low shoes, please."

A salesman straddled a low stool before her and took her foot in the cup of his hand.

"What size?"

"Two."

Jeanne d'Arc probably wore a size-six sandal and Cleopatra's last was thrice removed from the first letter of the alphabet, but no heroine has ever dared trip it lightly into fiction on less than a size three, double A—no more Marie.

She regarded the glossy dark head of the salesman as he bent over her foot. When he glanced up he said:

"Double A, miss?"

"Double A."

He ripped open her shoe with a rapid succession of popping buttons and peered within it.

"Size two and a half," he said, smiling.

"Two!" she corrected.

"We'll try both," he said diplomatically, placing her worn little shoe beside the stool and disappearing behind a stall of boxes.

He returned presently with an array of Oxfords tucked under his arm and one in each hand and sat down again; the stool was low and his knees high.

"Are you working on the floor?" he asked.

"That's me," she replied, inspecting the slender heel of a slipper.

"I knew I'd seen your face somewhere!" he exclaimed, his face suddenly alert with understanding. "I met you up at Maggie Black's house one night—the time the laces gave her and Shorty the surprise."

"Sure, I remember!" she cried. "You're the fellow that made the speech at the table about Maggie and Shorty—ain't you?"

"That's me without thinking twice," he said, showing his large, strong teeth.

"You're some little speecher!" she said. "Have you seen Shorty and Mag since they're married? Ouch! That hurts something fierce."

"No; but, say, I'd remember you anywhere! And to think I didn't know you worked here!" he said, removing the shoe and slipping on another.

"Didn't you?"

"No. Believe me, if I'd 'a' known it before—say, I ain't so slow as I look!"

"I'm over at the toilet goods."

"I know a girl over there."

"Do you?"

"Yes, Mamie Jones—she used to work at Tracy's when I did—some live little girl too!"

"That ain't a bad shoe, is it, Mr.—Mr.—— Ain't it funny I can't remember your name?"

"Dang—Eddie Dang. I'd remember yours anywheres. It's Marie Tompkins—ain't it?"

"You're some little rememberer. I never was one for remembering names. Gimme a face and I'll always know it; but names slip me somehow."

"That there's the swellest little low-cut we got in stock, Miss Marie—two-eighty-five makes it—two-forty to you, and five dollars if you'd buy it on the Avenue. There ain't a neater little shoe made."

She inspected its mate carefully, bending the toe backward to meet the heel, holding it at arm's length and regarding it with cocked head. "I'll try this one on too."

"Sure!" He slid the shoehorn between her heel and the counter of the shoe, and she pressed downward.

"Stand up and stamp!"

She caught her skirts at both sides and pawed her foot like a high-stepping pony. "It's a little bit big, ain't it?"

"Take my advice and try 'em a bit too large—they won't stretch and lose their shape so soon."

She regarded her feet from different angles.

"Here, look in the glass!"

She walked up and down a stretch of green felt he spread before her and studied the shoes in a mirror level with her feet. "I—I guess I'll take these," she said.

"See Yourself! Who Says You Ain't Got the Big Head?"

"We sell more of those than any last we've got in stock. I got a lady comes in here lives up in the Hudson Apartments, on Riverside Drive; she won't wear nothin' else but that there little shoe."

"It's real nobby—I like them extension soles and all."

"She has buckles put on hers. If you'd like 'em they're real swell in cut steel or brilliants ——"

Her eyes brightened.

"Gee! I love buckles; but—but ——"

He darted to a small glass case and returned with a palmful of glinting cut-steel and rhinestone ornaments.

"Ain't they beauties?" she cried.

"Look—ain't that butterfly pair swell! They're a dollar a pair—eighty cents to you."

Her eyes clouded.

"I—I guess I won't take 'em," she said, reseating herself and slipping off the shoes.

"They're nobby enough without them," he said.

"I'll take these along."

He felt about his side coat pocket for a buttonhook and fastened her old shoes; she counted out bills from her small, black hand purse.

"Say," he said, arranging the hem of her skirt neatly over her shoetops, "now—now that we've sort of met up again, I'd like to see—I'd kinda like to see more of you."

"Lordy!" she said, casting her eyes upward. "How the boys do love me!"

"I ain't kiddin'—honest! I looked round for you that night up at Maggie's, but you didn't keep in with the crowd comin' home."

"There's three dollars."

"What you goin' to do tomorrow night, Miss Marie? Saturday night's always a live one."

"Me? Oh, take a ride in my sea-going limousine."

"Aw, I ain't kiddin'. Come on; talk up—how'd you like to take a boat ride to Coney tomorrow night?"

"I—I got a date tomorrow night with a friend of mine up in the mail-order department—but, say, why don't you ask my friend Mamie? And the four of us, we—we can all go out in the same crowd like, and ——"

"Oh, I see; you're keepin' steady, ain't you? I don't want to butt in on nothin'."

"I ain't!" she flamed back at him, with the pink running high in her face. "Can't a girl have a date once in a while without keepin' steady?"

"Where'll I come in on that joy party? Mamie Jones is a nice girl, but I ain't going to fight a duel for the pleasure of her company."

"Silly! What's the difference? We're in the same crowd."

"I'm on," he said.

He handed her the shoebox and her change.

"I'm glad I run into you again," he said. "I'll be over to the toilet goods when Archie comes back from lunch and see if Mame's on for tomorrow night—eight-o'clock boat."

"If she is it will be a dandy party of us—crowds are always lots of fun."

"Not so much fun as some twos; but you can't always get what you want in this world you know."

They parted smiling. Mamie greeted her querulously.

"Say, it's a wonder you wouldn't spend the afternoon! This is the first breathing spell I've had since you left. There was three dames wanted credit checks on your goods—two stockin' up for Doomsday on soap, and that carnation dream has been going like it was water."

"I guess you don't remember the day you went up to get a shirtwaist and left me alone with the eight-cents-a-cake fighters—do you, Miss Mamie Jones?"

"I could have bought five pairs of shoes in that time," said Miss Mamie.

"You must 'a' made a date for tomorrow night while I was gone—you talk so freshlike."

"Gee! Nothin' like that for little Mamie—it looks like home and mother. Gee, ain't this a slow town since my friend blew up! Sachet—sixty-eight cents a bottle, ma'am—violet, lily-of-the-valley, orris and rose—it's a matter of taste, ma'am; some like one and some the other." Mamie wafted various glass stoppers languidly before her customer's nose. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but we're out of corylopsis right now—expectin' it in any day. Manicure scissors at the other end. You're welcome!"

"Mame, get on to that dame's walk! If I had that gait I'd buy me an aëroplane! It's a wonder she didn't know she wanted corylopsis in the beginning."

"Gee!" exclaimed Mamie under her breath. "I know that fellow comin' this way—no, over there—just passin' the neckwear. Some swell little fellow too! He's over in the shoes, I think. One swell kid!"

"Thirty-nine cents, madam. What did you say, Mame?"

"Sh-h-h! Here he comes. Hello, Eddie Dang! Ain't you a sight for sore eyes though! I didn't know you was workin' here until Maisie Clark told me."

"Hello yourself!" said Eddie, draping the left half of himself along the counter. "It's a wonder you wouldn't say 'Come over!' to a fellow once in a while."

Mamie giggled and felt at the fastening of her earrings.

"Mr. Dang, I want you get acquainted with my friend, Miss Marie Tompkins."

"Sure—didn't I just sell you a pair of shoes, Miss Marie?"

"You sure did."

"How's it goin' with you, Mame?"

"It's all goin' and nothin' comin', Eddie."

"Oh, Mame, ain't you killin'—with your sayings!" laughed Marie, turning her back on Eddie.

"Listen to That! Wouldn't It Curl Your Hair to Hear Him?"

"I guess you never met my friend Artie Crump, did you, Eddie? Well, he was blown up in a boiler explosion down in the Trust Building—honest, it was awful! Such a dandy boy and all; and you know what the plumbing business is nowadays!"

"Ain't that too bad!" said Mr. Dang.

"We feel turrible about it," said Mamie. "He was all blown to pieces! That boy sure knew how to treat a girl!"

"Thu—thu!" said Mr. Dang, making a sympathetic noise by sucking his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"Thu—thu!" repeated Mamie.

"You ought to go round kinda and get it off your mind, Mame."

"Yes," she sighed, "I guess I ought—but it sure has been a dead town since Artie Crump died! He was out on a swell job; just standing in front of the boiler tryin' to ——"

"What you goin' to do tomorrow night, Mame? You ought to get a thing like that off your mind."

"Brush the flies off maw is about all I'm goin' to do. This is sure a dead ——"

"How'd you like to take the boat down to Coney?"

"Swell!"

"Maybe your friend, Miss Marie, would go along."

"Oh, I wouldn't butt in!" said Marie.

"It wouldn't be buttin' in," said Mamie with tepid enthusiasm.

"You come on, Miss Marie—the more the merrier."

"You wouldn't like an extra like me taggin' on; but I'll tell you what: I—I got a friend up in the mail-order I could ask, and that would make two couples of us."

"Swell!" cried Mamie with reënforced vigor. "We can meet on the corner at Strakes' Drug Store, the two couples of us—me an' Marie only live a block apart."

"We can depend on you, can't we, Miss Marie? This is going to be some swell little party."

"We'll be there with bells on, Mr. Dang. My friend's a great one for Coney."

"Just you ask for Miss Mamie Jones at my boarding house, Eddie—there's three Joneses rooming there and we're always gettin' mixed."

"I'll be there with my ears pinned back, Mame."

"S'long!"

"S'long!"

Mr. Dang hurried away, with his large teeth showing in a smile.

"Ain't he grand lookin', M'ree?"

"He is that!"

"Honest, that fellow's been crazy to take me out ever since he's been here and never had the nerve to ask me—I think my tellin' him my friend blew up gave him kind of nerve like."

"He is a grand-lookin' fellow! I bet he gets eighty dollars over there."

"Sure he does! Say, honest, it's just like the fortune teller said—a tall, dark man and a trip on the water!"

"It'll be swell if it's moonlight—I love the river when the moon shines on it and makes it look like it was running quicksilver."

"Yes; and dancin' on the boat is always a dandy. Who's your friend, M'ree?"

"He's the boy up in the mail-order I was tellin' you I was goin' kinda steady with—one nice kid! He's my friend I was saying took me up to the Crescent dance last night. We ain't goin' real steady, but—you know!"

"He's got you goin', all-righty! You're dead crazy about him."

"Like fun I yam!" replied Marie, coloring up into her hair.

At eight o'clock Saturday evening a blithesome quartet hurried down the incline of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Pier. There were daisies on Marie's hat and daisies in her eyes. Beside her walked Mr. James Bashaw, lightly, as if a pair of Mercury wings were attached to the sides of his tan shoes; and a smile on his face indicated a corresponding elasticity of heart.

His straw sailor with the smart red-and-white striped band was set at a jaunty angle on his glossy, evenly parted hair; he twirled a flexible bamboo cane, tossed a penny to a lad without waiting for the paper, turned back, and regarded Mamie and Mr. Dang, tripping lightly after them.

"Watch out, back there! Watch out!" cried Mr. Bashaw. "There's kidnapers out tonight!"

"I got my gun!" laughed Mamie, improvising a weapon by pointing her forefinger directly at Mr. Bashaw and wiggling her thumb.

"Your friend is sure some little girl, Marie," commented Mr. Bashaw. "That's the way I like 'em—alive; you're such a little wire yourself, you pick 'em out that way naturally."

He tweaked playfully at her hand, which lay on the curve of his elbow.

"Well, of all the nerve, Jimmie Bashaw! Of course, if you ain't satisfied with present company ——"

He straightened his red necktie and looked down at her.

"Believe me," he said, "for real class, you've got the whole bunch of 'em looking like Monday morning. Quit your shovin' there—can't you see the lady?"

They edged and shuffled their way aboard the double-decked white steamboat and up to the bow end of the top deck. Mr. Dang found four folding, canvas-seated chairs, which they arranged in a congenial circle somewhat aloof from the crowd and very close to the outside rail of the deck.

"This is something like it!" said Mame, spreading her skirts. "Gee, the grand times I've had on this boat! One night there was eleven of us—and what we didn't do! We was dancin' yet when we landed back at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street on the last boat; and they had to come and make us stop."

"I bet you're one swell little dancer," commented Mr. Bashaw.

"Oh, I ain't so worse."

An ink-blue night descended upon them like a film of enchantment. On the deck below a piano, a base viol and a violin started off at three distinctly different intervals and keys; and just behind them a black smokestack, which rose like a gloomy monolith in the night, let out a deep-seated moan, as if a monster bull of Bashan were bellowing in a death agony.

A thudding and trembling ran along the floor and up their spines; thick-linked chains clanked; the cool night air blew in their faces and jerked their hats backward; they steamed gradually down the Hudson. Mame leaned back against the rail and indulged in an ecstatic sigh.

"The nicest thing about Mr. Hudson's river is that it leads to Coney."

Laughter.

"Here, Mame, don't you think you'd better be puttin' on your coat? It'll be right cool from now on."

"Thanks, Eddie, I believe I will—I ain't anxious to take cold and live forever."

Laughter.

She slid into her jacket and crossed the revers over her bare throat.

"Ain't it a swell night?" observed Mr. Dang.

"Swell!" agreed Marie, with far-away eyes on the phantom outline and everlasting Palisades of New Jersey. "It's like floating down the river of a dream, with trees and things growing on the banks—and—trees and things."

"Listen to the line of talk she's turning on! She'll be reciting the first page of the dictionary next," cried Mame, convulsed with laughter.

"Trees and things growing on the banks!" repeated Mr. Dang, removing his hat and letting the breezes raise his hair. Then he added: "And a hundred swell-lookin' little girls in cheesecloth dresses wavin' palms at you—and music like somebody was playin' a muffled fiddle or a bird was singin'!"

"If you think this is swell," cried Jimmie, smiling at Mamie and smoothing his smooth thatch of yellow hair, "wait till we try that new show that's opened up at Coney—the one I was tellin' you about last night, M'ree—the Wiggle Waggle. There's more fun going round that there thing than in slidin' down a greased pole! I'd 'a' took you there last night, M'ree,. if it hadn't been for the Crescent dance."

"Oh, I just love them Crescent dances too!" exclaimed Mame, clasping her hands in her lap. "I used to have a friend that took me up there on Monday nights. Poor fellow, he ——"

"I knew I'd seen you somewhere before," said Mr. Bashaw.

(Continued on Page 38)

"Call Me Ed—Won't You, Please?"

A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Mademoiselle, I Can Teach You Nothing"

HENRY MAPLESON always disliked me, and over and over again during our Three-Star Tour he put Marie Roze in a position of seeming antagonism to me; but I never bore malice, for she was innocent enough. She had some spirit tucked away in her temperament somewhere, only when we first knew her she was too intimidated by Mapleson to let it show. When she was singing Carmen she was the gentlest mannered gypsy that was ever stabbed by a jealous lover—a handsome Carmen, but too sweet and good for anything. Carleton was the Escamillo, and he said to her quite crossly once at rehearsal:

"You don't make love to me enough! You don't put enough devil into it!"

Marie flared up for a second.

"I can be a devil if I like," she informed him. But in spite of this assertion she never put any devil into anything she did—on the stage at least.

Very few singers ever seem to get really inside Carmen. Some of the modern ones come closer to her; but in my day there was an unwritten law against realism in emotion. In most of the old standard rôles it was all right to idealize impulses and to beautify the part generally, but Carmen is too terribly human to profit by such treatment. She cannot be glossed over. One can, if one likes, play Traviata from an elegant point of view, but there is nothing elegant about Mérimée's gypsy. Neither is there any sentiment. Carmen is purely—or rather impurely—elemental, a complete little animal. I used to love the part though.

When I was studying it I got hold of Prosper Mérimée's novel and read it and considered it until I really understood the girl's nature, which, *en passant*, I may say is more than the critic of the New York Tribune had done. I doubt if he had ever read Mérimée at all, for he said that my rendering of Carmen was too realistic! The same column spoke favorably in later years of Mme. Calvé's performance, so it was undoubtedly a case of *autres temps, autres mœurs!*

The portion of my tour with Roze and Cary under the management of Max Strakosch that took me to the Far West was particularly uncomfortable. Fortunately the financial results compensated in a large measure for the annoyances. Not only did I have Mapleson's influence and his determination to push Marie Roze at all costs to contend with, and the trying actions and personality of Annie Louise Cary, the third star in our company, but I also was subjected to much embarrassment from a manager named Bianchi, with whom, early in my career, I had partially arranged to go to California. Our agreement had fallen through because he was unable to raise the sum promised me; so when I did go with Roze and Cary and Strakosch he was exceedingly bitter against me.

The Romance of "Collars and Cuffs"

ANNIE LOUISE CARY was, strictly speaking, a contralto; yet she contrived to be considered as a mezzo and even had a try at regular soprano rôles like Mignon. It is almost superfluous to state that she disliked me. So far as I was concerned she would have troubled me very little indeed if she had been willing to let me alone. I would not know her socially, but professionally I always treated her with entire courtesy and would have been satisfied to hold with her the most amicable relations in the world, as I have with all singers with whom I have appeared in public. Annie Louise Cary, however, willed it otherwise. The Tribune once printed a long editorial in which Max Strakosch was described as pacing up and down the room distractedly crying: "Oh, what troubles! For God's sake don't break up my troupe!" This was rather exaggerated; but I dare say there was more truth than fiction in it. Poor Max did have his troubles!

Mlle. Ilma de Murska, the Hungarian Nightingale, was with us part of the time on this tour. She was a well-known Amina in Sonnambula and appeared in our all-star casts of Don Giovanni. She was said to have had five husbands. I know she had a chalk-white face, a belt of solid gold and a menagerie of snakes and lizards that she carried about with her.

It all seems long, long ago; and I find it is the ridiculously unimportant things that stand out most clearly in my memory. I recall one funny little episode that happened in San Francisco, when I did for once break down in the middle of a scene. I think it must have been in our last season of English opera, instead of in the Three-Graces Tour, for it occurred in The Talisman, but speaking of California suggests it to me. We carried six Russian singers. One of them was a little man about five feet high, with a sweet voice but an extremely nervous temperament. There was an unimportant rôle in The Talisman of a crusading soldier who had to rush on and sing a phrase to the effect that Saint George's boats and horses were approaching from both sides—I do not recall the words. The only man who could sing the bit was our five-foot Russian friend. He had to wear a large Saracen helmet and carry a shield six feet high; and his entrance was a running one. I, playing Lady Edith Plantagenet, looked round to see the poor little chap come staggering along under the immense shield and to hear a very shaky and frightened voice gasp: "Sire, Saint George's floats and boats, and flounts and mounts ——" I tried to sing "A traitor! A traitor!" but got only as far as "A trai ——" when I was overcome with an impulse of laughter and the curtain had to be rung down!

At the close of the Three-Graces Tour I once more found myself facing a trip abroad. I was glad to be going again to England. My farewell to my native land on this occasion proved more of an ovation than a farewell. One long table of the ship's grand salon was heaped with flowers sent me by friends and admirers.

It was like old times to be in England once more. Yet I found many changes. One of them was in the state of my old friend James McKenzie, who had been in the East Indian trade and had a delightful place in Scotland adjoining that of the Queen, through which she used to drive with the incomparable John Brown. I had been invited up there on my first visit to England, but was not able to accept. When I asked for him this time I learned that he had been knighted for loaning money to the Prince of Wales.

A girl I knew quite well told me, that year, a touching little story of a half-fledged romance which had taken place at Sir James' place in Scotland. The Duke, who was known in England as "Collars and Cuffs" and who died young, was with the McKenzies for the hunting season, and there met my friend—such a pretty American girl she was! They fell in love with each other, and though of course nothing could come of it, they played out their pathetic little drama like any ordinary young lovers.

"Come down early to dinner," the Duke of Clarence would whisper. "I'll have a bit of heather for you!"

And when they met in London later he took her to Marlborough House and showed her the royal nurseries and the shelves where his toys were still kept. The girl nearly broke down when she told me about it. I have thought of the little story more than once since.

"He hated to have me courtesy to him," she said. "He used to whisper quite fiercely: 'Don't you courtesy to me when you can avoid it—I can't bear to have you do it!'"

My new rôle in London that season was Aïda. For of course I was singing, although I had told every one before leaving home that I was going abroad simply for a rest. It went so well that Mapleson—*père*—wanted to extend my engagement. But I was very tired, so I decided to go to Paris and rest, meanwhile waiting for something to develop that I liked well enough to accept. Maurice Strakosch had been my agent in England, but it seemed to me that his methods were becoming somewhat antiquated, so I gave him up and decided that I would get along without any agent at all. I also gave up Colonel Mapleson. Mapleson owed me money—although for that matter he owed everybody. So when, as soon as I was fairly settled in Paris, the Colonel sent me earnest and prayerful letters, begging me to come back to London and go on singing Aïda, I turned a deaf ear and sent back word that I was too tired.

In Paris my mother and I took an apartment on the Rue de Chaillot, just off the Champs Élysées. One of the first things I did in Paris was to refuse an offer to sing in Budapest. While in Paris I, of course, did sing many times, but it was always unprofessionally. I had a wonderful stay in that city, and went to everything, from horseshows to operas. Those were the charming days when Mme. Adam had her salon. I met there some of the most gifted and brilliant people of the age. She was the editor of the Nouvelle Revue and it was through her that I met Coquelin. He frequently recited at her receptions; and it was great privilege to hear his wonderful French and his inimitable intonation in an intimate way.

Bizet's Musical Double

THE house where I enjoyed visiting more than any other except the Adams' was that of Théodore Robin, who had married a rich American widow and had a beautiful home on Parc Monceau. His barytone voice was a very fine one, and he had studied at first with a view to making a career for himself; but he was naturally indolent, and having married money his indolence never decreased. Valentine Black was another friend of ours and we spent many an evening at his house listening to Godard and Widor play their songs. Widor was the organist at Saint Sulpice and had composed some charming lyric music. Godard was a very small man, intensely musical. He had the curious gift of being able to copy another composer's style exactly. Few people know, for instance, that he wrote all the recitative music for Carmen. It is almost incredible that another brain than Bizet's should have so marvelously caught the spirit and the mood of that music.

It was about the same time that I first heard Josephine de Reszke in Paris. In any case it was somewhere in the seventies. She was a soprano with a beautiful voice but not an attractive personality. Her neck was ridiculously short and set so far down into her shoulders that she just escaped deformity. She was very much the blond northern type and still a young woman. I have heard that she did not have to sing for monetary reasons. A few years later she married a wealthy Polish banker and left the stage. At the time I first heard her the De Reszke men were not singing. It was in Le Roi de Lahore that I heard her, with Lascelle. I never listened to anything more magnificently done than Lascelle's singing of the big barytone aria. Maurel followed him as a barytone. He was a great artist also, with possibly more intelligence in his singing than Lascelle. Lascelle relied entirely on his glorious voice; in consequence he never realized in his career all that might have been possible.

In reality, if you have one great gift you have to develop as many other gifts as possible in order to present and to protect that one properly! A little later I heard Maurel as Iago. What an actor, and what an intelligence! One felt in Maurel a man who had studied his rôles from the

original plots. He played a great part in costuming, but curiously enough he could never play parts of what I call elemental picturesqueness. His Amonasro in Aïda was good, but it was a bit too clean and tidy. He looked as if he were just out of a Turkish bath, immaculate in spite of his uncivilized guise. He could, however, play a small part as if it were the finest rôle in the piece; and he had an inimitable elegance and art, even with a certain primitive romantic quality lacking. But what days those were—of what marvelous singing companies! I hear no such vocalism now, in spite of the elaborate and expensive opera that is put on each year.

I have gone abroad nearly every summer, and it was on one of these trips, in 1877, that I first met Lillian Nordica. It was at a garden party given just outside of Paris, after she had returned from making a tour of Europe with Patrick Gilmore's band. A few years later she and I sang together in Russia; and we have always been good friends. At the time of the Gilmore tour she was quite a girl, but she dressed her hair in a fashion that made her look much older than she really was and that threw into prominence her admirably determined chin. She always attributed her success in life to that chin. Before becoming an opera singer she had done about everything else. She had been a bookkeeper, had worked at the sewing machine and sung in obscure choirs. The chin enabled her to surmount such drudgery. A young person with a chin so expressive of determination and perseverance could not be downed. She told me at that early period that she always kept her eyes fixed on some goal so high and difficult that it seemed impossible, and worked toward it steadily, unceasingly, putting aside everything that stood in the path which led to it.

In later years Mme. Nordica spoke again of this, evidently having kept the idea throughout her career. "When I sang Elsa," she said, "I thought of Brunhilde, then Isolde."

Pleasant Memories of Sbriglia

MY ADMIRATION for Mme. Nordica is deep and abounding. Her breathing and tone production are about as nearly perfect as any one's can be, and if I wanted any young student to learn by imitation I should say to her: "Go and hear Nordica and do as nearly like her as you can!" There are not many singers, nor have there ever been many, of whom one could say that. And one of the finest things about this splendid vocalism is that she has had nearly as much to do with it as had God Almighty in the first place. When I first knew her she had no dramatic quality above *G* sharp. She could reach the upper notes, but tentatively and without power. She had, in fact, a beautiful mezzo voice; but she could not hope for leading rôles in grand opera until she had perfect control of the upper notes needed to complete her vocal equipment. She went about it, moreover, "with much judition," as an old man I know in the country says. But it was not until after the Russian engagement that she went to Sbriglia in Paris and worked with him until she could sing a high *C* that thrilled the soul. That *C* of hers was something superb.

"I'm Tired of Foreign Countries. I Want to Go Home!"

It was Nordica who first told me of Sbriglia, giving him honest credit for the help he had been to her. Like all truly big natures she has always been ready to acknowledge assistance wherever she has received it. Some people—and among them artists to whom Sbriglia's teaching has been of incalculable value—maintain a discreet silence on the subject of their study with him, preferring, no doubt, to have the public think that they have arrived at vocal perfection by their own incomparable genius alone. All of my training had been in my native country, and I had always been very proud of the fact that critics cited me as a shining example of what American musical education could do. All the same, when I was in Paris I took advantage of being near the great teacher, Sbriglia, to consult him. I really did not want him actually to do anything to my voice as much as I wanted him to tell me there was nothing that needed doing. At the time I went to him I had been singing for twenty years. Sbriglia tried my voice carefully and said:

"Mademoiselle, you have saved your voice by singing far forward."

"That's because I've been worked hard," I told him, "and have had to place it so in self-defense. Many a night I've been so tired it was like pumping to sing! Then I would sing way in front and by so doing was able to get through."

"Ah, that's it!" said he. "You've sung against your teeth—the best thing in the world for the preservation of the voice. You get a white flat sound that way."

"Then I don't sing wrong?" I asked, for I knew that the first thing great vocal masters usually have to do is to tell one how not to sing.

"Mademoiselle," said Sbriglia, "you breathe by the grace of God! Breathing is all of singing and I can teach you nothing of either."

Sbriglia's method was the old Italian method, known to teachers as diaphragmatic, of all forms of vocal training the one most productive of endurance and stability in a voice. He really loved to teach. It was a genuine joy to him to put the finishing touches on a voice—to do those things for it that apparently the Creator had not had time to do. I know one singer who, when complimented upon his vast improvement, replied without the slightest intention of impiety:

"Yes, I am singing well now, thanks to Sbriglia—and of course *le bon Dieu!*" he added as an afterthought.

Every one knows what Sbriglia did for Jean de Reszke, turning him from an unsuccessful barytone into the foremost tenor of the world. Sbriglia first met the Polish singer at some Paris party, where De Reszke told him that he was discouraged, that his career as a barytone had not been a fortunate one, and that he had about made up his mind to give it all up and leave the stage. He was a rich man and did not sing for a living like most professionals. Sbriglia had heard him sing. Said he:

"M. de Reszke, you are not a barytone."

"I am coming to that conclusion myself," said monsieur ruefully.

"No, you are not a barytone," repeated Sbriglia. "You are a tenor."

Jean de Reszke laughed. A tenor? He? But it was absurd!

Nevertheless Sbriglia was calmly assured; and he was the greatest master of singing in France, if not in the world. After a little conversation he convinced M. de Reszke sufficiently to give the new theory a chance.

"You need not pay me anything," said the great teacher to the young man. "Not one franc will I take from you until I have satisfied you that my judgment is correct. Study with me for six months only and then I will leave it to you—and the world!"

That was the beginning of the course of study which launched Jean de Reszke upon his extraordinarily prosperous and brilliant career.

My New Rôle in London Was Aïda

Speaking of Sbriglia leads my thoughts from the study of singing in general to the struggle of young singers, first for education, and second for recognition. It is sad to see the number of girls with the idea that they are possessed of great gifts just ready to be developed by a short period of study, after which they will blossom out into successful singers. Injudicious friends, absolutely without judgment or musical discrimination, are responsible for the cruel disillusions that so frequently follow. I would like to cry out to them to reject the thought, or only to entertain it when encouraged by those capable by experience or training of truly judging their gifts. Many and many a girl comes out of a household where the highest musical knowledge has been the hand-organ in the street and believes that she is going to take the world by storm. She is prepared to save and scrimp and struggle to go upon the stage when she really should be stopping at home, ironing the clothes and washing the dishes, the sphere allotted her by a discriminating and judicious Providence.

There is a place in the world for everybody, and if everybody would stay in that place there would be less confusion and fewer melancholy misfits. Singing is not merely vocal. It is spiritual. One must be in music in some way; must hear it often or even hear it talked about. Merely hearing it talked about gives one a chance to absorb some musical ideas while one's mental attitude is being molded. Studying in classes supplies the musical atmosphere to a certain extent; and so does hearing other people sing or reading biographies of musicians. All these are better than nothing—much better—and yet they can never take the place of really musical surroundings in childhood. Being brought up in a household where famous composers are known, loved and discussed, where the best music is played on the piano and where certain critical standards are a part of the intellectual life of the inmates is a large musical education in itself. The young student will absorb thus more real musical feeling and judgment and knowledge than in spending years at a conservatory.

Advice to Girls Who Sing

I HAVE often and often received letters asking for advice and begging me to hear the voices of girls who have been told they have talent. It is a heart-breaking business. About one in sixty has had something resembling a voice, and then, ten chances to one, she has not been in a position to cultivate herself. It is difficult to tell a girl that a woman must have many things besides a voice to make a success on the stage. It seems so conceited to say to her:

"My poor child, you must have presence and personality; good teeth and a knowledge of how to dress; grace of manner, dramatic feeling, high intelligence and an aptitude for foreign languages; besides a great many other essentials that are too numerous to mention but that you will discover fast enough if you go ahead without them!"

There is something else which is very necessary for every girl to consider in going on the operatic stage. Has she the means for experimenting or does she have to earn her living in some way meanwhile? If the former is the case it will do no harm for her to play about with her voice, burn her fingers if need be, and come home to her mother and father not much the worse for the experience. I sympathize somewhat with the teachers in not speaking altogether freely in cases like these. There is no reason why any one should take from a girl even one remote chance if she can afford to take it. But poor girls should be told the truth. So I have said to many a young girl who has come to me for advice: "My dear, you are trying to support yourself and help your family, aren't you? Very well. Now suppose you go on and find that you can't, what will you do then? What are you fitted for? What can you turn your hand to? What have you acquired? Look how few singers ever arrive, and if you are not one of the few will you not merely have entirely unfitted yourself for the life struggle along other lines?"

Herewith I say the same to four-fifths of all the girl singers who are springing up in villages, in shops, in schools everywhere, all yearning to be great. They came to me in shoals in Paris and Milan, begging for just enough

money to get home with. I have shipped many a failure back to America, and my soul has been sick for their disappointment and disillusionment. But they will not be guided by advice or warning. They have got to learn actually and bitterly. Neither are they ever grateful for discouragement nor yet for encouragement. If you give them the former they think you are a selfish pessimist; and if you give them the latter they accept it as no more than their due. As I have previously mentioned, I have known only one grateful girl and she was of ordinary ability. This girl, to whom I gave a little unimportant advice, wrote me afterward a most appreciative letter saying that my advice had been invaluable to her. It was the only word of genuine gratitude I ever received from a young singer, and I kept her letter as a curiosity.

I have always been the friend of young girls, especially of young singers. So far from wishing to hurt or discourage them, I have often gone out of my way to help them along. And I believe that every time I have been obliged to tell a young and eager girl that there was no professional triumph ahead for her it has cut me almost if not quite as deeply as it has cut her. For I always feel that I am maiming, even killing, some beautiful thing in discouraging her, even when I know it to be necessary and beneficial.

The best way—as I have said before and as I insist on saying—for any one to learn to sing is by imitation and assimilation. An old friend of mine, a Roman gentleman, poor but of noble family, has classes that I always attend when I am in the Eternal City and wherein the instruction is most advantageously given. He criticizes each student in the presence of the others, and if the others are listening at all intelligently they must profit. But you must listen, and then listen, and then keep on listening, and finally begin to listen all over again. You must keep your ear ready and your mind as well.

Just as Faure, when he heard the bad barytone, said to himself: "That's my note! Now how does he do it?" so you must hold yourself ready to learn from the most humble as well as from the most unlikely sources. Never forget that Faure learned from the really poor singer what no good one had been able to teach him. Remember, too, that Patti learned one of her own flexible effects from listening to Faure himself, and that these great artists were not too proud to acknowledge their indebtedness. I never went to hear Patti, myself, without studying the fine forward placing of her voice and coming home immediately and trying to imitate it.

Musical Life in Vienna

THE season of 1879 in Paris was certainly a wonderful one: and yet before it was over I caught that strange fever of unrest that sends birds migrating and puts the Romany tribes on the move. With me it came as a result of overfatigue and ill health, an instinctive craving for the medicine of change. The preceding London season had been exacting, and in Paris I had not had a moment in which really to rest. Although the days had been filled most pleasantly and interestingly they had been filled to overflowing and I was very tired. So in the grip of the wanderlust we packed our trunks and went to Aix-les-Bains. We had not the slightest idea what we should do next. My mother was not very well either, and my colored maid, Eliza, had to be in attendance upon her a good deal of the time, so that I was forced to consider the detail of proper chaperonage. We were in a French settlement and I was a prima donna, fair game for gossip and comment. Therefore I invited a friend of mine, a charming young Englishwoman, down from Paris to visit me.

Presently, as my mother felt better and had no real need of me, I decided to take a little trip, leaving her at Aix with Eliza. Not quite by myself, of course; I never reached such a degree of emancipation as that. But I asked my English friend to go with me, and one fine day she and I set out in search of whatever entertaining thing might come our way. I had been so held down to routine all my life, my comings and goings had been so ordered and so sensible, that I deeply desired to do a bit of real gypsy wandering without the handicap of a traveling schedule. No traveling is so delightful as this sort. Don Quixote it was, if I remember rightly, who let his horse wander whithersoever he pleased, "believing that in this consisted the very being of adventure."

We went first to Geneva and so over the Simplon Pass into Italy. We dreamed among the lakes, reading guide books to help us decide on our next stopping point. So on and on until after a while we reached Vienna. Three hours after my arrival there Alfred Fishchoff, the Austrian impresario, routed me out.

"Where are you bound for?" he wanted to know.

"Nowhere. That is just the beauty of it!"

"Ah!" he commented understandingly. And then he asked: "How would you like to sing?"

Even though I was on a pleasure trip the idea allured me, for I always like to sing. "Sing where?" I questioned.

"Here, in Vienna."

"I couldn't. I don't sing in German," I objected.

"You could sing *als Gast*," he said.

Finally it was so arranged, and I may add I was the only prima donna, except Nilsson, who had ever been permitted to sing in Italian at the Imperial Opera House while the other artists sang in German.

There was much to interest me in Vienna, not only as a foreign capital of note, but also as a curiosity. In a long life, and after many and diverse experiences, I never had been in a city so entirely bound up in its own interests and traditions. The luckless sinner battering vainly upon the gates of Heaven has a better fighting chance, all told, than has the ambitious outsider who aspires to social recognition by the Viennese aristocracy. If an American is ever heard to say that he or she has been received by Viennese society those hearing the speech may laugh in their sleeves and wonder what society it was. The thing cannot be done. A handle to one's name, an estate, all the little earmarks of nobility are not only expected but insisted on. I believe it to be a safe statement to make that no one without a title, and a title recognized by the Austrians as one of distinction, can be received into the inner circle. Even diplomatic representatives of republics are not exempt from this ruling. They may have the wealth of the Indies, and their wives may possess the beauty of Helen herself, and yet they are not admitted. For this reason Austria is a most difficult post for republican legations. Republican representatives do not stay there long. Usually the report is that they are recalled for diplomatic reasons, or their health has failed, or some other pride-saving excuse to satisfy a democratic populace. Vienna was, and I suppose is, the dullest court in the whole world. The German court at one time had the distinction of being the dullest, but that has looked up a bit during the reign of the present Kaiser. But Austria! The society of Vienna has absolutely no interest in anything or anybody outside its own sacred inner circle.

Even the opera was very official and imperial. The Court Theater was a government house, and the manager of it an intendant and a rather grand person. In my time he was Baron Hoffman; and he and the baroness asked me often to their home and placed boxes at the opera at my disposal, this last courtesy being one that the regular artists at the opera are never permitted to receive. The Imperial Opera House of Vienna is perhaps the most complete operatic organization in existence, and especially at that time was the company rich in fine prima donnas. Madame Materna was considered to be the greatest dramatic singer then living. Mlle. Bianchi was a marvelous *chanteuse légère*, the equal of Gerster. Madame Ehnn was the most poetical of prima donnas and not unlike Nilsson. Of Lucca's fame it is needless to speak again.

I sang six rôles in Vienna: Lucia, the Bella in Maschera, Mignon, Traviata, Trovatore, Marta and one act of Hamlet—the mad scene, of course. It was during Marta that I had paid to me one of the most satisfying compliments of my life.

Doctor Hanslick was then the greatest musical critic of Europe, a distinguished and highly cultivated musical scholar, even if he did war against Wagner and the new school. To the astonishment of the whole theater, between the acts he wandered in by himself behind the scenes to call upon me and offer his congratulations. Only one other singer had ever been thus honored by him before.

Later I was asked to the Hoffmans' again to meet Herr Hanslick and his wife; and they were only two of the many distinguished and interesting people that I met at the intendant's house. Sonnenthal was another of them, the great actor from the Hoftheater. And there was Fanny Elssler too. I wonder how many people today know even the name of Fanny Elssler, the dancer who captivated the young King of Rome. Gossip whispered that Mlle. Elssler had been induced to fascinate the boy by the order of some great powers that were. There is mention of her in L'Aiglon. When I met her she was seventy-odd and very quiet and dull. She was vastly respected in Austria and held an exceedingly dignified position.

All things considered, the Viennese audiences were satisfactory to sing to. They have one little custom or mannerism that is decidedly encouraging. When they like anything very much they do not break the action by applauding, but instead a little soft "Ah!" goes all over the house. It is an indescribably comforting sound and spurs a singer on to do her best to please them.

When I received my engagement to sing at the Opera in St. Petersburg I was much pleased. The opera seasons in Russia had for years been notably fine. Since then they have, I understand, gone off, and fewer and fewer stars of the first magnitude go there to sing. In 1880, however, it was a criterion of artistic excellence and position to have sung in the St. Petersburg Opera. My mother and I, a manager to represent me, my colored maid Eliza and some seventeen or eighteen trunks set out from Vienna; and we looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to our winter in the mysterious White Kingdom, not knowing then that it was to be one of the dreariest in our lives.

"You Don't Make Love to Me Enough!"

The Magic of a Signature

OUR troubles began just before we reached Warsaw, when we had to cross the frontier. We were, of course, stopped for the examination of passports and luggage and, although the former were all right, the latter was not, according to the views of the Russian officials. I had personally fifteen trunks, containing the costumes for my entire repertoire, and to watch those Russians inspect those trunks was a veritable study in suspicion. It was late at night. Unpleasant traveling incidents always happen late at night, it would seem, when everything is most inconvenient and one is most tired.

The Russians appeared ten times more official than the officials of any other nation ever did, and the lateness of the hour added to this impression.

I was rapidly falling into despair when suddenly I had a brilliant thought. I gave an order to my maid, who proceeded to scatter about the entire contents of one trunk and finally found for me a large, thin, official-looking document with seals and signatures attached to it. The Russians stood about, watchful and mystified. Then I presented my talisman triumphantly.

"The Czar!" they exclaimed in awed whispers. "The Czar's signature!"

Whereupon several of them began bowing, almost genuflecting, to show their respect for any one who possessed a paper signed by the Czar. It was only my contract. The singers at the Russian Opera are not engaged by an impresario, but by the Czar, and that document which served us so well on this occasion was a personal contract with His Imperial Majesty himself.

As soon as we reached St. Petersburg I was called for a rehearsal—merely a piano affair. I went to it garmented in a long fur cloak, some flannel-lined boots that I had once bought in America for a Canadian trip, and a little bonnet perched in the awful fashion of the day on the very top of my head. It was early in October at this time and not any colder than our normal winter climate in the United States of America. There is but little variation of temperature in Russia, but there are days before November, when the snow melts, that are very trying. This was one of them. The first thing that happened to me at that rehearsal—to which I went in my flannel-lined shoes and my little bonnet—was that a stern doctor confronted me and called me to account for the manner in which I was dressed! A doctor at a rehearsal was new to me; but it seemed that the thoughtful Czar employed two for this purpose. So many singers pretended to be ill when they really were not that His Majesty kept medical men on the spot to prove or disprove any excuses. The doctor who descended upon me was named Thomaschewski. He was the doctor mentioned in Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal; and he remained my friend and physician all the time I was in the city. Said he bruskly on this first meeting:

"Never come out dressed like that again! Get some galoshes immediately and a hat that comes over your forehead!"

I did not understand at the moment why he insisted so strongly on the hat. I soon learned, however, what so few Americans are aware of, that it is through the forehead that one generally catches cold. As for the galoshes, it was self-evident that I needed them, and after that morning I never set foot out-of-doors in Russia without the regular protection worn by every one in that climate. A big fur cap tied on with a white woolen scarf, arranged as we now arrange motor veils, completed the necessary outfit.

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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

VII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

A LITTLE thing happens—and you are changed. It is like turning the key in a lock—as easy as that—and you pass through the door of what you were into what you are going to be. You may have struggled, beat your hands upon that same door in the effort to escape, then suddenly you do something unawares, by accident you get the right combination, and, presto! it swings wide and you are free again. It is a kind of conversion, but not always religious.

When I entered the ballroom again upon Charlie Archibald's arm I was not the distracted, outraged Joy Marr who had left it, or the girl who had a few moments before pleaded for a reconciliation with David Brock, or the angry, helpless woman who had torn the lily to shreds. Something lived in me that had never lived before. The fumes of the tobacco had stimulated an undercurrent, had lifted the head of the serpent above my dove. You may say what you please about artificial stimulation, but it depends upon the mood you are in what effect it has upon you. If you want to write a hymn a strong cocktail may inspire you to religious frenzy, but if you want to kill a man three cocktails may give a coward dreadful courage. I did not want to compose a sacred poem or to commit murder, but I desired to survive a disastrous situation with becoming animation. To become intoxicated with the strength of one's own soul is to pass beyond the need of any other. Your real egotist is a sublime ass, capable of removing mountains by his faith, not in God, but in himself.

As we glided through the mazes of the next dance, my head against Charlie's shoulder, his arm about my waist, my feet became wings, my spirit the body of a green butterfly.

We passed Alice and David, the former swaying before him like a little blue flame, his eyes bent upon her bright head.

"What are you laughing at?" Charlie whispered.

"I don't know exactly, but I think it is at the sensation of being all here," I murmured, still laughing.

"Your beverages must always have been water and tea."

"Cambric tea at that!" I returned.

We are not discovered by sight after all, but by the vibrations from that invisible cloud of witnesses which accompany every spirit. And Moses and Elijah are not often among them in a ballroom. My witnesses were all reeling; they were doing a fancy skirt dance in the air of that astonished place which my own motions faintly suggested.

Before the waltz ended I knew that I had created a sensation, that I had become the beam in every eye in the room. As Archibald led me to a seat a dozen men surrounded me.

"Say, Joy, give me the next waltz," pleaded Chan Peters.

"Joy, give it to me," interrupted Bunk Hopgood, snatching at my favor.

While they disputed over the next number Emmet Marshall thrust them apart and seized it.

"Please give me the next dance!" he cried with open admiration.

"No, Chan has it!" I answered.

"Then the next!"

"Bunk Hopgood has that one," I laughed.

"Well, all the others after that!" he insisted.

"You may have one—the third," I consented.

During the remainder of the evening I was again the belle of Millidge. Only once at the very end, when I was sitting out next to the last dance with Charlie, did my spirit flag. Two women were seated a little distance farther down the room on the same side.

"Joy Marr is the handsomest girl here tonight and still the most popular," said one.

"And the most disappointed," said the other. "David Brock has not been near her the whole evening. That's what her gayety means. She's bluffing."

We heard her distinctly. I felt the blood stinging my temples and a mist rising before my vision. Charlie's eyes never left my face, but they changed now, like the eyes of a knight who bears a wounded comrade from the field.

"Don't mind it, Joy! She'd give ten years of her life to look as you do now," he murmured.

"Wonder how Charlie Archibald feels watching his wife dance with that adventurer all night!" came the same voice again. "Everybody in town is talking about them."

"Find Tom Redding for me, Charlie. It's late and I promised father to come home early," I said, by way of bearing my wounded comrade from the field.

I Was Again the Belle of Millidge

This dance was the beginning of the most luridly gay winter ever known in Millidge society. The old town, which was staid and straight-laced beneath all of its frivolities, experienced a sensation that became a sort of quadrangular scandal. Alice and David were the principal characters. Charlie and I were simply the lay figures. Alice and I were inseparable, not because we were friends, but because we were enemies. I was obliged to keep up the appearances of friendship or acknowledge jealousy and defeat. Charlie became the boon companion of David. He entered the peonage which is so often the fate of a man who marries a woman not designed by Nature to the long term of wifehood. He could only defend his honor by protecting the author of this dishonor. It is the way such victims have of saying: "My wife is a good woman and our friend is a good fellow."

Alice accomplished this situation with an innocent gayety that was as confusing as it was authoritative.

God creates us and we make ourselves. It is a frightful mistake, because we lack the right genius for that business. We made the wrong beginning in the beginning. Since Eve went back to Adam and showed so plainly by the fruit in her hand that Satan was hidden somewhere in the shrubbery, we have been pretending to try to discover who was the author of evil. I say pretending, because we really know. Satan never existed at all until she produced him, the first form of a woman's idle curiosity and restless nature. She was looking for an adventure and found the devil, created him out of the tediousness of too much peace and quietness. No woman can endure that. He was simply the forked stick she used to frail down the apple she wanted. That is the truth. She may not have known it. She would not have admitted it if she had. Women are gifted at not knowing what they do. But we have been using the same forked stick ever since for the same purpose. It is merely a prim, sneaking, anti-theological evasion to pretend that we do not know the origin of evil. It was our own first invention, the great patent we took out upon human destiny, the terrible and expensive device we used to make life more interesting and, by the same token, less good.

I will not say that Alice was the only woman in Millidge who had the forked stick in her hand, but she certainly knew how to use it. And I do not say that such women accomplish most of the evil in the world. They lack the courage and initiative for that. But they do inspire most of it, either by their vanity or by their selfishness. They look innocent only because somebody else does their worst work for them; but they are not innocent, merely outrageously irresponsible. They keep no honest account of the deeds done out of their bodies where they are most dangerous. They manipulate the record even in their prayers. And few of them can ever be brought to judgment, because they have idiot consciences. You cannot damn an idiot and you cannot save one. There must be some private means for disposing of them beyond our power to conceive of. But in my opinion there is some reason for the masculine pronoun used in the Scriptures to denote angels and saints. Certainly the very sex of Alice's nature must be changed before she can qualify.

She and David were blinded by their infatuation. Alice at least could not see herself as others saw her. They became the sensational headlines of Millidge society. It was as if the devil had stepped boldly forth to dance with Eve upon the innocent green. They gave a sinister aspect to every occasion. No one knew what to do about it. The devil is entertained no less by the best people than by the worst. The only difference is that the former receive him incognito before their friends. He must wear the uniform of respectability and submit to the customs of polite virtues, and not show his forked tail in his evening clothes by paying too much attention, say, to another man's wife. When he does that proper people take council against him. They start a reform or a revival; they cast him, not out of their lives, but out of the public eye. They put the "lid" on. It is no place for him to be showing himself in the narrow, squinted, discerning eye of the public. It is like reducing the skeleton in everybody's closet to the least common denominator on a bulletin board, like letting every one else's right hand know what your left one may have been doing in the dark all the time. Such honesty ceases to be a virtue and becomes a scandal.

The trouble in Millidge was that no one could determine which was the devil. For David went about his damnation with a heroic valor that approached sublimity. He did not have the shame of his performance. He took it for granted that the thing would be understood, and did not care. Men have a mournful courage at this business which women lack. Alice, on the other hand, missed no opportunity to keep up appearances. She was as cowardly as she was vicious. She accepted invitations that winter, which she would have refused formerly, to dull parties given by women who were positively dimmed and quarantined by their reputations for propriety. And she was

exceedingly active for the first time in good works—a fatal sign of anxiety in your women of doubtful reputation. Before Christmas she had a booth at the charity bazar. She endeared herself by helping to serve a Christmas dinner for poor children. And she moved through all these occasions like a little blue-eyed novitiate seeking earnestly to be of some service.

It was the Tammany method she adopted to make her calling and election sure in this world. Like that great institution she also sent little curved-handled spoons to the forlorn newborn babes of the indigent poor, and now and then a ton of coal to the United Charities for destitute families. It was a frightfully inclement winter, and she used every bad day of it to conceal her identity. I do not know what the poor will do when the rest of the world becomes really upright, with impudently clean records. They will probably starve to death. For the major part of the charity given now is the hush-money offered by vice in one form or another for a good reputation. The Lord moves in mysterious ways His young ravens to feed; and it is no reflection upon His loving kindness that He does. We have never got together enough virtues to make ends meet. It is a part of the miracle of His great providence that our transgressions also form a part of the economy of His mercies.

In all this pseudo-Christian endeavoring of Alice I was her diligent handmaiden. I had to be. You cannot refuse to make handkerchief bags and pincushions for a friend's booth in the bazar when you are under obligations for a real lace bertha, for the loan of her jewels and for a hundred other favors. I did not share the confusion of Millidge about her real character, for Millidge could not make up its mind whether she was a sweet soul struggling piously to break through the snare of a great temptation, or whether she was a little scarlet woman disguised in blue and charity. She was neither. Such women are never honest enough to become scarlet. Their feet take hold upon hell daintily. They do not actually sink into the mire; they have a light discretion which keeps them above that. They are gifted with web-footed vice. All this I understood; but I was not in a position to proclaim her in her truly pied colors. I had some doubtful coloring of my own. I was an acknowledged member of the fast set in town, which has its disadvantages, even when one manages to hold fast the essential virtue. It was known that I was a conscienceless coquette, reaping other women's lovers with the skill of an accomplished harvester of these poor tares.

Moreover I had achieved the reckless humor of an adventuress. I had become the student of a terrible situation—a little force camping without the gates of a besieged castle, waiting for its fall. I deliberately computed the length of time it would require for Alice to lose her hold upon David, and I meant to be within the walls when she did.

David was always in evidence. He wore the air of a man who has penetrated the mask of respectability in a certain circle of nice society and scorned it accordingly. In him veracity was a quality, not a virtue. It is the characteristic of some of the best and worst of men, a colossal integrity that lifts even shame upon a great canvas. He never attempted to hide his infatuation for Alice or to disguise the nature of it, as she did. No one could see them together without divining that his passion for her was based upon a keen hatred of her. She knew this herself, and enjoyed it like a fool risking the mood of a madman. This hatred is the explanation of those tragedies in the underworld of shame. Men always hate the women who betray them. Love is not love, it is the fever of this fury. And such women are always merciless in the exercise of their power. They sacrifice, suffer everything but the yielding of their dreadful hold upon the victim. Alice knew, as every one else did in Millidge by this time, that David not only was neglecting his legitimate business, but was engaged in the wildest speculations. He had lost the sense of proportion, and he committed the most reckless affronts. I was myself the victim of one of these.

The charity bazar was in full swing upon one of the principal business streets uptown. One afternoon I went in to choose some gifts. It was that hour when the crowd of Christmas shoppers was thickest between the double row of booths. The floor was wet with the slush of snow brought in by many feet. I stood within the door, observing the noisy throng, listening to the chatter of a hundred feminine voices, and smiling at the awkward efforts of the society matrons of Millidge to become successful shopgirls. With that decorum characteristic of them, they had chosen to exclude the girls and manage the sales themselves. They had not been successful. Trade demands charm more than any other profession. They had only honesty. Mrs. Gulfilling was trying to sell an enormous cake. She was standing behind a counter laden with preserves and candies and cakes, screaming with the eloquence of a patent-medicine man, but in vain. Women who would have crawled upon their knees to get an invitation to one of her receptions looked coldly at her wares, listened impudently to her protestations of their excellence and passed on.

Mrs. Buckhaulter, who sat sulking in the back of her stall, beckoned to me.

David Sauntered In, Looking More Like a Brigand Than Ever

"Joy, I wish you would come in here and sell some of these things. I've suffered more humiliation today than in all the years of my life before, and to no purpose!" she exclaimed as I came across to her.

"I'll do the best I can," I laughed, taking my place behind the counter piled high with embroidered aprons and boudoir caps and other useless pretty things.

"Look at that woman coming in the door! She's been here twice before today and made me show her everything, and then walked off without making a single purchase. She's our grocer's wife," exclaimed the old lady in high dudgeon.

A large woman advanced with wide, vacant eyes, as if she were walking in her sleep.

"I'm looking for something to give a friend, and I just can't find a single thing that seems appropriate," she explained, leaning upon the counter.

"We don't keep octagon soap. That's what you really want!" grumbled Mrs. Buckhaulter in a whisper behind me.

"One of these aprons would be nice," I suggested, holding up a tiny square of muslin with pockets trimmed with lace.

"I don't think she could wear a thing like that," objected the customer.

"How about one of these boudoir caps—they are so pretty?" I offered one for inspection with the ingratiating air of a shopgirl.

"That wouldn't do at all," she exclaimed, looking back at it almost in alarm as she moved on.

At this moment David Brock sauntered in, looking more like a brigand than ever with the collar of his greatcoat turned up and the brim of his soft hat turned back from his flushed face. He paused in front of Alice Archibald's stall, leaned against it, regarding her with humorous eyes, as if her disguise amused him. She wore a black frock with a white fichu crossed low upon her bosom.

"David Brock!" shouted Mrs. Buckhaulter, springing to her feet.

He turned and looked across at the sound of his name. She beckoned to him frantically. He shouldered his way through the crowd, which was now increased by the advent of many young men coming in from their offices.

"Good afternoon, ladies!" he said, removing his hat and bowing low. "Did you call me?"

"Yes. I want you to get up here and auction off the things in this bazar. We can't sell them, and I'm sick and tired of the whole business."

He glanced at me darkly, as if suddenly he took counsel against me.

"Want me to sell everything, every single thing?" he bargained whimsically.

"Yes, if you can; everything that hasn't been disposed of," she agreed.

"Good! I'll do it. But remember the agreement," he added mysteriously. He turned to Bunk Hopgood, who was standing behind him.

"Bunk, run over there to the hardware store and borrow the most raucous dinner bell they've got," he commanded.

Five minutes later the crowd was electrified by the furious clanging of this bell and by the sight of David Brock, standing upon the counter of Mrs. Buckhaulter's stall, slinging it in wide circles above their heads.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted in stentorian bass, "I have been employed to sell at auction to the highest bidders this entire stock of goods at prices never before heard of in this town. Company going out of business. Everything must be disposed of before you leave this room. Close the doors. Bunk, let all in who apply for admission, fifty cents a head, but not a single person out till the last pincushion is sold." Hopgood hastened to obey, amid screams of protestation and yells of laughter.

"Here, Chan, take this bell, get outside and drum up the crowd," he said, dropping the bell still clanging into Peters' hands, who immediately rushed through the doors. And for the next hour the din of it, mixed with his high tenor voice, could be heard within: "Greatest event of the year! Society auctioning off its clothing down to the last garment behind these doors!" Clang! Clang! Clang! "Nothing like it ever been seen in the civilized world! Everybody admitted. Price fifty cents. Only fifty cents to see the fairest of the fair in Millidge selling their lingerie to feed the poor and clothe the naked!"

A steady stream of men and women with curious and astonished faces began to pour into the immense hall. Bunk could not make change fast enough to admit them. They struggled frantically.

Meanwhile David had seized the first thing his hand fell upon, which happened to be a pair of gray foot-warmers. He held them up admiringly.

"We have here a pair of sneakers," he shouted, "suitable for athletic sports—two dollars lowest price. Hey, what'd you say?" Mrs. Leigh was tugging frantically at his coattails.

"They are foot-warmers—say foot-warmers!" she whispered. "And we'll be glad to get fifty cents for them."

"That's your trouble," retorted David. "You must appeal to the imagination in this business. Never tell the truth—can't spring the crowd that way." He resumed his oratorical attitude, waving the slippers. "Pair of sneakers, wonderful for Marathon race—two dollars. Do I hear two-ten? Oh, two-ten, two-twenty-five—does any man bid two-twenty-five for the most remarkable pair of sneakers ever seen in this country? Going, going—thank you, Hop. Two-twenty-five—do I hear another bid? Going, one; going, two; going—opportunity of a lifetime—going, three—gone, to Mr. Bunk Hopgood for the disgracefully low price of two dollars and twenty-five cents!" He looked reproachfully at his victim as he passed the number-three woolen things to him.

The scene that followed was indescribable. The prices were scandalous and the bidding furious. The fat woman who had refused to buy now found herself in possession of two embroidered aprons and three caps, having paid double the original sum asked for them. The auctioneer could not offer the things fast enough for the frantically greedy crowd. Women swarmed about him, imploring him to put up this or that article upon which they desired to bid. The pandemonium was so great that Bunk found himself obliged to admit a policeman bent upon discovering the nature of the performance within. David caught sight of him beside the door just as some one passed him a basket of pink and blue eggs.

Instantly, with unerring aim, he threw one which crashed against the policeman's helmet. The room was immediately filled with fragrance, and the policeman joined in the roar of laughter at his expense.

"Most wonderful eggs in the world!" shouted David. "Can't be had in this country. Imported especially for this bazar. If set beneath a feather boa in the spring they will hatch violets and carnations. One dollar each! Going! going!" The eggs filled with scent were quickly disposed of.

The hour lengthened into two. No one thought of the passage of time. The auctioneer was getting hoarse, but his zeal and invention never flagged, neither did the interest of the crowd.

"I believe that man could sell a dead cat for twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed some one.

"He was sold himself yesterday, I hear," answered his companion.

"How?"

"Bought that swamp on the South Side. Expects to drain it and make another West Meadow deal. Can't do it. The ground's a rotten marsh—no bottom!"

David was working like an inspired demon. Only once did his expression change. He was holding up a little card with the picture of the Bambino on it. Below it the leaves of a calendar were tacked.

"I have here three hundred and sixty-five days for sale; greatest bargain offered yet. Every one of them new, untarnished by a single evil deed or wicked thought. Can spend them as you please—in the dust and smoke of the city's streets. You can divide 'em with your wife and children and make 'em happy. Or ——" he paused. The crowd became suddenly silent beneath the gentle gaze with which he covered them, like a lonely, homesick boy.

"Or," he began again softly, "you can spend them far from here where the grass springs green in the valleys."

"Bid for me, Mrs. Buckhaulter," I whispered.

"Why, child, you can buy a prettier one for a quarter anywhere!" she protested.

"But not that one. Oh, I must have it!" I insisted.

"David, hand that thing to me; Joy wants it!" she commanded, reaching up and snatching it from his hand.

The auction went on for another half hour until every article was sold.

"That's all!" called Mrs. Gillfilling.

There was a rush for the doors; but the auctioneer pounded furiously for attention:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there remains one more sale to be made. The fairest flower of Millidge. The last of the remarkably beautiful collection of—ornaments in Mrs. Buckhaulter's booth. I refer to Mistress Joy Marr. Going! Going to the highest ——"

He did not finish the sentence.

Suddenly Mrs. Buckhaulter struck his knees from behind with her two hands, causing him to make a flying leap into the laughing crowd below.

He faced about, bowing to me as he said in an undertone:

"Not my fault, Miss Marr! If she'd given me time I could have disposed of you also to an advantage. There are a number of rich bachelors present!"

"You were engaged to sell what had not already been disposed of," I retorted coolly, lifting my chin and looking at him over the end of my nose, which I have already said turns up enough to snub fate.

"And you have been?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm engaged," I answered, primping my mouth at him like a red bud with tightly closed petals.

For one moment I looked again into the anguished eyes of an outraged love. Then his face changed, like a red sky slowly darkening, upon which the lightning of unimaginable scorn played in a twisted smile. He turned swiftly and went over to Alice, who had watched the scene with insolent amusement.

I do not know which of us had the best of it, or which one of us suffered most from her triumph; but I discovered then that there are more degrees in scorn than in any other emotion. It is not an emotion; it is the concentrated gall of contempt. The scorn of a saint may be survived with impudence, because a saint has no right to entertain it. And the spiteful scorn of a woman is not effective. But the scorn of a man for a woman whom he has loved, and who has robbed him of the sweet ideal of herself, surpasses the most awful judgment of Heaven itself. Hatred is a compliment in comparison, because it rises above that, buries you with a damn where hatred would slay you with the sword. I felt this in David as he passed out into the street with Alice. It was a kind of spiritual essence that filled the air about me. I stood suffocated, dazed with the horror of it, as if I breathed the fumes of a deadly gas.

"Miss Joy, may I see you home? My car is outside."

I looked down into the narrow, white, pop-eyed face of Augustus Brown. I saw for the first time that his forelock was all the hair he had on top of his head, that he had trained a long wisp of it on the side to cover the baldness; I tittered hysterically at the flat yellow worm it made upon his pink scalp. But I accepted his escort cheerfully instead of going home in the Buckhaulters' car.

As we left the place I looked at him curiously with a kind of fascinated horror. I wondered if this little thin-legged, cricket-bodied politician was the man I was going to marry. If that was what three years of campaigning for a rich husband would come to! A vision arose before me of myself seated day after day, year after year, at the table facing him. I knew he was the kind of man who would read his morning paper at the breakfast table. I suspected that he made a gurgling fuss when he swallowed his coffee. I looked at him, seated now beside me in the car, his head almost hidden in the collar of his coat and the top of it barely reaching as high as my ears, and suddenly the conviction came over me that he snored in his sleep. I began to laugh. I swayed back and forth with horrible merriment as we glided swiftly between streams of foot passengers on the sidewalks, all carrying packages and wreaths of holly, some blowing shrilly upon tin trumpets, some laughing and talking, all shining like figures in a gay carnival beneath the electric lights.

He stared at me at first in amazement through his enormous black-rimmed glasses, then with the frisky agility of a rickety marionette he joined in my merriment, thought he understood it.

"Jolly, isn't it, all this light and color against the snow!"

"Oh, very jolly!" I gasped, struggling to compose myself.

"Makes us realize that there is no such thing as age, a scene like this. I feel like a boy myself tonight!"

"Do you?" I snickered, lifting my muff and looking over it at him.

"Yes, I do. I feel like the youngest man in town seated here beside you—like a lad about to hang up his stocking!" he exclaimed, drawing close to me.

"Oh, don't!" I gasped.

"Don't what?" He reached forward to tuck the rug closer about us.

"Don't hang up your stocking."

"Why?"

"Because Santa Claus is a man, I've heard."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"He might mistake it for a little girl's hose."

He shot a glance up at me, suddenly sobered, like a small boy who has somehow got into his grandfather's wrinkled skin and is wondering what the joke is. I felt him searching for it, the meaning of my answer—distinctly thinking of his thin legs and refusing to believe I referred to them. However, they reminded him of something.

"Will you go with me to the New Year's ball?" he asked.

"Be delighted to go with you," I consented in a rage.

"Dance the first number with me?"

"Of course," I consented, so angry I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. Presently the car stopped in front of my house.

"Good night, and a merry Christmas!" he exclaimed, accompanying me to my door and attempting to hold my hand.

If one could know, if one could even faintly imagine, the thoughts in a girl's mind, that sometimes rise and settle like birds with silent wings above a bottomless marsh, one would not respect them more, but one would fear for oneself with a terror and horror that surpasses the trembling of the veriest coward that ever lived. The prettiest maiden, swaying like a fairy's wand upon the piano stool, with her slender fingers dreaming out a nocturne upon the keys while he gazed enraptured at her, may not be thinking about kissing him at all. She may be wondering if he could or would give her a baby grand piano in case she married him.

The Honorable Augustus Brown was in danger of his peace and happiness as he stood below me on the steps, looking up at me with ridiculous ardor. He was saved from committing himself then and there only by the suspicion I entertained that he might drink his coffee out of the spoon with a sucking sound behind his morning paper, and that he was almost sure to snore in his sleep, with his little perch mouth open and that ludicrously thin mustache waxed and still turned up above it. I could not make up my mind to endure that for twenty years, I thought, snatching my fingers from his detaining grasp.

VIII

THE New Year's ball was an annual affair that came off at the Terrace Hotel on the last night of December. The feature of it was a Virginia reel, in which every elderly man and woman joined who could still bend supple knees and backs in quaint curtsies. It was the one occasion of the year when not only the society that is appeared in iridescent splendor, but the society that was tottered forth upon unsteady legs. This was composed of old men in shiny dress-coats, and of impoverished dames with their old-maid daughters wearing dowdy gowns, all hallmarked with their magnificent heirloom jewels. Necklaces of coral roses shone upon gaunt bosoms, earbobs of pearls hung like fringe from withered ears, enormous brooches made of gems set in gold, as elaborately carved as Florentine picture-frames, fastened ancient bodices of brocade.

This ball was in the nature of an annual review for them, when they sat like a row of prim judges against the wall and passed sentence upon the innumerable upstarts who had got in since their better days. They recognized in the young beaux the sons of men who had been their tailors and grocerymen; in the most popular women the wives and daughters of other men who had made their fortunes in a manner so reprehensible that it could only be whispered to their neighbors in the next seats. Modern society everywhere is composed of these outrageously aspiring upstarts, the descendants of an ancestry that perspired in its shirt-sleeves. Nothing in this world can approach the pride and contempt with which the vanquished old queens of a former court look down upon them.

There must have been nearly five hundred guests in the great hall, among them all the people I knew. Father was seated with the Buckhaulters and the Leighs and the Gillfillings near the door, his magnificent old head lifted like a war horse, his hands clasped over the knob of his gold-headed cane. Francis stood alone some distance farther down, very slim, very elegant, but very angry. His thin face sharpened to a sting as he regarded Margaret Derry, who passed him with a nod, leaning upon Emmet Marshall's arm. She wore a white gown of chiffon over silk. This was the first time she had appeared since her husband's death without some lavender token of her widowhood. It was as if she had made up her mind to be a girl again. And she succeeded.

(Continued on Page 42)

I Saw, Rather Than Heard, David Entreating Her

EDUCATING "NICE GIRLS"

By MARY MASTER NEEDHAM

"When They Come Out They Will Move in the Same Set"

IT WAS the commencement of an expensive and exclusive finishing school in the East—a place where nice girls are educated. Each member of the graduating class had done her stunt, from the girl who played the Consolation in E, by Liszt, to the girl who read an essay on The All-Round Woman Versus The Specializing Genius, in which she advocated that women stop trying to get more backbone and turn to domestic accomplishments.

The principal rose to award the brooms—the school symbol of orderliness. They went to twelve girls. Before she announced the names she shot a keen glance over the audience, smiled, and said: "I hope the young men present today will please make careful note of these names."

In this suggestion she was, unconsciously perhaps, stating the aim of the finishing school. As an eminent educator of this country maintains, the fitting or finishing school is—or should be—as much a vocational school as any trade school. The very word "vocation" denotes a special calling or trade. The function of the finishing school is to train girls to come out in society in order that they may marry, become efficient heads of their own households, gracious hostesses and charming wives.

Or, as the head of a finishing school in New York expresses it:

"Undoubtedly household engineering, in the sense in which we are just beginning to understand it—the application of scientific management to housekeeping and of a fine understanding of real needs to home-making—is the biggest work that a school for girls, most of whom will be wives and mothers, can possibly undertake."

Without exception, the head mistress or teacher of every finishing school visited agreed that the majority of the girls in her school belong to what is popularly termed the leisure class; and that essentially the finishing schools are—or should be—fitting their girls for home-making. Many of them disagreed as to the methods of accomplishing this preparation.

There are some rather vital differences in the finishing schools themselves. There are some schools that are responding to the pulse of public opinion in that they have found it necessary to fit their pupils to meet the entrance requirements of women's colleges; and there are other schools which disregard this and lay greater stress on the social requirements. Many of their methods and ideals necessarily overlap, for it is the purpose of the former not only "to prepare girls for the leading colleges for women" but also "to provide a liberal education for those who do not wish to pursue a college course." The activities of the girls after they leave school are practically the same.

In a certain city of this country there is a swimming school where the teachers instruct their pupils how to swim without letting them go near the water.

"What did you do when you actually took a dive into real water?" was asked of one of its graduates.

"Sank!" was the laconic answer.

Obviously the swimming school was a failure. It did not teach its pupils how to swim.

How Simple Gowns Bar Marriage

IN THE same way are the finishing schools, from the standpoint of their avowed aim and function, a success? Do they fit their girls for their jobs? Do they teach their pupils what to do when they take a dive into real life? For, after all, home-making covers a rather wide field. Quite aside from any inner contentment one may bring to the hearth, being a successful hostess means not only a certain running knowledge of things but also some ability to think. Being the partner who expends the money presupposes some judgment in wise distribution. Therefore, do these finishing schools take the girls out of the waster class? Do they deliver them from that greatest sin of modern life—parasitism—living off some one else, financially or mentally—getting something and giving nothing? This is a temptation that particularly assails the leisure class.

One of these schools which encourages girls to go to college declares that the school cannot change its curriculum so as to offer subjects that might make a better preparation for modern life, because every school must specialize more or less, and if they prepare their pupils for college that is all that can be done in the allotted time. So one notes that this school does not offer to its pupils any physiology or biology or science, "because these subjects are not required for entrance to the leading women's colleges." Next year, it is true, they are going to have "a very elementary course in economics." The girls, being wiser than their elders—at least in this—have demanded it!

There is also a very fashionable private school in a Southern city, satisfactorily known to its attendants as the fashionable school of the city. In order to graduate, the pupils must pass the entrance examination at one of the leading women's colleges. Because the condition for graduation and the remarkable personality of the head mistress make a college education something of an ideal, every class sends a goodly number to college. Out of a class of twenty this year eleven are going this fall to college, and after they enter they seldom leave until they are graduated; but after these girls have finished their schooling most of them make their début and marry. Oh, not in the first season or the second, as formerly—maybe not in the third or fourth. The age of marriage is governed more by the laws of economics than by the dictates of wisdom. More and more, men hesitate to fall into that gin or pitfall in which they will have to pay twenty-five dollars for the simplest hat! One poor betrothed talks with his prospective mother-in-law, who is discouraging the marriage on account of deficient income.

"But I'm sure we can get along," he says. "It won't cost us much to live. I like to see Jean in those simple gowns."

"Tell Herbert just how much that simple gown cost," smiled the mother to her daughter.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars," came back the reluctant answer.

"And the simple hat you bought yesterday?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Yes, the interim between graduation and marriage is growing longer! Moreover, to complicate matters, "Girls are born sophisticated nowadays!" asserts the head mistress of a large school. And another explains.

"Girls are doing today at fourteen what their mothers did at eighteen. Consequently when they get out of school they want new sensations and new emotions, which accounts largely, perhaps, for the faster and faster pace of the leisure set. Why, the other day I called two girls to the office because their report cards indicated that their work was poor. One was fourteen and one fifteen years old. I said to the latter:

"'Your work is not very good this week. What's the matter? Too many parties?'

"'Oh, no, indeed!' she answered. 'I assure you I'm tired and sick of parties this eternal bridge and teas and dancing! Why, there is not a person in this whole bally, provincial town who interests me in the least!'"

Fifteen!

"Then I said to the other:

"'A bad report this week. What's the trouble? Find getting educated rather uphill work?'

"'It looks that way, doesn't it?' she answered in blasé fashion.

"'You know, I think you'll be sorry,' I went on to her, 'growing up and not educated! Rather bad!'

"'I suppose so,' she agreed; 'but what's the use? It's all so superficial anyway, and it's so easy to keep up one's end!'"

Fourteen! But where are the mothers? What do they do?

"I'm sure I don't know!" answered this same principal. "When my girls eat too many chocolate creams they come and tell me. When they stay out too late at night they usually tell me. What do the mothers do? And as to what their mothers believe concerning marriage! Well, I'm inclined to doubt all this talk about the hardships of women who are married. They come to me sometimes and tell me of their trials and infelicities. And in the next breath, when their daughters are spoken of, they say: 'Oh, my daughter must marry. She can't work!' In my fourteen years' experience I have never found a mother who desired anything for her daughter but marriage. I have, however, had several fathers say to me: 'I don't know whether I want my daughter to marry or not!'"

Girls Who Want Something to Do

IF THIS is true in this Southern city there seems to be a reversal of experience in a school in New York, whose principal declared that she had more trouble with the fathers of the girls. Many of the mothers of her pupils are coming to feel that their girls must do something else than "merely come out and marry." But the fathers! They wish to keep their daughters with them. They try to bribe them with travel and playthings—such as a trip to Europe, or a motor car, or a new wardrobe—not to leave them for the sake of going away to be educated.

"And this is the case of some fathers even after they have paid tuition fees!"—an item that in this school amounted to thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. So keenly did this principal feel this that for the last two years her commencement address has been directed to the fathers. She has told them that in her school—and it is a rare one—she has fitted their daughters to be dissatisfied with doing nothing, and has encouraged them to be satisfied only with doing something. And she has assured the fathers that it is up to them to continue her work.

It is the experience of most of the schools that girls are putting off longer and longer their début, and coming back to school for something to do. They do not seem to know where else to go! As the head master of a school in New York—so exclusive that even with the necessary credentials one must go on a waiting list—said:

"What is the trouble with the girls? They graduate and marry and have their little ones, and then come back here and want something to do! 'Pon my word, I don't know what is the trouble!"

With the shifting standards of society the whole life of woman is changing. Her interests and activities are becoming different. One does not have to go back to Jane Austen, one does not have to go back farther than the day when the eldest sister made her début, to find that there were some stated requirements for society. A girl must have had some knowledge of the languages; she must have had some sort of art, as music or painting; she must have had some quite definite manners. Today those standards have disappeared. Society is becoming mongrel; it has lost its educative distinctions! And the girls beg to stay longer in school or to go abroad, or to do anything to put off that day when they must come out, because, as they say, "It's so stupid!" The boys they meet in society have nothing of particular interest to offer them. The freedom

of their choice is limited by a class distinction and the ethics of their game get mixed. They find this out when quite young.

"I was teaching Chaucer in The Court of Love," instanced an instructor. "I tried to bring out the idea of chivalry—the idea of those men who were true to their deeper feelings, true to their ladies in the very worthiest sense. One girl spoke up somewhat cynically:

"'It was different in those days, wasn't it?'

"'How?' I asked.

"'Then they believed the highest truth was being true to their loves, whether they were married to them or not. Now it's the contrary.'"

In society the world of life is being daily more "largely displayed." Many curtains are being lifted. Girls frequently move in a home circle in which things are spoken of blatantly and baldly. Voices are not lowered nor subjects of conversation changed when they appear. Is it not necessary that the schools which educate these girls should put these blatant and bald things into some true relation rather than avoid them altogether?

In many of the schools there seems to be an indication that the teachers feel there is something vitally wrong. One teacher in a private day school in Philadelphia, after many years of experience in educating the nice girls of wealthy parents, has come to believe that not all girls should be educated in the same way. She would make a division—those who are intellectual, those who are artistic, and those who have a practical turn of mind. Girls who are intellectual should have an intellectual training—should go to college. Girls who are artistic should follow that bent. Girls whose desires lead them to a business life—and of these there are increasing numbers—should have that type of training. And it is essential that some attention be given to the fact that these different types of education do not differ in quality—only in direction.

"The people of the class who send their daughters to private schools," she said, "will be perhaps the last to recognize this need; but the girls themselves are bringing a change about. The feminist movement is in such a state that the opinions of society are in a constant flux; and the day is not far distant when these daughters of very rich parents will get the education that is meant for them."

Old Studies Adapted to Modern Needs

MUCH blame is attached to the mothers. The grievance of one instructor was that the mothers did not carry out the scheme of the school to which they sent their daughters. "I think it is better that the parents should arrange a marriage than that these girls should be educated for marriage, and then not get married! That's all wrong! Too many of them remain spinsters. Mother's fault!"

And the charges against the mothers did not by any means stop here.

"Oh," groaned one principal, "they're so neurotic—many of them. They come to me and say: 'Of course I can't look after my daughter's education—I'm not well enough.' What's the matter with them? Nothing—except they've run the gamut of emotions and sensations."

In the face of all these charges one was tempted to ask: What do the curricula do to change this state of affairs and to recognize the aims and purposes these schools profess? How are these girls trained for their future? These seem fair enough questions.

"What course would I give these girls whose duties will be to make happy homes, to expend their money wisely and whose greatest gift will be to bring up happy children?" crisply repeated a principal. "Why, the present curriculum," she answered. She was emphatic in her belief that in order to prepare the girls for life the essential thing was to train the will and the mind, and that nothing does this so well as the present course of study.

A Girl Must Have Had Some Sort of Art

Whereas one teacher contended that the present curriculum had not changed much in the last twenty-five years, she went still further and asserted that in the essentials it had not changed much in the last hundred years, notwithstanding the tremendous change of modern life. "These girls should be taught to do disagreeable things—to make themselves do disagreeable things. They should be taught control and development of will and of mind. If a girl can go to a lecture and concentrate her mind on that lecture and come home and be able to give the gist of it—to divide it into subheads—she has acquired some of the vitals of living. I did three years' post-graduate work—and what did I specialize in? Sanskrit. Yet I think my education taught me some of the essentials of living."

By putting them through a classical course; by making them ply their books diligently and giving them a stock of knowledge; by giving them courses in mathematics, Greek, Latin and other scholastic subjects; by making them delve for arid and remote facts—this seemed to be the formula offered as a cure for the ills of the modern finishing school.

This same stern classicist, however, would give her pupils a good deal of Ruskin and some of the modern prose writers who deal with social subjects. Most modern literature is bad, she contends; and she would not give them any of this at the expense of the great masterpieces that offer inspiration and idealism in spiritual direction!

No doubt a certain amount of inspiration and idealism in spiritual direction is a good thing; but one is tempted to ask whether it alone will help these girls, after they have discovered their dolls are stuffed with sawdust, to find that they are yet excellent playthings. But a classicist dies hard! The teacher fell back on her own case:

"Now I teach history. Lately something came up about a great financier. 'There is a case in point,' I said to them. 'No man could amass such vast wealth without doing it at the expense of some other people and to their harm.'

"One of the pupils spoke up: 'Do you think all wealth is wrong?' In that way I got my opportunity to explain something about trusts; something about great fortunes; something of the struggle between labor and capital. I'm sure I don't see why it's necessary to give up any of the classical subjects so as to bring them into touch with modern life."

And then, as if in refutation of her own theory, she went on: "One of the girls got a lot of notions from a radical teacher about wealth and wages and labor. She wrote a letter to her father in which she demanded to know the sources of his income and the wages he paid. She was too young to do this. It was impudent! It isn't right to teach things that bring about a revolt in the family."

In the same way one is reminded of the type who says: "Anything that was good enough for my father is good enough for me." And yet even he prefers to ride on steam cars rather than in stagecoaches, and to read his paper by electric light rather than by a kerosene lamp.

Or, so long as one is on education bent, what about the instance of the donor of the School of Pedagogy at one of the most prominent of the women's colleges? She was the daughter of wealthy parents. Her mother sent her to a finishing school. It was arranged that she should come out. She revolted—in ladylike fashion, no doubt, but nevertheless effectively. She paid deference to her mother; but when her mother went abroad she entered college. Also when her mother was abroad she carried on sociological investigations. She worked in a laundry and she lived as the other girls did. If this revolt was impudent at least it was beneficial, as was recognized after her recent death.

Once more: There is a school in New York that was the pioneer in introducing manual training as a study for the educational advantages to be derived therefrom rather than as an industry or trade. Children of the rich and of the poor, immigrant children of every nationality, meet here.

The daughter of a man noted all over America for his wealth heard of this school. She decided to come. Protesting all the way, her mother brought her. Every morning the daughter arrived in her limousine, accompanied by a footman and a maid; but when she entered the school she was merely one of the pupils. She cleaned the sinks and scrubbed the floors when it was her turn to do so. She took an active part in a Congress of Immigration, in which Russian Jews, Italians, Slavs, every nationality, discussed the laws and the democracy of America in regard to immigrants. She thought it was terrible that in this country an Italian family, for instance, living in one room, should have to take a boarder in order to support the family. When she got to the high-school department her mother, who had never outgrown her spirit or her voice of protest, took her daughter out and put her in a finishing school. And yet frequently she comes back to the school of her choice—because she is lonesome!

"Tell Herbert How Much That Simple Gown Cost"

Advocates of the private school as against the public school say that in the former the girls get more of the intangible; that, eliminating entirely the consideration of social benefits, the educational standpoint is higher in that more attention is paid to the personalities of the teachers in these schools. In the public schools, they say, the majority of teachers are merely graduates of normal schools. They come from unlettered people! Most of them are only a generation or so from illiteracy! Parenthetically, one might say that one can travel a long way in the pilgrimage of learning and get a great deal of true education in one generation. But, continue these contenders, many of the public schools are unsanitary and dirty. And there they learn crudely and crassly, and not always truthfully, things that should be unfolded more naturally. They come in contact with children from the tenements, to whom the great natural phenomena of birth and death are every-day occurrences, to whom tragedies are commonplace, and to whom little in life has delicacy or fineness. This is pitiful! Why redouble these ills if it is not necessary? And there they have a case in point.

The Cost of Sawdust Dolls

ON THE other hand there is a radical danger to America in private and finishing schools. They are undemocratic! "Do I believe that private schools make for democracy? Theoretically, no. Theoretically there should be no private school." And this is the testimony from the head of one of these schools! What is the reason? It takes money to send a girl to a private school. The cost of tuition ranges from about two hundred and fifty dollars in a private dayschool to thirteen hundred and fifty dollars in a fashionable boarding school in New York. This is only a beginning. In a day school the expenses over this are not great; but in a boarding school of the latter type, with the many extras that are usually added, a girl seldom gets away without spending from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. And this is, of course, wholly outside clothes and such items.

Now that is more money than the average American father has to spend on education—and the average American father is the most American. At school the girls associate with moneyed people. Their standards are formed—in some schools consciously, in others unconsciously—by money and by the people who spend it. When they come out they meet other moneyed people. This makes for class. It makes a distinction. It is undemocratic. The thinking head mistress acknowledges this. An official of a private school says that these very schools will make for democracy. And she gives as her reason for thinking so the following incident:

It occurred in that same school in New York whose waiting list is the envy of the climbing schools. Many years ago they had as a pupil a foreign girl. Now her daughter is in the same school. But the mother had developed a *penchant* for going to Peacock Alley rather gayly attired. It was all quite innocent, of course, as they explained, and was no doubt due to her foreign origin; but it did complicate matters for the daughter there was no question about that. The large S in Society was getting dimmer. However in this school she became a friend of a daughter of the Lays—the last word in New York blood Mrs. Lay became interested in her and allowed her to be invited to their home with her own daughter!

"And I haven't a doubt," went on this official, "that when they come out they will move in the same set." An argument for the democracy of the private school!

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Government Bank Control

PRACTICALLY the Bank of France is controlled by the French Government; but the governor of the bank has held his office undisturbed, even through a revolution. The German Reichsbank is controlled by the government, but the directorships are not pawns of party politics.

Of the seven men who will largely control the Federal reserve banks under the Glass-Owen Bill, two will be members of the president's Cabinet and will change with every Administration. A third—the comptroller of the currency—is a partisan appointee.

Now if the other four are also to be partisan appointees—Republicans under a Republican Administration, Democrats under a Democratic Administration, and much more interested in politics than in banking under all Administrations—we shall have a weak and incompetent management—except as the official board, with a saving sense of its own incompetence, may permit the advisory board of bankers to do the real managing.

On the other hand, if occupants of the White House vouchsafe to set the Federal Reserve Board entirely above party politics, selecting members solely for their business ability, with the understanding that tenure of office shall run concurrently with satisfactory service regardless of changes in the Administration, the new banks may be as ably managed as any government bank in Europe is.

A president doing his duty to the country could doubtless pick quite as good a board of managers as the scattered stockholders, under any practicable scheme of suffrage, would elect.

The solemn question is whether presidents will resist the temptation to play politics with the banks. They will resist, however, if any yielding to that temptation is visited with sufficient public indignation.

Uncrowned Geniuses

MANKIND has an immemorial quarrel with the professions of law and medicine. The first time the common people of England ever expressed their political opinions was in the Peasants' Rebellion of 1381, and one of their first expressions consisted of a proposal to behead all lawyers forthwith.

The law is always vexatious; life and health are ever precarious. Probably the two professions that directly deal with these unsatisfactory conditions will never be really popular. Blaming the doctor will always be the staple recourse of many an invalid.

The International Medical Congress met last month in London. Twenty-two years had elapsed since the previous meeting of the congress in that city; and at the meeting of 1881 Pasteur, Virchow, Lister and Koch were present. Attached to those four names is a sum of human good which possibly exceeds the sum that attaches to the names of any other four men who ever met together under one roof. You can get an idea of it at a glance by comparing the present Panama with the pesthole that baffled De Lesseps—or, if you prefer, by having your brains taken out, laundered and put back again.

Comparatively speaking, they get little individual credit for it. Among the laity their names evoke no such emotion as the names of Grant and Lee, or even such admiration as the names of Wright and Edison. What the doctors did does not visualize itself.

The best the lay imagination can do is to picture a studious gentleman industriously hunting little bugs in a laboratory or dressing a wound in a new fashion. The picture produces no emotional reaction.

It is a misfortune of the profession that the greatest doctor can be a hero only to the sick.

The Unpopular Street

A GOOD deal of the denunciation of New York as a financial center that one hears at Washington is the merest balderdash; but it is occasioned by a deep distrust and settled hostility to Wall Street on the part of the country at large. Even a demagogue knows enough not to attack a concern that has more friends than foes.

Financial New York became afflicted with a monstrously inflated ego. Being commissioned to take the tickets at the door, it imagined itself the whole show! It is the country's broker and it came to believe that the country's chief duty lay in shaping business for the broker's convenience and profit. Instead of listening attentively for instructions it tried to dictate—hence, latterly, the ever-active boot.

The melancholy thing is that Wall Street seems to have gained comparatively little knowledge from much experience. So far as one may judge from those organs that are supposed to reflect its opinion it has not yet comprehended the nature of its relationship to the country. It does not know that there will never again be an Administration at Washington which will suit the financial district, or that the economic and fiscal policies of the Government are going to be shaped henceforth forever without the slightest regard for its special interest as broker.

This is a pity. There is going to be a progressive income tax. All sorts of public-service concerns are to be controlled by Government and their profits restricted. New York cannot have the management of governmental banks. Repressive laws will be aimed at speculation.

If Wall Street could only accept such inevitable things as these, and act merely as a candid expert adviser regarding their details, it would be very much happier and infinitely more useful.

An English Prejudice

THE other day a large delegation waited upon Premier Asquith to urge again the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel. Ten years have passed since the last agitation for a tunnel. In that time Wright and Zeppelin have demonstrated that there is quite a hole at the top of Britain's celebrated "wooden walls." But Mr. Asquith gave the delegation no encouragement.

Time out of mind the passage by water between England and France has been a terror to unseaworthy travelers. At best it is slow and inconvenient. Very recently there has been loud complaint in England over the shortcomings of the Channel service.

A tunnel presents no engineering difficulties. Its whole cost is estimated at eighty million dollars—considerably less than a single American railroad paid to move its Eastern passenger terminal across the Hudson River, and about one-quarter as much as the city of New York has cheerfully invested in subways.

That a tunnel would pay for itself is fairly beyond question, and a traveler could then pass from Dover to Calais as easily and comfortably, and almost as quickly, as from Trenton to Philadelphia. Half a dozen properly equipped policemen could hold the tunnel against all the Kaiser's armies.

The British mind, however, still seems possessed by a powerful suspicion that any sort of land connection with the Continent would immediately and forever destroy British insularity; that you might just as well tow the whole island across the Channel and present it forthwith to Germany—which is very much like our idea that if Portugal should seize a seaport in Venezuela the independence of the United States would be gravely imperiled!

Are Panics Made to Order?

THIS subject has been discussed ever since President Wilson took office, quite as though making a panic were as simple and well-known a process as baking a pie. It has been spoken of time and again, as though a few men might gather in a back room any afternoon and order a panic about as they would order a taxicab.

Of course there is only one way under the sun to make a panic, and that way is to make people afraid. To begin with, credit must be scarce—and it is impossible to hoard credit. Mr. Midas, worth a billion dollars, might convert his stocks and bonds into bank credit, and convert the bank credit into gold, and hoard the gold, thereby causing a stringency in credits; but, so long as his billion dollars lay on deposit in the banks, the banks would lend it to whomever applied. Practically an artificial stringency in credits is impossible. And if credit is already scarce through natural causes a panic can be made only by making people afraid.

Now if we should take this talk of a manufactured panic at its face value, there is nothing we can imagine that would be more likely to scare us into conniptions. What could more effectually undermine confidence in business stability than the assertion that a few men can bring on a panic any time they please—provided any considerable number of persons believed the assertion?

If the business community believed that it lay helpless at the hands of a small clique of malevolent plutocrats it would be in a panic all the time.

The Corn Loss

TWICE before in the last twenty years the corn crop has suffered very serious injury—in 1894 and 1901. Both times the yield fell one-quarter below the average of the three preceding years. The first time it was a calamity—the second time merely an unfortunate incident; but if the damage this year is as extensive as in the two years named probably it will make hardly any perceptible impression upon business.

The reason, of course, is that any single crop is relatively less important. With the steady advance of industrial arts no one item counts for so much. Twenty years ago exports of grain cut a very considerable figure in the national balance sheet. Now they are insignificant.

To go back only to 1901, products of agriculture under the Interstate Commerce Commission's classification made up thirteen per cent of the total railroad freight tonnage. They now constitute only nine per cent. In 1901 grain alone made seven per cent of the total tonnage against four per cent at present. In 1901 all manufactures made a hundred and thirty-seven million tons of freight; ten years later, two hundred and sixty-seven million tons. Nothing is king any more.

A Question of Justice

FEDERAL salaries have not been systematically revised during all the years when cost of living has been steadily rising. One soulless corporation after another has adopted a pension scheme for its employees. The Government has none. From the insufficient data at hand it is calculated that something like ten thousand injuries to Federal employees rise every year from industrial accidents; and in compensating the victims the Government lags much behind the standards that the people through legislative action have enforced upon private employers.

Only for employees in occupations that are deemed hazardous—the Panama Canal, navy yards and arsenals, for example—is any compensation provided. And an injured employee for whom no provision is made in the law, cannot—like the employee of a private concern—sue for damages.

Doctor Rubinow reports in The Survey seventeen fatalities and a hundred and twenty-four injuries in the rural mail delivery service, and eight fatalities and four hundred and forty injuries in city mail delivery—for none of which was a cent of compensation paid. Altogether he mentions sixteen hundred injuries, three hundred and ninety of them fatal, without compensation!

On a like record from the Steel Trust, the halls of Congress would ring with denunciation—which illustrates again that the Government, though very free with advice to others, will not conduct its own business decently.

Some Railroad Conversation

PROBABLY more serious talk of Government ownership circulates in railroad circles now than ever before. Really serious conversation on that topic used to be confined mainly to Populists. Now it seems mainly confined to railroad directors.

It is not such a remote or impossible contingency as many people imagine. As we mentioned recently, net income of railroads during the last three years has failed to expand proportionately with increased capital investment. That investment now exceeds sixteen billion dollars. To meet the transportation needs of the country it should increase half a billion or so a year.

To attract the capital, the roads must pay current rates of return upon it. For proper maintenance of road and equipment, about thirty per cent of gross revenue should be used every year; but, with increased capital investment and level or declining net income, there would obviously not be money enough to go round, and the temptation to skimp maintenance charges in that event would be very strong.

Money that should go for new rails, ties and bridges would be saved for dividends; and, once that began, the roads would be in a process of eating themselves up, because neglected maintenance is like a note that draws a hundred per cent compound interest. Finally, the roads must expand; they must maintain efficiency. The needs of the country demand it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who Beat Uncle Joe Cannon

CONSIDER this situation: Frank T. O'Hair, aged twenty-four, a Democrat living in Paris, Illinois, is nominated for mayor of that thriving city. Frank T. O'Hair also has nominated himself as the future husband of Miss Ruth Harding Huston, one of the prettiest girls in Paris, and the nomination has been seconded by Miss Huston, on the vote the ayes having it unanimously.

These important events were not simultaneous, but adjacent. So far so good. Coincidentally, one D. D. Huston has been nominated for mayor of Paris, Illinois, by the opposition. D. D. Huston is the father of Miss Ruth Harding Huston and therefore the prospective father-in-law of O'Hair.

And in conclusion there is a lot of partisan feeling over the election, and it is necessary for Frank T. O'Hair to slang-whang D. D. Huston, just as it is necessary for D. D. Huston to point out on the stump the colossal inefficiencies of Frank T. O'Hair. Also it is imperative that Frank T. O'Hair shall sit, from time to time during the campaign, in the parlor and on the front porch of the imposing residence of D. D. Huston. And there you are!

It is needless to say—hence it is said—that Frank T. O'Hair is at the moment in a parlous position. If he defeats D. D. Huston there is no doubt D. D. Huston will be so aggrieved that he will forever refuse the hand of his daughter to Frank T. O'Hair; and conversely, if Frank T. O'Hair does not defeat D. D. Huston it is more than likely the fair Miss Huston will decline him, without thanks, as unworthy of her further consideration—a young man unable to make good.

What to do? Aye, boys, what to do? Frank T. O'Hair spent many sleepless nights, after lambasting Papa Huston in the hustings, over this problem, and he finally decided it would be easier to square things with the young lady than with the old man; so D. D. Huston was elected mayor and not long after Frank T. O'Hair was made husband—and all was well.

Hence, from that time to this, O'Hair has held no public office, save a school-board membership, until now. Now he is The Man Who Beat Uncle Joe Cannon! Incidentally, of course, he is a representative in Congress from the Eighteenth Illinois District; but that is merely a legal, constitutional and official title. Four hundred and thirty-four other men, of various degrees of importance, are also representatives in Congress, and the number of those who have been such is as the sands of the sea; but in all our history there has been only one other man entitled to this imposing designation. He was not so much either; for when he beat Uncle Joe Cannon, Uncle Joe Cannon was not Uncle Joe at all, but merely the Honorable Joseph Gurney Cannon, representative from Illinois. It was away back yonder before Uncle Joe had burgeoned into his Unclejoeiness—before he had been speaker—before he was much of anything but an arm-swinging, free-talking, regular Republican.

Now you know, despite what they did to him when they put over the rules reorganization on him—despite the Democratic majority and the ascendency of Champ Clark—despite the Insurgents and their insurgency—Uncle Joe is a national character, and the man who beat him is a national character also—to the extent carried by the designation. Nobody thinks of O'Hair in any other way. That is his place in our present history. That is his claim to fame, as it stands. And imagine the pride that must swell in the bosom of D. D. Huston, if he is still alive!—for, mark you, D. D. Huston is The Man Who Beat The Man Who Beat Uncle Joe Cannon!

Sicking O'Hair on Uncle Joe

AND back in this historic episode looms Clint C. Tilton, who owns and edits the Danville Press-Democrat. Danville is Uncle Joe's town, and Clint Tilton is a Democrat who never yet has seen any good in anything Republican, including Uncle Joe. Tilton had political acumen. He knew there was an opportunity to deprive the country of Uncle Joe's official services last fall, and he went down to Paris and informed O'Hair he must run for Congress in that district.

O'Hair told Clint Tilton to hurry back to Danville and announce to the people of the district that never, under any circumstances—not for a minute, and then some!—would he, O'Hair, run for Congress! He had a good practice at the law. He was happy. He would not go in—not if they would give him the whole durned district—and told Clint Tilton kindly to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

"Sure!" said Clint. "I regret your decision very much, Frank; but, of course, I shall take you at your word and make no further mention of the matter. Need rain badly, don't we?"

So Clint hurried back to Danville and, suiting the action to the word, announced on the first page of the Danville Press-Democrat, in a three-column box, set in twelve-point type and double-leaded, that Frank T. O'Hair, the well-known and sterling young Democratic lawyer of Paris, would be a candidate for the Democratic nomination in the Eighteenth District. O'Hair vowed he would not, and went off on an automobile trip to New England to look into the subjects of good roads and abandoned farms and other industries of that section. Six weeks before election he returned to Paris, highly resolving to sit in his office, make no speeches, and take his drubbing gracefully.

There were people thereabout who knew O'Hair and, knowing, proceeded to act upon that knowledge. Presently it began to be noised round the district that O'Hair was afraid of Uncle Joe.

"Nice young chap," they said; "but too scared to make a fight! Dassent go up against Cannon—thinks the old man will trim him on the stump! Pshaw! We thought Frank O'Hair had nerve; but apparently he's just plumb scared to death!"

It did not take much of this to start things. O'Hair stood it for a few days; but when the boys on the street began to call after him, "'Fraid cat!" he let go a yell of defiance that was heard as far as Chicago. "Scared, eh?" he shouted. "Well, I'll show you whether I am scared or not!" And that very night he made a speech in which he said things about Uncle Joe that made that venerable patriot's whiskers curl. And the Democrats who started the stories sat back and laughed contented laughs.

It was a fight—a real fight. The Democrats had little money and poor organization. The partisan feeling was intense. At Catlin, a town in the district, the brass band, usually the most non-partisan of business enterprises, refused to play at O'Hair's meetings because the tooters were all Cannon Republicans.

Of course there was a Progressive candidate too; and, with the votes the Progressives pulled away from Uncle Joe, O'Hair topped the list, getting 19,485 votes to 18,707 for Uncle Joe and 9511 for the Progressive.

Uncle Joe is a fine old fighter, and he and O'Hair kept their animosities for the stump. To show there is no hard feeling O'Hair carefully seen to it that Uncle Joe gets one copy of every Government publication, with his compliments; and he sent Uncle Joe a nicely assorted package of garden seeds in plenty of time for Uncle Joe's gardening this spring.

O'Hair is forty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighs two hundred pounds. Another claim to distinction is that he smokes stronger tobacco than any other member. He has a specially reenforced brand, which he keeps in a canvas sack in his office and uses a corncob pipe for its consumption. Several fellow members have tried to smoke some of it, for O'Hair is liberal with his tobacco; but not one has finished the first pipeful.

He is a good lawyer, practicing before many courts. He was a railroad attorney for a year or so, but quit that early because he did not like to oppose so many of his own friends. He bears his honors modestly, refuses to arrogate any especial distinction to himself because he is The Man Who Beat Uncle Joe Cannon, and probably he will try to make the designation stick by running again next time.

Poor Little Mouse!

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THE SOLE REASON

(Continued from Page 17)

"It's a small world after all, ain't it?" said Mr. Dang.

Jimmie inclined graciously toward Marie.

"You ain't cold, are you, little one?"

"No; I ain't cold."

"You're lookin' pretty as a peach tonight kiddo. That's a swell little shirtwaist you're wearing too—and, gee, look at the new shoes!"

"Quit your kiddin', Jimmie!"

"Love me?"

"Ain't you the limit? Honest, if I'd listen to all your jollying I'd turn to sugar from my own sweetness!"

"You don't believe me, do you, when I tell you you're the sweetest little peach I ever seen?"

"I know something about you, all-righty, Mr. Jimmie Bashaw!"

"What?"

"I won't tell!"

"Gwan!"

"Can't."

"Tell me, kiddo—I ain't afraid of nothin' nobody knows about me."

"Heine Gross says you got more crushes on girls than any man up in the mail-order department—he says you got a new one every month."

"That was before I ran across you, kiddo. You're just the pick of 'em all—ain't you, honey?"

"I wonder if you mean what you're sayin'?" she said, regarding him with soft eyes.

The shush of the water was lulling; they curved down the river into the harbor, proudly and with slow dignity. The spangled harbor of New York loomed before them like an El Dorado. Under the wimple of night the skyscrapers were softened to towers of romance—frantic architecture became nocturnal art.

Lights shining from twenty-eighth-story windows might have meant the vigil chamber of a Herr Teufelsdröckh instead of the office of an overworked bookkeeper struggling for his balance.

The Singer Building was as softly etched as an Ionic column.

"I used to work in the Singer Building," observed Jimmie. "I had a swell job there with a mail-order firm; but they busted."

"Poor Artie Crump fixed more'n one pipe in that building!" observed Mamie.

The river widened and they left the city behind them; the smell of the country came to their nostrils. A vender with a basket of wares wound in and out among the pleasure seekers.

"Have some candy?" cried Mr. Dang.

"Don't care if I do!" exclaimed Mamie. "I love them milk chocolate bars—me and M'ree always eat them for lunch."

They ate chocolate and drank phosphate through straws inserted in the bottles. An occasional silence fell over the little group. Jimmie's hand closed over the passive one in Marie's lap. They gradually divided into pairs; the breeze stiffened and blew more sharply in their faces.

"You're a real hard fellow to get to know, ain't you, Mr. Dang?" observed Mamie. "It's a shame—us bein' acquainted so long, workin' in the same stores and all, and not gettin' to know each other!"

"It does kinda seem that way," observed Mr. Dang; "but I ain't much of a fellow for pushin' myself."

Marie felt the pressure of Jimmie's hand over her own and let her eyes wander far out toward the horizon and the melancholy arch of night.

"Ain't it a shame that, instead of everybody just drifting along like this there are rooms with one window, and subways, and Monday bargain sales, and sick babies, and girls that have to skimp along on six per!"

"If I go up to seventy in the fall I know one kiddo that won't have to skimp along on six per no more!"

"Aw, Jimmie!"

"Oh, gwan! Don't be so cold to a fellow, M'ree. I got a leanin' like a bent pin toward you."

"Oh-oh-oh!" exclaimed Mamie. "They're dancin' downstairs—ain't that a swell two-step though? I can't keep my feet still. Let's go down."

"Good!" cried Jimmie, jumping to his feet and overturning his campchair. "Let's go down and dance. I'm chokin' on all this scenery. Come on, M'ree!"

"Aw, I—I like it up here better."

"Me too!" said Mr. Dang. "You two go on down, and me and Miss M'ree will wait up here."

"Yes," cried Mamie. "Come on, Mr. Bashaw; we'll have a dance and let 'em wait up here."

"Don't you run away with my girl!" cautioned Jimmie.

"And don't you run away with my escort," admonished Mamie, pushing her waistline downward and feeling the clasps of her earrings.

"We'll be sitting here waitin', all-righty."

The strains of music mingled with their laughter as they separated. The two on deck rearranged their places and settled down comfortably, with their faces straight ahead.

"Ah," said Mr. Dang softly, yanking his carefully pressed trousers upward by the creases and crossing one leg over the other, "this is more like it!"

"Yes," she said in the same tone.

They were silent, with their eyes straining into the black and in their ears the lapping of water.

"How do your shoes feel, little one?"

"Swell—you sure know how to fit; these heavy soles feel fine!"

"It ain't hard to fit little feet like yours."

"Aw, my feet ain't so little."

"I wish I could fit 'em all day long."

"Look how shadowy it is over there in those trees! Gee! I bet if I'd go in there it would be as still as a cellar and I'd be some scared."

"Not if I was along with you."

"No?"

Who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-op! The black smokestack let out a moan from its sandpaper throat.

"Gee! Ain't that the limit!" she cried.

"Don't be frightened. I'm here!" he said, intent on protection.

Her hair clung in little wet tendrils, and she pushed it back with both hands.

"Pretty curls!" he said.

"Honest, when I wash my hair I can't do a thing with it."

"You've got hair the same shade of some biscuit-colored dancing slippers we got in last week; tiptop little sellers too!"

"Sometimes I get real mad and wish I was a brunette like Mame. All the girls in the store think I put peroxide stuff on my hair to make it yellow, just as if you can't tell by the roots! My hair's yellow straight down."

"Sure it is! and, say, if you were a brunette like Mame I wouldn't be sittin' next to you here on this boat. I'm a great fellow for blondes."

"Well, well!"

"Say! I—I guess there ain't a chance for a guy with that mail-order kid round. This red-tie Jimmie beat me to it, didn't he?"

"Aw, Mr. Dang, that ain't no way to talk about my gen'leman friend. He's a real nice boy. It ain't like he was my particular friend; he's just a fine and dandy boy."

"I ain't sayin' nothin' against him. I bet you wouldn't turn him down to go walkin' with me in the park tomorrow afternoon—would you?"

"Aw, you know how it is. I make a promise and I keep it—that's me all over—but we could make up the same little party."

He sighed and yanked at his trouser creases again.

"I guess I have to be satisfied to play second fiddle."

"Aw, now ——."

"Well, what about going up to the Crescent Club dance with me next Monday night?"

"Honest, I would, Mr. Dang; but Jimmie asked me last night already. You—you're tryin' to tease me."

"I guess I'm a dead one," he said sulkily.

"You ain't," she retorted quickly—"only—only ——"

"Only what?"

"Nothin'."

"What? Tell me!"

"Nothin', I said."

"Gwan! Say it—M'ree!"

"Well, of all the nerve!"

"You don't care if I call you that—you know you don't."

"I do too; it ain't like we was keepin' steady or something."

"Gwan, M'ree; what were you going to say?"

"Ain't you the greatest fellow for gettin' your way?"

"Well?"

She turned her head from him; she was outlined in ghostly silhouette against a sky gleaming with close fierce stars.

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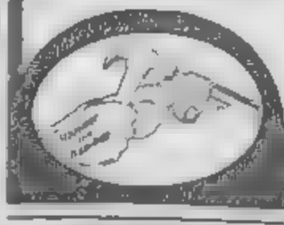

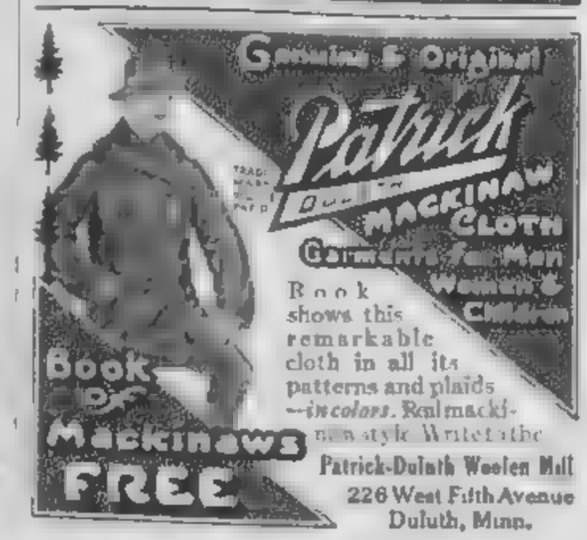

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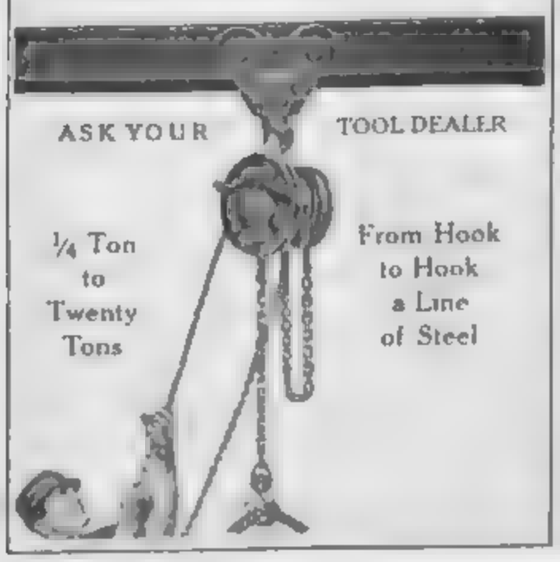

"I was goin' to say that because I liked Jimmie was no sign there wasn't others I liked too."

He felt for her hand and she turned sharply.

"Look!" she cried. "The moon!"

A low, golden ball clung to the horizon, then gained clutch and showed two-thirds of a large, inflamed face above the edge of the water.

"Say," he cried, "ain't that swell! Ain't that just—oh, gee!"

They regarded the moonrise with their faces close; a damp curl brushed his cheek, and he drew away abruptly as if the range of his emotions was too limited for both the curl and the moon.

"There's the island!" he cried.

"Oh-h-h-h-h!"

A city of light rose out of the water—pagodas outlined in electric white; a scenic railway that undulated like a serpent of fire; a Ferris Wheel that might have been the near wheel of Jupiter's chariot as he raced through the heavens. A skyrocket shot up and rained ten red stars; the chugging of the boat eased a bit; chairs were overturned in a general exodus for the narrow stairway. Mamie and Jimmie awaited them at the lower landing.

"Gee! You missed it!" they cried. "The floor was swell!"

"Was it?" replied Marie, rubbing her eyes like one who comes out of a web of dreams.

They joined the merry flux and turned into the white Midway, with shining alert eyes. A thousand noises greeted them—the blare of music and trumpets; the hoarse-throated cries of barkers and venders bidding them welcome. Their smiles grew as they regarded the papier-mâché world built for their pleasure on the edge of an ocean that could crack and eat it at a yawp.

"Oh, you Coney!" cried Mamie.

"I wish I had a dollar for every time I've been here!" observed Mr. Dang.

"I'd be satisfied with a cent!" said Jimmie.

"Let's shoot the Chutes!" cried Mamie.

"Fine and dandy!" smiled Jimmie.

"I'm always kinda 'fraid of the Chutes," expostulated Marie—"they shoot so!"

"I'm here!" said Mr. Dang, taking her arm in his.

"We'll take care of you, all right, kiddo," said Jimmie.

He bought tickets at a red-and-white flag-decorated stand; they passed in single file through a turnstile gate that clicked after each of them, and then on up to the pinnacle of the Chutes, which slanted at a wicked angle into a small lake.

"Ain't it swell!" cried Mamie, stepping into the boat and tucking her white piqué skirt carefully round her.

"You're a game one, all-righty!" said Jimmie, climbing in after Marie and Mr. Dang.

"Hold your hats!" cried the guard, jerking at the lever.

They hitched and plunged forward, and Mamie let out a succession of small shrieks.

"O-o-o-o-op!" said Marie, closing her eyes.

They dashed down the incline as Lucifer must have hurtled from Heaven, and struck the water with the grace of a gull skimming its breast on the waves. Kicked-up spray showered over them. The guard plied a hasty oar and rowed them to shore. Marie huddled close to Mr. Dang and he placed a protecting arm round her.

"Gee! That—took—my—breath—away though!"

"It's all over, little one," he reassured her.

"How'd you like it, M'ree?" cried Jimmie.

"Kinda giddy," she said, smiling weakly.

"Let's do it again!" gasped Mamie, flushed to her brow. "I could die doin' it!"

"Ain't she the slickest little sport you ever seen!" cried Jimmie, wiping the spray out of his eyes with a blue-bordered handkerchief.

"I—I don't want to go again," said Marie.

"Aw, M'ree," said Jimmie, "look at your friend—she's a game little one, all-righty! There ain't nothin' can scare her!"

"I'll stay down with Miss M'ree while you and Mame try it again," volunteered Mr. Dang.

"We'll be back in a minute!" they cried, ascending the stairs again.

"I—I guess I ain't a sport," said Marie after the pair had hurried off. "I hate to get all shook up."

The mist still trembled on her hair and lashes.

"You're just my style, all-righty," he said. "What's the fun shootin' the Chutes anyway?"

They waited on a small bench directly underneath the bandstand. Almost before they could realize it the pair returned, their eyes full of laughter and spray. They continued down the white highway—dilly-dallying at the insistence of iron-throated barkers before mortar-and-straw palaces; watching and trying the Wiggle Waggle; observing shrieking crowds slide down the zigzag sides of a whirligig.

Once they wandered into a house of mirrors, with walls of convex and concave glass, which distorted their figures at every turn—reduced them to low, squat gargoyles, with grotesque, bulge-cheeked faces; and at the next angle flattened them into elongated and absurdly fanciful caricatures of themselves.

Narcissus, had he peered into so jesting a pool, would have fled agonized; but the quartet remained to laugh, and with each prank of the mirrors their mirth rose.

"See!" cried Mamie, giving Mr. Dang a playful shove. "You look like a broomstick with a head stuck on it! Lordy! Look at M'ree! Ain't she killin'! Honest, she looks like a mushroom!"

"See yourself!" cried Jimmie, pushing her before a convex mirror. "Who says you ain't got the big head?"

"Oh," she giggled, "ain't it awful to look at—ain't it awful?"

They meandered in and out the maze in pleased and excited merriment. They stopped and had their photographs taken on postcards—the four of them—waving good-bys from the observation platform of a pasteboard Coney Island express train.

"Ain't I a sight!" cried Mamie, regarding her likeness critically. "Oh, I don't want anybody to keep mine—I'm such a fright. Look at my eyes! But, say, ain't it grand of Jimmie and Marie?"

"It's a fine and dandy picture of you, Miss Marie," said Mr. Dang, placing his card carefully away in his waistcoat pocket.

"Look—he's puttin' it next to his heart!" cried Mamie.

And so they laughed and clapped through the evening—ate popcorn and licked each sticky finger; shrieked with regret at not sending the ring over the canehead; rode in rickety-sided cars through gauze and cheesecloth dreamlands; peered with gasps that were stomach-deep at the admission-ten-cents Wild Man, recruited for his fourth season from Third Avenue.

"Gee!" cried Jimmie suddenly, regarding his openface watch. "I bet we've missed the last boat!"

"We can take the car then," said Marie.

"Aw, that's where we lose out on that dance we was goin' to have, Mr. Bashaw!" said Mamie.

"Ain't it a shame!" said Jimmie.

"Oh, be careful, Jimmie—you're mashin' the little Teddy bear I got in the grab-bag. I'm going to hang him up in my room."

"Aw, he ain't nothin' but a bunch of fuzz, M'ree!"

"A bunch of fuzz! Look at his smart little face—just like he was a joke fairy or something pretend!"

"Say," cried Jimmie, "she's got 'em tonight, sure—ain't you, honey?"

"I'll keep him for you," said Mr. Dang, cramming the toy, face downward, into his coat pocket. "You know what he looks like, Miss M'ree? He looks like a joke fairy that tickles you when you ain't lookin'."

"That's it!" she cried, smiling at him, with the flush coming and going.

They crowded into the car, but the seats were already filled; so they clung to overhead straps and rocked with the train.

"Don't forget tomorrow afternoon!" said Mr. Dang into Marie's ear and steadying her by placing his hand on her elbow.

"I'll fix it!" she said softly.

They rushed through the earthy-smelling country, with various lights flashing backward and the different noises of rapid travel in their ears: the high, hollow rattle of riding over a trestle; the din of swooping into a stone-walled cañon, without room enough for the echoes—then out again to the flat, open country and the singing of rails.

"It's been a happy night, M'ree," said Mr. Dang, looking down at her.

"It has that!" she said. "I almost forgot there was a soap sale Monday morning."

On Sunday the biggest store advertised an epoch-breaking sale of toothpastes, cucumber cream, eau de cologne, liquid skin beautifier and whitewash. Pink celluloid-back hairbrushes blushed at their own cheapness; eight-cents-a-cake perfumed soaps

U. S. Marines loading Post Toasties on Battleship Michigan at the Norfolk Navy Yard—(From actual photograph).

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became panicky in the Monday morning rush and sold three for a quarter. Mamie plunged the point of her pencil into the elaborate nest of her coiffure.

"Whew!" she said, exhaling loudly. "This is the first let-up today! What I think of Bargain Day wouldn't make a subject for a sermon —— Only six bars to a customer, ma'am."

"You had time to sneak over to the artificial flowers, all-righty, didn't you, and leave me alone with the soap rush —— Yes'm—nine cents a cake, six bars to a customer."

Mamie colored, moistened her thumb and ruffled backward the leaves of her cashbook.

"Say, M'ree Tompkins, I guess you didn't leave five minutes early at noon! And who was left alone with the cold-cream fighters! Of all minute-grabbers I know, you're the worst!"

"Except you!"

"Didn't I have to get over there before them twenty-three-cent pink roses was all gone? I wanted one to wear in my hair tonight."

"I thought you was goin' to be home, sewin'!"

"Can't a girl —— Yes'm—six bars for you and six for your friend."

Marie reached up into a wire basket, which slid and clicked into place over her head, removed a package and counted the change into her customer's hand.

"Seventy-five and twenty-three makes ninety-eight—thank you! Hello, Jimmie, how'd you get down here?"

"Can't I come down and see my girl once in a while?" he said.

"Gwan! I wasn't born yesterday."

"Sippy sent for me down in the basement and I stopped by. A new kid down in the Blankets got a bunch of mail orders all tangled up. How are you, kiddie?" He leaned close over the counter.

"Swell! That was a fine and dandy walk the crowd of us had in the park yesterday afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Yes—the four of us sure do make up one neat little bunch."

"It sure was fun—honest, I laffed and laffed!"

"I bet you're tired out, too, honey—this sale and all."

"Dead!" she said.

"Poor little kid! and, gee, ain't I tired? I ain't got to bed before one for so long I'm afraid a night's sleep would give me softening of the brain."

"Ain't it so, really? Jimmie, you look all tired out."

"You ain't lookin' so pert yourself either. I've got half a mind to cut out our date tonight and make you go to bed early and catch up on sleep—only I—I kinda hate not to see you one evening. I guess I'm spoiled."

"You stay at home and get a good sleep, Jimmie; there's plenty more nights left on the calendar."

"I guess you're right, little one," he said, toying with a cake of soap and not taking his eyes from her face; "but, gee, ain't a fellow a fool to catch up on sleep when he could be sittin' on your red plush sofa —— Hello, Miss Mamie!"

"Hello, yourself!"

"How'd you get over yesterday?"

"I dreamed of scenery all night."

"You're some little dreamer," he said, with his eyes still on Marie.

"You'd better go, Jimmie," she said. "Higgs is lookin' daggers over here."

"I should care!" he replied; but he ambled off, with a backward smile over one shoulder.

Mamie arranged the rear of her coiffure with the aid of a hand mirror and stared stolidly across the aisle.

"I wish you'd look at Agnes Adelberry—over in the Gloves. Honest, with those killin' airs of hers she could sell an armless man a pair of gloves! Artie always used to say he was afraid of the baby-stare kind."

Marie sold a bottle of perfume and sought refuge on a forbidden stool behind the counter.

"Oh-h!" she said, nursing her right foot in her hand. "This right shoe is nearly killin' me—the sole is burning my foot up!"

"Is that why you've been limpin' round? Why don't you go over and let Eddie stretch it or something? He couldn't sell me shoes for a Fourth of July snowstorm if that's the way they act!"

"You won't be sore, will you, Mamie? This sole is killin' me and the rush is over."

"Gwan! I ain't so fussy as all that. And tell him for me he is a bum fitter!"

Marie limped away.

After the formality of twenty-five cents the couple, dancing at the Crescent Club was largely informal. Had the original Arcadia of poet lore and myth been situated directly opposite the Crescent dance-hall, on the site occupied by Hashagan's Delicatessen, admission free, with a springtime fay for every faun, it is doubtful whether the green twilight of its pines or the golden fields of its sunshine would have lured any of the Crescent Club's clientage.

Arcadia might have been carpeted in tender-blade grasses and deep-cupped flowers, but the floor of the dance-hall was uncarpeted and smooth as a lady's cheek.

The entrance to the Crescent Club was through a brightly lighted hallway, with an echoing wooden floor and a ticket office to the right. On Monday nights couples hurried through—the women in straw hats and cool shirtwaists of open lacework; the men carrying their coats and mopping at the hat-brands on their foreheads.

Strains from the Ladies' Boston Orchestra floated out to greet them; an attendant in a white-duck uniform and a white-duck cap with a green visor took tickets, and each ticket admitted an eager-faced couple to an Elysium where they immediately threw off the eight-hour work-a-day as a snake sheds its dead skin.

The Somebodies are fond of saying there is Nobody left in New York by the time the asphalt becomes soft and smells hot, and horses fall. They overlook the several thousand or so of curve-shouldered girls who are making flowers for the Somebodies' fall millinery; the more thousands who are standing behind counters for eight hours of a scorching day for six dollars a scorching week; babes who are whimpering their lives out in tenements; men who are loading drays, stoking coal and blasting rock—these and the remaining two million or so of Nobodies the Somebodies overlook!

The Crescent Club was a further refutation of this devastated state of the city: its wide area of floor resembled a huge tub of water covered with bobbing corks. Perspiring, flush-faced couples joggled and laughed; dancers, with smiling, moist faces, collided and came to a good-natured halt; bold-eyed girls, with pasty faces and bright ribbons, danced arm in arm, and looked with bold eyes over each other's shoulder into the bolder eyes of the men skirting the edge of the hall.

In the center of a boiling vortex Miss Marie Tompkins, in the close-armed embrace of Mr. Eddie Dang, swayed to the brass lilt of the music and looked up into her partner's face, with parted lips and starlit eyes.

"Ain't this the swellest waltz ever, girlie?"

"Gee!" she said, letting her body relax slightly against his engulfing arm, "I could die dancing this way—these Monday night hops always have the dandiest music; and the crowd ain't so mixy neither."

"If I'd 'a' known you were going to change your mind this afternoon and come along with me, I'd 'a' worn my white pants and we'd 'a' gone up to the One Hundred and Twenty-third Street Hall; that's where they have the classy dances—no girls allowed with hats, and twenty-five cents per."

"I think this is grand!" she insisted.

"You're the best little dancer I ever went round with," he said, guiding her carefully out of the range of collision.

"I can say the same," she replied.

"Tra-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!" he sang, following the theme of the music.

"You ought to join the Happy Hooligan Club, Mr. Dang."

"Who wouldn't be happy bringing the niftiest little peach in the garden to a dance?"

"Aw, you!"

"Honest, M'ree, if I only thought I had a show with you ——"

"There you go—beginning again!"

"Gee-whiz! I don't want to butt in; but you like me better'n him, anyway—any fellow that'll cut a girl to go home and sleep! It ain't like girls and fellows wasn't always splittin' when they found somebody made a bigger hit with 'em."

"I ain't said that—have I?"

"I don't have to wait for a raise or nothin'; and —— Course I ain't buttin' in, but when a fellow don't watch his ——"

"How you talk! Honest, you mustn't say them things, Mr. Dang! I just came with you tonight kind of accidental."

"Call me Ed——" he pleaded.

"Call you Ed? Honest, the way you talk you'd think we were steadies!"

"I wish we were," he said, holding her close. "You could call me Ed better'n any girl I ever met!"

She colored carnation pink and they stopped with the music.

"Crickety!" he said. "I'm hot."

"Me too," she said, fanning herself with her hands.

"Let's go over and get a soda."

"All right."

They wormed and edged their way to a large stand at one end of the hall—a flag-festooned counter, arranged with large glass bowls of colored drinks; couples were grouped three deep about it.

"Whatta you want to drink, girlie? I'll crowd in and get it for you."

"I'll take—I'll take a sarsaparilla," she said with indecision.

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"I'll make it two," he said, diving into the crowd.

She waited on the outskirts, regarding the swarming, perspiring couples with bright, interested eyes. A youth joggled against her and they laughed into each other's eyes; an elbow struck sharply into her shoulder and she drew farther back.

They drank, regarding each other over the rims of their glasses; and their glances were like the parrying of steel blades. She drew through her straw until it gurgled in the empty glass.

"Have another, M'ree?"

"No; thanks, Mr. Dang."

His face fell.

"Call me Ed—won't you, please?"

"Like fun I will!"

Couples hemmed them in, and a hollow-chested girl in a pink blouse nodded familiarly to her.

"Hello, Marie!"

"Hello, Mabel!"

"Wait here, and I'll take these glasses back, M'ree—that's a swell two-step they're tuning up for."

She stepped back a bit and arranged her disturbed curls, the music was already in her veins and she swayed to its rhythm as she stood. A young woman in a thin pink dress and with a large artificial pink rose in her hair jostled sharply against her; they drew apart with scant apologies.

"Mame!"

"Well, of all people! M'ree Tompkins, how—how'd you get here?"

"In my underground balloon!"

Mamie flamed a violent red and turned to the figure at her side.

"We—we just came up here," she said. "We just ——"

"Hello, Jimmie!"

"Hello yourself!"

Jimmie laughed, mopped his face with a green-bordered handkerchief and changed from one foot to the other.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is hot."

Silence.

"Ain't it hot here tonight though?" laughed Mamie three notes too high.

"Yes, it sure is!"

Suddenly Marie nodded over and past their shoulders, flashed her teeth, and laughed as if the blood were dancing around her heart and in her throat.

"Come on, Ed!" she cried, nodding her adieus to the pair. "That two-step's waitin' for us!"

Proved by Broadsides

THE terrific shock that accompanies the firing of a broadside on a man-of-war is the most destructive test that can be applied to incandescent lamps, yet National MAZDA Lamps stand it fifty per cent better than old fashioned carbon lamps.

In addition they give three times as much light and better light at the same cost—current and lamp included.

Nothing like the broadside test ever occurs in your home, and you don't need to worry about breakage or fragility if you buy National MAZDA Lamps in the Blue Convenience Carton containing five lamps. Be sure that the name "National MAZDA" is etched on every bulb.

Put a National MAZDA Lamp in Every Socket

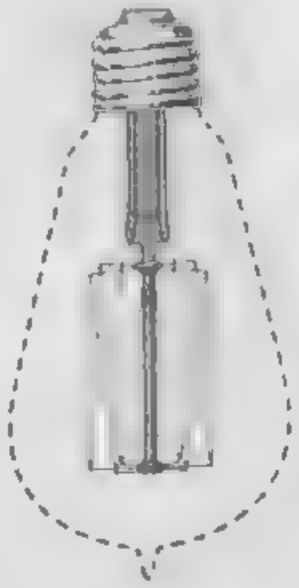
You can have at home exactly the same kind of lamps as are used in modern battleships—the same as revolutionized the lighting of the New York Subway trains and made the lighting of automobiles by electricity possible—if you will be careful about the name—National MAZDA—when you purchase.

Prices reduced again last July.

NATIONAL MAZDA
THE QUALITY LAMP

Before You Pay Your Next Light Bill

Light for light, every carbon lamp uses three times as much current as a National MAZDA Lamp. It will pay you to make a complete replacement of all carbon lamps with National MAZDA Lamps before you pay your next light bill. At no extra cost you will then get three times as much light, or the same amount of light three times as long—better, whiter light.



Give Your Home the Hospitality of Ample Light

Note the inside construction of the lamp at the left—the greatest achievement of the Research and Development Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and Cleveland, which laboratories, by co-operative arrangements, have access to all the developments and improvements made in the principal lamp laboratories of the world. It is this construction that at present characterizes all National MAZDA Lamps made for general illumination. The Blue Convenience Carton at the right is the carton in which five of these lamps are packed for your convenience.

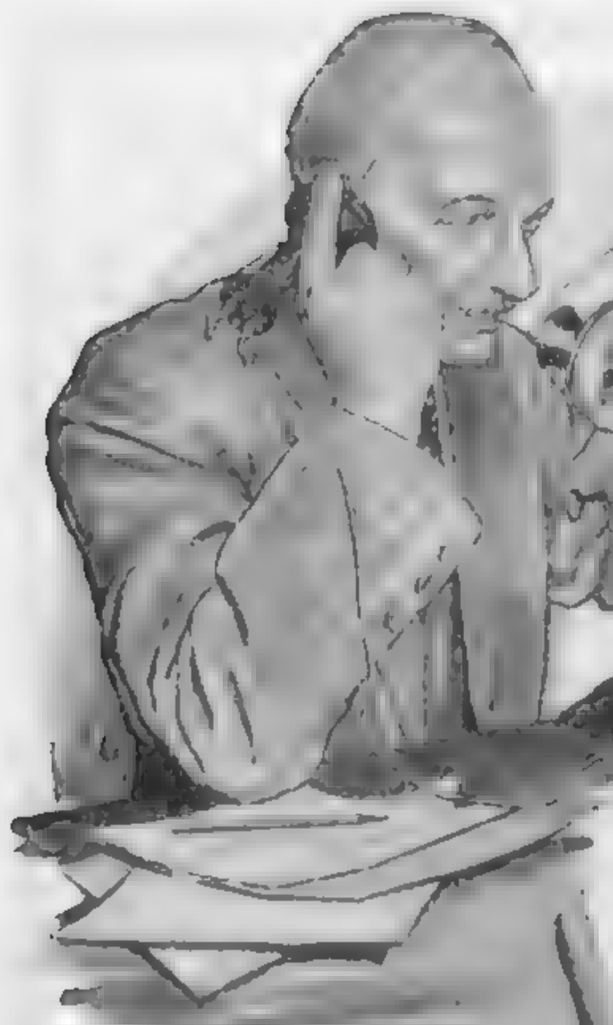
The new Hylo turn-down National MAZDA gives you a big light when you want it or a small one that you can burn continuously at practically no expense for Halls B[illegible].

Send for the National Index to the Proper Lighting of Homes"—the only free book that tells how to select the correct lamps for every room, from cellar to attic. You may also have the "National Index of MAZDA Lamps" free.

If [illegible] Electric Service in the Home," free—tells how easily you can equip any house for National MAZDA Lamps. For booklets and further information address

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
4 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Be sure that "National MAZDA" is etched on every bulb, and that every lamp bears one of these labels—each a guaranty of National Quality.



Give Me FISK!

When in need of tire equipment many a busy man today merely says: **"Give me Fisk"** and then dismisses the subject from his mind.

It takes CONFIDENCE to do that: CONFIDENCE in the integrity and honesty of purpose of the Fisk Rubber Company, its 42 Branches, its 18,000 Dealers: CONFIDENCE built on SERVICE

HEAVY CAR TYPE

FISK TIRES

during 14 years of constant endeavor to make the *best*; CONFIDENCE which, even did comparative quality appear equal, would still leave Fisk the logical, surest and most profitable investment in the end.

Each Tire Plays Its Part

Fisk Tires are honestly and expertly built of finest materials and are sold through Branches and Dealers with the full knowledge that the SERVICE of each must contribute directly to the increase or decrease in our greatest business asset—CONFIDENCE.

We shall be glad to mail booklets describing Fisk Tires and Tubes.

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Chicopee Falls
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The Fisk Branches

are the most complete tire service stations in the United States. Each is a miniature factory prepared to serve consumers direct and to co-operate with dealers everywhere that they may assure to their customers the advantage of real FISK SERVICE. These branches are located in the following cities:

ATLANTA	DETROIT	MINNEAPOLIS	ROCHESTER
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BOSTON	DENVER	NEW YORK	SAN FRANCISCO
BROOKLYN	PARKE	OMAHA	SEATTLE
BUFFALO	ERIE	OGDEN	SPRINGFIELD
BUTTE	HARTFORD	PHILADELPHIA	ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO	INDIANAPOLIS	PITTSBURG	ST. PAUL
CINCINNATI	KANSAS CITY	PORTLAND	SYRACUSE
CLEVELAND	LOS ANGELES	PROVIDENCE	WASHINGTON

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THE FISK COMPANY OF TEXAS—DALLAS, SAN ANTONIO, HOUSTON

18,000 Dealers

Fisk Policy

It is our aim, once we sell you, to give you the individual attention and all-round satisfaction that will make of you a permanent Fisk customer. Every Fisk Dealer is backed by the Fisk Policy. He treats his customers right in the knowledge that the Company will treat him right.

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

A NEW form of investment has become quite popular of late, especially in the Middle West, where a good many country banks and individuals take kindly to it. I mean timber bonds. It is only in the last few years that such bonds have been handled in the present highly systematized manner, and in that time a great many million dollars' worth of them has been sold.

Timber bonds are interesting, then, not only on their own account but because they show the tendency of investment business nowadays to reach all sorts of conditions that can furnish grist to its mill. If any industry anywhere wants capital on a large scale and offers sound security there will be investment houses to set up a connection between it and the reservoirs of investable money.

Logging operations under modern conditions involve the tying up of much capital for long terms. The operators must first buy a tract of standing timber big enough to warrant the other investments that are necessary in order to get the lumber to market economically. The collateral investments will usually involve a railroad and a sawmill; but probably only five per cent or so of the timber will be cut in any year. Thus a long time elapses before the capital is finally recovered.

Moreover, logging operations are almost always carried on far from any considerable city; often far from any town; and in districts where capital is both scarce and dear. If the operator borrows on short time and depends upon renewing the notes a pinch in the money market or some temporary disability, such as a breakdown of the railroad or sawmill, may entirely demoralize his finances. Obviously what he needs is a sure supply of money at a fixed rate of interest for a considerable term of years, which, however, he can pay off in installments as he markets his timber. That is what the timber bond gives him.

Imagine that you are a lumberman owning a tract of land which bears standing, live, merchantable timber upon which you want a loan. You get in touch with a house that handles timber bonds. If the house is the right sort it will already know your locality sufficiently to form a general opinion as to the value of your timber. It will know what sort of timber grows there, what the market for that sort of timber is and the approximate cost of getting your timber out—which depends upon the topography of the country and the accessibility to rail or water transportation. If your general proposition sounds satisfactory the house will tell you that you must have the timber examined by a professional cruiser.

How Timber Cruisers Work

The timber land will already have been surveyed in forty-acre tracts. The cruiser and his compassman begin, say, at the northwest corner of the first forty-acre tract and walk east a hundred and twenty-five paces. The cruiser then sends the compassman due south while he zigzags back and forth east and west across the compassman's tracks. In his zigzagging he counts every tree, measuring it either with calipers or with his eye, calculating how many board feet of lumber it contains. When he reaches the south line of the forty he goes east and then zigzags back to the north line, again using his compassman's tracks as a base. Now in his two zigzags he will have covered half the land in that forty-acre tract and actually counted and measured half the trees. So he multiplies his figures by two and then sets down how many thousand feet of each kind of timber the forty acres contain. He proceeds to the next forty acres and thus by forties covers the whole area to be mortgaged. When he is through his report shows, by forties, how much timber of each sort there is on the land.

But the bond house is not satisfied with that. Many cruisers are as careful of their professional reputations as the best lawyers or doctors, and they get so close to the facts that two good men, cruising the same big tract independently, will not be more than ten per cent apart in their estimates. But timber cruising is a lonesome and tedious occupation. There might be a temptation in bad weather to sit in camp and guess at a handful of forties. So the bond house sends its own salaried expert—naturally the best man it can get. This "checker" strikes into the tract at random, examines one forty very carefully; then goes some distance away and carefully examines another forty, and so on. His reports on the forties which he has examined are compared with the cruiser's reports on the same forties. If they substantially agree the cruiser's report is accepted. If there is any material disagreement the cruiser's report is thrown out altogether.

Thus the bond house knows just about how many thousand feet of live, merchantable timber there are on the land. It can calculate very closely what it will cost to get the timber out, carry it to a sawmill and convert it into lumber. Of course it knows what the lumber is worth and, consequently, can estimate the value of the timber on the stump. And it will lend you about half of this estimated value—sometimes rather more than half if all attendant conditions are favorable; sometimes less than half.

Mortgage Conditions

It takes a first mortgage covering the land and timber and all fixed appurtenances—such as railroad, sawmill—if there is one on the land—flume, and so on. From every legal point of view this is exactly the same as the first mortgage which a farmer gives on his land and buildings.

But the mortgage provides that you cannot cut any of the timber which it covers, and unless you cut timber you can do no logging. To meet that dilemma there is a provision that the trustee may release any forty acres from the lien of the mortgage upon payment of the estimated value of the timber on that forty. Suppose your timber is estimated to be worth two dollars a thousand feet on the stump and you have borrowed one dollar a thousand. You pick out a forty—presumably the one nearest the sawmill—and find by the cruiser's report that it contains so many thousand feet. You pay over to the trustee two dollars for each thousand feet and the trustee then releases the mortgage as to the timber on that particular forty. So you are free to go ahead and cut that timber. When you are through with that forty you can get the next forty released by paying to the trustee the estimated value of the timber upon it. Thus, if your timber is worth two dollars a thousand and you have borrowed one dollar a thousand you are always paying to the trustee, prior to release, double the amount loaned on a particular forty, and by the time half your timber is cut you have paid off the whole loan.

But the trustee does not release the mortgage as to the land itself; only as to the timber upon it. The mortgage remains upon the land until the whole loan is paid. There is no fixed rule as to the term for which the whole loan shall run, but ten years is a common term, and in nearly all cases the bonds mature serially, annually or semi-annually. If it is a ten-year loan with semi-annual maturities five per cent of the bonds will fall due each six months, and as they mature the trustee will pay them off out of the money which you have paid in for releases; but as you pay in twice the amount borrowed and as the mortgage remains upon the land after the timber is cut, the security gets stronger as the loan grows older.

Of course you must furnish an abstract showing a perfect title—and even then the most careful and experienced bond houses usually make an independent search of the records, for these timber lands are in backwoods localities and the county officials have sometimes kept the records in a backwoods manner. Likewise, when the mortgage is duly recorded the bond house will send its own man to see that the record exactly agrees with the mortgage—in other words, that the recorder has not absentmindedly omitted a few important words.

Instead of owning the land in fee you may hold it under a lease which gives you the right to cut the timber. As a rule timber lands are held in fee, and bond houses prefer that condition. They do not take the value of the bare land into account in fixing the amount which they will lend, but look solely to the timber itself for security. Nevertheless, in getting out the timber to the best advantage it may be necessary to use the cut-over land in various ways—as by building a spur railroad over it, digging a ditch, and so on. If the owner of the timber also owns the land in fee no possible question of his right to use it as he pleases can arise. Of course a carefully drawn lease would provide against these contingencies; but bond houses will not lend so much on timber that is held under lease as where the mortgage covers the land also.

These timber loans run in comparatively large amounts. Usually a bond house will not care to consider one for less than one hundred thousand dollars. The mortgage runs to a trustee—some responsible trust company—which acts in behalf of all the bondholders, and as many separate thousand-dollar bonds are issued as there are multiples of one thousand dollars in the loan. The bonds almost always bear interest at the rate of six per cent, payable semi-annually.

Meanwhile the bond house has made a contract with the borrower stipulating that when the mortgage is recorded—the timber inspection having turned out satisfactorily, the title being perfect, and so on—it will purchase from him the entire issue of bonds at a certain discount, this discount constituting its commission for advancing the money and handling the loan. Having bought the bond issue from the borrower, the bond house then proceeds to sell the bonds to investors at par, just as other bonds are sold.

A timber bond has certain attractions. Unlike a railroad, street car or any other public utility bond, it is actually paid off and not refunded. Lumber is like wheat in that it is a prime necessity of life and can always be sold at some price. The supply in accessible positions is strictly limited; the demand tends to increase and the price tends to rise. While a given loan may run for ten years, one-tenth of it matures every year, or one-twentieth every six months, and as the near-by maturities are paid off the margin of security behind the long maturities steadily increases. Thus the mortgagee is always able to protect himself.

When Forest Fires Occur

In fact I know of only one objection that is raised against timber bonds, namely, the possibility of damage through forest fires; and this objection has more weight with people who don't know the conditions than with those who do. In the first place, there are great timber regions where devastating forest fires have never occurred and probably never will. Again, even the worst forest fire does not destroy the live, merchantable timber, but only kills it. The moment it is dead decay begins. But if it can be got out with reasonable promptness and converted into lumber the loss is small. So for insurance against loss by fire the experienced bond house looks to the facilities for getting out the timber. If the tract is remote from transportation, in a mountainous country, so that it can be got out only very slowly and with difficulty, the bond house will not lend upon it at all. If it is somewhat better situated, but still in a position where it would take a long time to log a burned-over tract, it may lend twenty-five cents a thousand feet or some such sum.

To make the insurance complete it puts into the mortgage a clause that reads like this: "If any timber covered by this mortgage is damaged by fire, wind or other cause, the mortgagor shall, within sixty days after the extent of such damages has been ascertained, pay over to the trustee two dollars per thousand feet (or whatever sum the timber may have been computed to be worth) for all such damaged timber, but the salvage on the damaged timber shall remain subject to the lien of this mortgage."

If the mortgagor fails to pay over the stipulated amount within the required time the whole mortgage may be declared due and foreclosed.

Of course the individual investor in a timber bond cannot send out a checker to inspect the timber. So it certainly behooves him to know that the house which brought out the bonds is an experienced, reputable, responsible concern. He should satisfy himself on that point by inquiry through his own banker, or through the broker from whom he buys the bond and of whose good standing he is assured.

New Type
Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen
Pocket Self-Filler

Two predominating features of this new type Waterman's Ideal are the effective simplicity of the ink filling device, and the security of the screw lock cap when carrying the pen closed. Filled from any inkwell by the mere pressure of a coin or other device, through the small slot in the barrel closed by a short, quick turn of the cap, whereby the pen and feed are inclosed in an airtight security chamber.

Made in short sizes for purse, vest or trousers pocket and long sizes for general use. Also in handsome gold and silver mounted styles. In Waterman's Ideals there is a point to suit the preference of Regular, Safety, Self-Filling or Pocket Self-Filling Types.

Make your choice at your dealer's.

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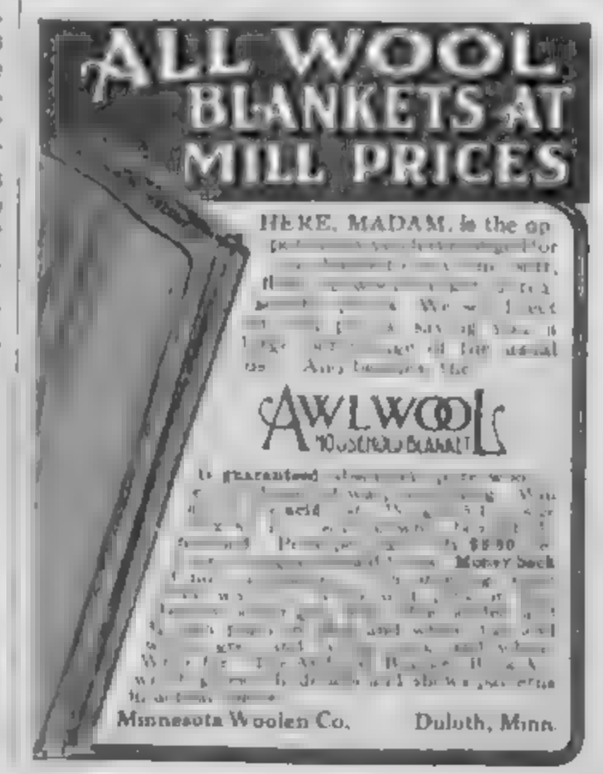
ALL WOOL
BLANKETS AT
MILL PRICES



"It's fu
what a difference a

There is now running, at the leading theatres everywhere, a remarkable *moving picture* play called "That Million Dollar Look."

You are in this photo-play. You—the man who has sought in vain, for years, to find complete clothes satisfaction—you are the hero of the piece!

You are shown going to your local Royal dealer's store for your next Fall suit. You are shown choosing an all pure wool fabric for that suit from the largest and richest and newest Woolen exhibit to be found in the world. You are shown having your measures taken by a system that verily blue-prints your body on paper.

And then the picture whisks your order from the dealer's store to the famous Royal Tailor Shops in

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made To Your Measure
2 All Pure Wool
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4 100% Process Shrunk
5 Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

We pay $1 A Day For every Day of Delay When Royal Garment Isn't Finished

Royal Tailored-To-Your Order Clothes

"Get that Roy

The Roya

Chicago

Look for the Royal Tiger Head Trade-mark on all woolen samples you are shown. Beware of substitutes.

Over 10,000 Royal Dealers Now

unny
few Clothes make!"

Chicago and New York, where you see with your own eyes your suit designed and cut and needled and modeled—with infinite custom tailor skill—into a garment that virtually *IS you*—reproduced in cloth.

The Story of Royal Tailoring—dramatized

BUT that is not all. The suit comes—you call at the dealer's store—you are elated—it is perfect! And wonder of all, you pay for this Made-to-Measure garment hardly more than the price of a stock suit—say $16—$17—$20—$25—$30—or—$35.

When this Picture-Play comes to town—don't miss it. But meanwhile the Royal dealer in your town is ready to make the story *real*, right now. His Fall collection of pure wool fabrics is waiting for you today. Why not call on him—today.

Insist on the genuine!—To be sure you get real Royal Tailoring, look for the Royal tiger head on all woolens shown. There are many imitations but only the one pure gold Royal Tailoring. Accept no substitute.

(Special to Foremost Clothiers:—If your store—the best in your town—is without a Royal Corner, it is an exception to a fast growing rule. Write for special proposition.)

GUARANTY CARD
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

al Tailored Look"

l Tailors

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

148 Branch Royal Stores

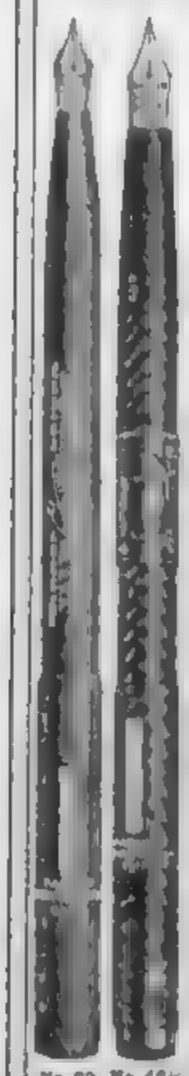
In the finished garment, the Royal Silk Label, with the Tiger Head woven in, is your safeguard.

New York

The Pen that Can't Misbehave

Parker Pens are always clean as a whistle because all the ink is automatically drained out of the ink feed by the Lucky Curve when your pen is not in use. A perfect writing pen and a cleanly pen is a fine combination.

Geo. S. Parker.

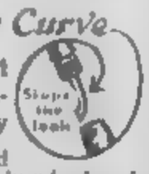


PARKER LUCKY CURVE Fountain Pens

You can bank that your fountain pen will be fit and ready when you want it if it's a Parker. The Parker does not leak or smear the fingers—because of the Lucky Curve. And as a satisfactory writer, it has an enviable record.

The Lucky Curve

The big idea that has made fountain pens cleanly



The pens illustrated are only two of hundreds of different styles in Standard, Self-Filling and Jack Knife Safety pens at $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

15,000 Dealers sell Parker pens on trial. If you can't locate a dealer send for complete illustrated catalogue

No. 20 $2.50 No. 42½ $4.00

PARKER PEN COMPANY

90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

NEW YORK RETAIL STORE WOOLWORTH BLDG.

SALT MACKEREL, CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS. by the FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY, with newly caught KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY cost of Kansas on orders above $3.00. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL the fat meaty juicy fish are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH as we salt it, is white and boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, they are simply boiled and packed in PARCHMENT LINED CANS. [illegible] to you as the quickest and safest [illegible] and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS are a reliable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for a fried fish, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg and deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed [illegible] you can get here and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send BOOK OF RECIPES for preparing all of our fish products.

Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the [illegible] you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

A SINGER'S STORY

(Concluded from Page 20)

My début was in Traviata as Violetta. There was an enormous audience and the American Minister was in a stage box. Throughout the performance I never lost a sense of isolation and of chill.

I knew nobody in the audience that first night, which gave me a most forlorn feeling, as if the place were filled with unfriendliness as well as with strangers. At last I thought of the American Minister, Mr. Foster. I sent my agent to the Fosters' box, asking them to call upon me in my loge at the end of the opera. When he delivered the message he was met by blank astonishment.

"Of course we should be delighted—and it is very kind of Miss Kellogg," said Mr. Foster, "but there is not a chance that we should be allowed to do so!"

And they were not.

The vigilance, even on the stage, was something appalling. All the scene shifters and stage carpenters had big brass numbers fastened conspicuously on their arms, strapped on, in fact, over their flannel shirts so that they could be easily checked off and kept track of. Everything in Russia is numbered. There are no individuals there—only units. I used to feel as if I must have a number myself; as if I, too, must soon be absorbed into that grim monster system, and my feeling of helplessness and oppression steadily increased.

I had over twenty curtain calls that evening—the largest number I ever had. But they did not entirely repay me for the heaviness of heart from which I suffered.

The Triumph of Masini

The thing I particularly appreciated that first night was the honor and good fortune of making my début with Masini, who, according to my opinion, was without exception the best tenor of his time. He would have pleased the most exacting of modern critics, for he was the true *bel canto*. It is told of him that in the early years of his career he sang so badly out of tune that no impresario would bother with him. So he retired, and worked until he had not only overcome it but had also made himself into a very great artist. The night before I sang with him I went to hear him. At first I thought his voice a trifle husky; but before the evening was over I did not know if it were husky or not, he sang so beautifully, his method was so perfect, his breath-control was so wonderful. It was a naturally enchanting voice besides. I have never heard a length of breath like his. No phrase ever troubled him; he had the necessary wind for anything. In L'Africaine there is a passage in the big tenor solo needing very careful breathing. Masini did simply what he liked with it, swelling it out roundly and generously when it seemed as if his breath must be exhausted. When the breath of other tenors gave out Masini only just began to draw on his. I am placing all this emphasis on his method because I know breathing to be the whole secret of singing—and of living too! Masini was a grave, kind man, not a great actor, but with a stage presence of complete repose and dignity. His manner to me was charmingly thoughtful and considerate during our work together. Yet he was a man who never spoke. I mean this literally: I cannot recall the sound of his speaking voice, although I rehearsed with him for a whole season. His greatest rôle was the Duke in Rigoletto, and there was no one I ever heard who could compare with him in it.

Nordica was a young singer doing minor rôles that season, and both being Americans we saw a good deal of each other and exchanged sympathies, for we equally disliked Russia. Our Yankee independence was being constantly outraged by the Russian spy system and we were always at odds with it. One night, when we were not singing ourselves, we had a box together to hear our fellow artists, and invited Sir Frederick Hamilton to share it with us. As we knew there was sure to be a crowd after the opera, Nordica suggested that we should leave our wraps in an empty dressing room behind the scenes and go out by that way when the performance was over. This we accordingly did, going behind through the house by the back door of the boxes, and as a matter of course we took Sir Frederick with us. We had momentarily forgotten that in Russia one never does what one wants to, or what seems the natural thing to do. When we were discovered bringing an Englishman behind the scenes there was nearly a revolution in that theater.

Prince Oldenburg, the Czar's cousin, was the only member of the royal family who could be called a patron of music, and had himself composed more or less. On his seventy-fifth birthday the Imperial Opera organized a concert in his honor, that took place at the Winter Palace; and we were really quite excited, having heard of the Winter Palace for years. I said to Nordica:

"If you'll find out how we get there I'll send my carriage for you and we will go together."

She found out, and we arranged to have the hotel people instruct the coachman as to the particular entrance of the palace to which he was to drive us, for he was a Russian and did not understand any other language. Once started he had to go according to instructions or else turn round and take me back to the hotel for new directions and a fresh start.

We arrived at the palace before any one else and were driven to the door indicated. There we were not permitted to enter, but were directed to yet another entrance. Again we met with the same refusal and were sent on to another door. At last we drove in under a porte cochère and an endless stream of lackeys came out and took charge of us. When they had escorted us inside one took one galosh and one took another, and then they took off our furs and wraps, and there was no escape for us except by mounting the beautiful red-carpeted marble staircase. At the top of it we were met by two very good-looking young men in uniform, who received us cordially and escorted us to the ballroom, leaving us only when the other artists arrived. These other artists looked cross, I thought. The next day, after the affair of the concert seemed to be pleasantly over, Nordica came sweeping into my room like a whirlwind.

"There's the dickens to pay down in the theater!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "All the other prima donnas are threatening to resign! And it is our fault!"

"What have we done?"

"It seems," she went on with an appreciative chuckle, "that we came up the royal staircase and were received as members of the Imperial family, while they had to come in the back way as befitted poor dogs of artists!"

"Nordica," said I, "isn't that just plain American luck? Such a thing could never happen to anybody but an American!"

We learned in due course that our handsome young men, who had been so agreeable and courteous, were grand dukes! But the other prima donnas recovered from their mortification and thought better of their project of resigning.

A Glimpse of the Czar

I had but one desire before we left that dark and frigid land forever, and that was to see the Czar just once. My friends of the English embassy told me that my best chance would be on the route between the Winter Palace and the Military Riding Academy, where the Czar went every Sunday to stimulate horsemanship. So I started out the following Sunday, alone in my brougham.

There were crowds of the faithful blocking the way everywhere—well interspersed with Nihilists, I have little doubt. On this occasion the cavalry and mounted police patrolled the route, and ranks of soldiers were drawn up on either side. Yet there was such a surging populace that, in spite of all the military surveillance, there was some confusion. I was driven up and down very slowly. Then I grew cold and got out of the carriage to walk for a short distance. I had gone a little way and was turning back when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was an official who informed me that I might drive but could not be permitted to walk! So I reëntered the brougham and was driven again up and down, bowing sweetly each time to the officer who had halted me and dared to take me by the shoulder. And finally I caught only a glimpse of the Czar through the hosts of guardians that surrounded him like a cloud.

The assassination of the Czar took place three weeks to the day from that Sunday when I had seen him. It all came back to me very clearly, of course—the troops, the crowding people and the snow. No wonder they were watchful of him, poor man!

Again I was becoming restless—restless in a new way.

"Mother," I said, "let's go back to America. I have had enough of Nice and Petersburg and Paris and Vienna and London. I'm tired to death of foreign countries and foreign ways and foreign audiences and foreign honors. I want to go home!"

"Thank God!" said my mother.

I returned to America without an engagement; but a few weeks later the Kellogg Concert Company, under the management of Messrs. Pond and Bachert, gave the first concert of a series in Music Hall, Boston.

In 1884 I went on a concert trip through the South, and later that same year I went South again on another concert tour. From this time on I did not contemplate any long engagements. I did not care for them. I never formally retired from public life, but quietly stopped when it seemed to me the time had come. It was a Kansas City newspaper reporter who incidentally brought home to me the fact that I was no longer very young. I had a few gray hairs, and after an interview granted to this representative of the press—a woman, by the way—I found, on reading the interview in print the next day, that my gray hairs had been mentioned.

By Way of "Coda"

But there were even more serious reasons than gray hairs that influenced me in my decision, one of which was that my mother had for some time past been in a poor state of health. More than once when I went to the theater I had the feeling that she might not be alive when I returned home; and this was a nervous strain to me that, combined with a severe attack of bronchitis, brought about a physical condition which might have had seriously lasting results if I had not taken care of myself in time.

It was not easy to stop. When each autumn came round it was very difficult not to go back to the public. I had an empty feeling. There is no sensation in the world like singing to an audience and knowing that you have it with you. I would not change my experience for that of any crowned head.

It seems to me as I look back over the preceding chapters that I have put into them all the irrelevant matter of my life and left out much that was important. Many of my dearest rôles I have forgotten to mention and many of my most illustrious acquaintances I have omitted to honor. But when one has lived a great many years the past becomes a good deal like an attic—one goes there to hunt for some particular thing, but the chances are that one finds anything and everything except what one went to find.

In our big young country of America there are the possibilities of many another singer greater than I have been. I shall be proud and grateful if the story of my high ambitions, hard work and kindly treatment should chance to encourage one of these. For though it be true that there is nothing that should be chosen less lightly than an artistic career, it is also true that, having chosen it, there is nothing too great to be given up for it. I have no other message to give, no further lesson to teach. I have lived and sung, and in these memories have tried to tell something of the living and the singing. But when I seek for a salient and moving word as a last one I find that I am dumb. Yet I feel as I used to feel when I sang before a large audience. Somewhere out in the audience of the world there must be those who are in instinctive sympathy with me. My thoughts go wandering toward them as long ago my thoughts would wander toward the unknown friends sitting before me in the theater and listening. So poignant is this sense within me that, halting as my message may have been, I feel quite sure that somehow, here and there, some one will hear it, responsive in the heart.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last in a series of articles giving the Reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch.

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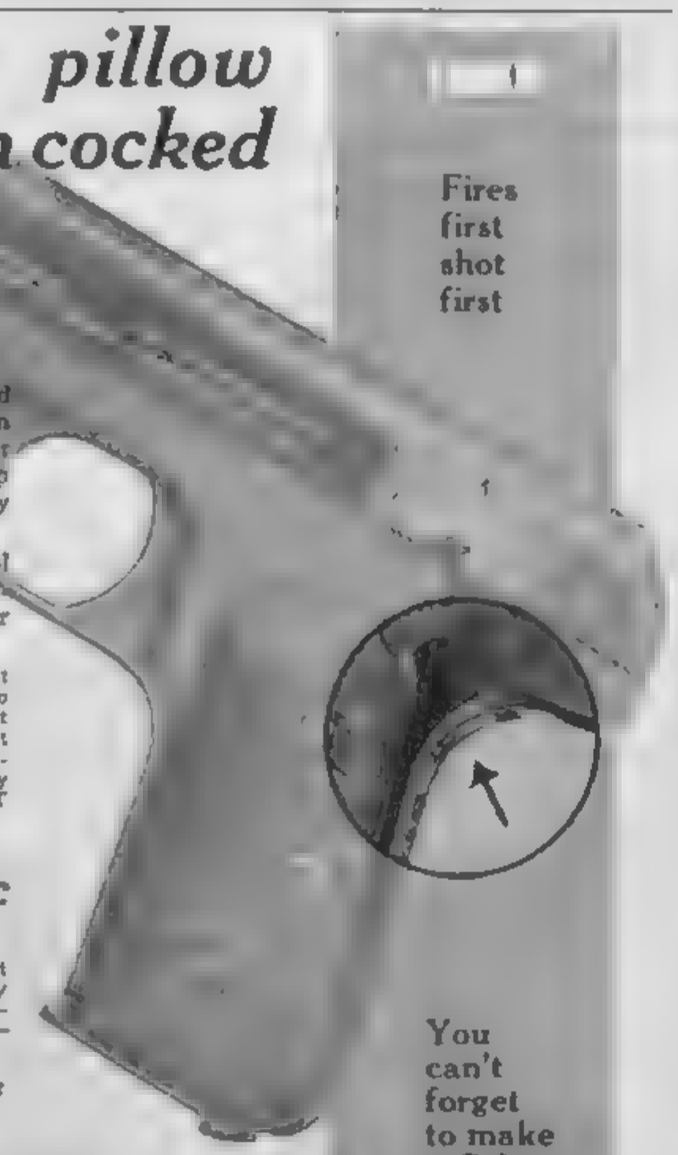
Under your pillow it's safe when cocked



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FOUND IN THE FOG

(Concluded from Page 7)

In a cab in the night in the fog, like a gentleman he tells the husband of this woman and implores him to give her up. The husband refuses, and in despair the man undertakes to send a bullet into his own heart. The bullet is deflected by a rib, the man's arm is caught by his companion, and the second shot intended for himself kills the husband of the woman. What then? Does such an explanation fit your evidential facts?"

"Ah!" cried Monsieur Joncquel, springing to his feet. "*Très bien!*" He remained a moment, his eyes bright and his face tense with reflection.

"It does fit them—it fits them like a key in a lock. Men have killed themselves for love since the world began. The motive is convincing, and the explanation tallies with every physical fact: the position of the two persons, the direction of the wounds—even the very pistol on the cab floor. Nor does this explanation bar the Count de Choiseul from the regard of Madame. It is one thing to kill a woman's husband in cold blood, and quite another to kill him by inadvertence in an attempt to take one's own life for love of the woman. The latter becomes a sort of terrible compliment presently to be forgiven for its motive. My congratulations, Monsieur le Comte!"

He touched a bell. When the servant appeared the prefect inquired if Sir James Macbain had arrived at the house. And being told that the baronet was below, directed that he be shown up immediately.

When the head of the department of London police entered Monsieur Joncquel rapidly explained the situation. The baronet started and snapped his big iron fingers, then he listened with the closest attention. He did not speak until the prefect was quite done with his recital. Then he turned to the Count de Choiseul. He was a huge man with an abrupt, decided manner.

"I do not believe this story," he said; "I think it is wholly false. Nevertheless I will accept it as the true explanation of Lord Landeau's death if the Count de Choiseul will commit it to writing over his signature. I may add that for the examining magistrate also to accept it the Count must include that he makes this statement at his own volition."

Writing materials were brought and the wounded man wrote out his explanation of the tragedy. His face had changed. It was like the face of one who from subterranean perils has gained the upper air. When his statement was signed and witnessed the baronet put the folded paper into his pocket and the prefect took up his hat and stick.

"Adieu, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "I shall perhaps not see you again."

"I will look you up in Paris!" replied the Count de Choiseul with a pleasant smile.

Monsieur Joncquel paused a moment with his hand on the door.

"I fear not," he said. "It is the law of England, Monsieur may be interested to know, that if in an attempt to take his own life one by accident kills another, he is guilty of murder."

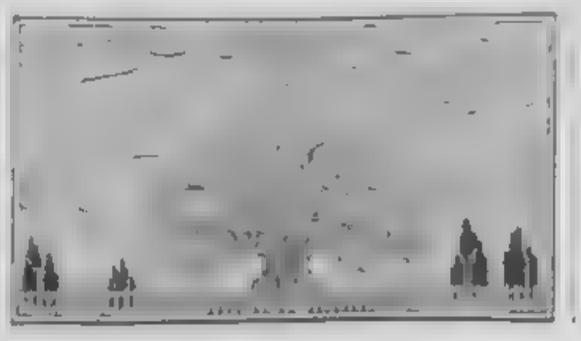
Just Try It

A CURIOSITY in arithmetic has recently been worked out by a British astronomer in answer to the question: What is the largest number that can be expressed with three digits?

The answer is 9^{9^9}.

The figure which this represents is so big that it is awesome. If it were printed in full it would fill thirty-three volumes of eight hundred pages each of fine type. The first twenty-eight figures are 428,124,773,175,747,048,036,987,115,9 and the last two are 89. In between these are 369,693,070 figures.

If you don't believe it, try it and see.



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MY RICH WIFE

Concluded from Page 10

I looked squarely at her. She drew herself up to her full, slim height.

"But, Marcus, I do. We are not!"

"If you were a poor woman you wouldn't object to going with your husband wherever he demanded."

"But I'm not a poor woman. I'm rich."

"Either you go with me or I go alone!" I answered. It had always seemed to me that I had never followed any situation with her to its finish. I meant that this fact was not to rise up to confront me at the end of my life. I was going to see this through. "Answer me one way or the other! Do I go with you or alone?"

She came and put her bare arms round my neck; she laid her fair head on my shoulder until the little curl over her ear brushed my mouth.

"Marcus, my love!" she said.

Then she cried. The tension broke. I relaxed my tightness.

"Oh, hell!" I said. "Can't a man have any finished, consistent conversation with a woman? Must she always lie down on it and cry before reaching any logical conclusion? I tell you one thing, Madeline—nothing of that sort goes now! We finish this! I'm not going to be sidetracked." She gasped for breath and grew chokingly hysterical. "Answer me one thing," I demanded: "When I go out there on Wednesday do I go alone?"

"Marcus," she gasped, "give me only a few minutes to answer you. I want to talk about it a little."

"No talk! I've listened to my last talk."

She laid her head against my chest and sobbed. I did not feel anything like so much of a brute as I should have expected.

"I have lost—I have lost my power over you, Marcus," she sobbed.

"Yes, you have," I answered.

I felt emancipated. For the first time since the wedding ceremony I felt myself to be my own. This woman was mine and, by Jove, I was going to conquer her! I loved her not less, but more; and so should she love me and do my bidding.

Madeline answered nothing, but sank to the floor. I was moved; but still I gave no sign and I did not intend to. It was a game; she would do anything to get her way. She would use her charm, her temper, her selfishness, her wealth, her sex, to gain her point. She simply had to get it. But this time she was not going to win! In conquering her I was conquering life.

Madeline's Winning Trump

"Marcus," she breathed presently in a voice so soft I only felt it, "will you lift me to the bed?" I picked her up and laid her as gently as I could on the pink satin coverlet. I seemed to be steeled in an icy armor. She had not even tempted me to yield my position. "Marcus, if you have not killed me and will listen patiently I will try to persuade you why it is not best for us to go. Even if you would sacrifice me, you surely would not have your babies born there! I am sorry, Marcus, but I should have supposed—I had thought I should make you happy ——"

The meaning of what she was trying to tell came to me slowly. I covered my face with my hands. "Oh, God!" I said in despair. But the next moment I felt relief—pleasure. I could not fight against such an argument as that. Madeline's child—the old baron's grandchildren—could not be born and educated out there. I was not my own after all! I had put up my best fight and lost. Not myself, but all the outside forces of the universe were turned against me. The career I had seen was not to be. Smilingly I contemplated the dawn of another life, the direction of which I gathered in New York. There were more kinds of success than one, and a certain sort had knocked long since at my door. I felt myself relax in that moment from my old eagerness to the blasé acceptance of what life had for me.

I think my gait was a little slacker from that day. All incentive to activity was gone; it had long been kept alive only by artificial stimulation. I now indulged myself in whatever satisfaction the homage of applauding onlookers would bring. I was a rich woman's husband, an influential man's son-in-law; and by indirect influence I could bring wealth and influence to bear on any situation. I had authority and comfort and the equipment for spending life pleasantly—and what did it matter how I came by them?

Seven days later my wife's father returned. He went round the house bruskly and took toward me the attitude of a dissatisfied employer. The lady that he had pursued across Europe had married an Austrian.

"Merciful Heavens!" he began the morning after his arrival. "Breakfast at nine! When I was a young fellow I was at the mine at seven thirty. My son-in-law still superintendent of a small section! He ought to have worked himself by this time to the assistant-managership of the whole business instead of sitting round home smoking his father-in-law's cigars."

The Price of Idleness

I did not quail as much as I should have supposed. I recognized that he was not expressing a deep-seated displeasure with me, but a passing disgruntlement over something else. I wished for day after tomorrow, when it would have subsided—as, indeed, it did. A week later we were planning a touring trip of three days. Madeline interrupted her preparation to run on to the screened porch with a copy of the mining magazine in her hand. She was excited and displeased. I could read the signs in her eyes. Pointing an accusing finger at a long paragraph, she demanded to know how it had happened that Mary Winslow's husband got that position for which she—Madeline Somerville—had worked! She could not bear it! Mary's husband was appointed expert of the commission, consisting of men, nationally distinguished, to go abroad, accompanied by their wives.

Madeline's father had evidently pointed out the notice to her and the two had talked it over in some displeasure. She remained to reproach me for it until called to look at the vacuum bottle before it was put into the lunch basket.

I felt a dull, inexplicable pain. I was not envious and I did not want the position. Curiously enough, my regrets were only for Madeline. Poor little girl! It was the very thing in all the world that would have delighted her. I would have given a leg—I would have taken any amount of trouble—to have presented her with that. It was such a little achievement! It would have been so easy to get! I always knew that some day there would come a thing she could not have, for all of her money and parental influence—and here it was! She was thwarted; and I, goaded by all her criticisms and taunts, could not get it for her! I should not hear the last of it for many a day.

This great event did not take my interest from the mining magazine, now that it was put in my hands. There were a number of paragraphs which presupposed information that I did not have. Presently one caught my eye for which I was prepared fully. The young civil engineer I had known in Vancouver was achieving his aims. An item mentioned that he was far in the interior of Japan, where he headed a steel construction company. How that brought the past before me! If I got one of those letters again I thought maybe I ought to accept it—if Madeline could possibly be persuaded; but I knew I would not, and there were more ways of spending your life successfully than one.

How we were all succeeding! That young engineer was a clever fellow. And really I had done the best of all. The afternoon air blew softly against my cheek and made me feel the luxury of being idle for a time. Madeline called to me petulantly after a few moments to hurry along.

I rose reluctantly, my reminiscent musings disturbed. I was thinking about that traveling salesman from Dublin who saw such enormous chances for starting a rubber store in Honolulu. I wondered whether he was succeeding too!

Cleanse the face thoroughly

Rub its lather in!

Sun-Tanned Skins

How to rebuild them

That "out o' doors look" which the summer days have given your skin will go out of fashion as the Fall season of indoor pleasures approaches. To have a skin you can be proud of during the coming months you must remove the effects of summer exposure and restore your skin to its natural whiteness and texture.

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Tonight just before you retire, wash your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, using a stiff face brush or wash cloth. Rinse, and rub the cake of Woodbury's itself over your face several times. Massage into the skin the soap thus left on the face and leave it on all night.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This cleansing, whitening treatment with it gives nature just the aid it needs to restore the natural beauty of a sun-tanned skin. Use it persistently for a few weeks (stopping if your skin should become sensitive) and you will see a marked improvement.

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For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c a cake of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B 5, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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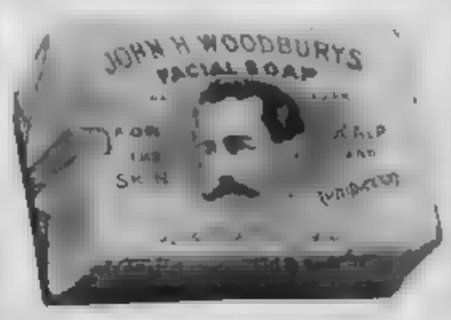

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Don't you feel like cutting the traces, and getting away to the hills? Let's strike out what do you say?

Push the switch of the electric starter. There—the engine is running with scarcely a sound. Now the starter has reversed and is recharging the batteries ready for the next time. It does all this automatically. You don't have to give it a thought. It's the Silent Entz system—the best yet—it never fails.

Floating Away Like a Swan

Close your eyes now as we let in the clutch; see if you can tell when we start. This new clutch is a wonder. The steel discs with their many fingers of cork, grip so firmly, yet so gently, that we move away with the silent grace of the swan. The start is almost imperceptible.

We're off. Notice how flexible the power—mounting quickly to 20—30—40 or even 50 miles an hour. Now we throttle it down to two, without shifting gears—then away again swift and silent as the eagle's flight.

This wondrous flexibility is in the motor itself. There's no need to resort to cumbersome double gearing.

The Mystery of its Silence

Listen as we speed her up a bit. What do you hear? Nothing but the rush of the wind. Hard to believe the car is running 40 miles an hour.

We have discarded the noisy little wedge-like cams still generally used. They knock the valves open and snap them shut. Our cams are big and oval. They lift the valves and slide them shut with velvety smoothness.

So here we are spinning along at fifty miles an hour as quietly as at fifteen. This silence tells you that there is no friction, no wear; that year after year this car will keep on running as quietly and smoothly as it runs today. When you can have such a car, why be content with any other?

Quick! The Brake

There comes the Limited around the curve. Ah! stopped her within four lengths from a forty mile speed. No wonder. The brakes of the Chalmers Six, in proportion to horse power, are twenty-five times as powerful as those of the locomotive that just flashed by.

It gives you that comfortable feeling of security and care-free reliance which is the very essence of motoring pleasure.

An Immense Saving for You

Before we start up again, let's see what this motor looks like. A beauty, isn't it? Not a moving part in sight.

I am sorry you can't see the valves. They are made of Tungsten steel so hard you can cut glass with it. The terrific heat of the cylinders never injures them.

So they never leak nor waste power. They rarely need regrinding. This put this car way ahead of others still using ordinary steel valves which wear out much more rapidly.

Tungsten steel valves cost us $80,000 extra per year but they mean an enormous saving to you.

Easy Chair Comfort

Have you noticed that in this car you don't feel the vibration you do in most cars? To prove it I'll stand my pencil on the cylinder with the motor running. That shows a smoothness impossible in any four-cylinder car and very rare among sixes.

You know vibration is the chief enemy of durability. The absence of it nearly doubles the life of a car. It doubles the comfort too. You can ride all day long in the New "Six," with the comfort of your easy chair.

Saving Money on Gasoline

Before I close the bonnet, see how we heat the fuel three times on its way to the cylinder. Two jackets of hot water and one of hot air. So even with the low grades every atom of gasoline is instantly turned into power.

This master motor makes you independent

1914 The New "Six"

$2175

(Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit)

Roadster, Four and Five Passenger	*$2175*
Six Passenger	*2275*
Coupé	*2850*
Limousine	*3600*

All Bodies Interchangeable

of high priced and low quality gasoline. Think of the saving in a season's fuel bills.

A Little Friend in Need

I am going to show you something that will surprise you.

Watch now as I cut down the power until we barely creep along. I am not giving the motor enough gas for the work it is doing. I will cut the gas even more. You see, any motor would ordinarily stall with so little gas. But now I push out the clutch to change gears.

At once, this wonderful motor picks up. The Chalmers-Entz electric starter does it.

The moment the motor speed drops below a certain point the electric starter goes to work automatically. It keeps the motor running—won't let it stop. It requires no attention. You throw the switch when you start out—that's all. Think what that means in crowded traffic.

Don't Worry About Hot Bearings

See that oil indicator in the dash? It tells you that every spot that needs oil is getting it; including the clutch. You never have to worry about any of the bearings getting hot. You simply know they can't.

Just fill up the oil reservoir and forget it. For here's an oiling system that takes care of itself.

Until we adopted the system it was used only by the three highest priced cars in the country.

$75,000 To Keep You Clean

Don't shrink as we run at full speed through this stretch of mud. Those oval fenders sit so close over the wheels that not a drop of mud or water can possibly reach you.

$75,000 extra seems like a lot to spend for oval fenders; but I wish you could see the big machines required to cut and press them out of a single piece of steel.

You notice there's not a rivet to rattle—not a joint nor angle to catch the dust. What a speedy, graceful effect they give to the "Six."

Mounting Like Eagles

Up we go—taking the long mountain grades as easily and quietly as the level stretches. The absence of effort is amazing.

The power of this master motor seems limitless. Its valves are bigger and open wider than common; they can't obstruct the flow of the gases. All six cylinders draw gas equally from a super-heated reservoir.

This means steady, ready power all the time; power in reserve—equal to any unusual demand. Power so flexible that gear shifting is rarely resorted to. A complex double gear mechanism is not needed with this motor.

On Top of the World

Two hours away and here's a new world spread at your feet.

Let us take a look at the car that made it possible.

Look at the graceful lines of the bell-shaped body—roomy and comfortable. Ample doors without mouldings, and fitting so perfectly you can scarcely trace their outlines. Tires in the rear, leaving the running board clear.

Gas tank in the rear too. That's a big feature. It balances the car better. It is convenient to fill; a gauge shows at a glance when it needs filling. It holds 22 gallons—enough for a long drive. It is made of pressed steel with a single joint electrically welded; can't possibly leak.

Chalmers Motor Company.
Detroit, Mich.

Of course, you've noticed that the driver sits on the left where he can guard against danger from passing cars. That throws the control levers to the center and forward, leaving plenty of room to enter from either side.

A Home Run

Luncheon over—and we're off again for the level. See how gently our big brakes ease us down the steep grades; how our long underslung springs and deep upholstery cradle us over the bumps with the comfort of a rocking chair, down once more to the good hard roads of the valley.

We'll let her out a bit now. Watch the speedometer. 40 miles an hour, and she is running easy as a thoroughbred. 50 miles an hour and yet without perceptible vibration—without apparent effort. Oh! what a ride; the landscape flying backward like a scudding cloud. I tell you, man, that's living.

Surely in all the world there's no car like this. It means a luxury of motion you've never dreamed of; a world of enjoyment in motoring you have never known.

Put This Car To the Test

Go ride in the New "Six." Let our dealer take you out on our Standard Test Ride. It imposes no obligation. It's a part of our regular sales plan. It is our way of proving to you that this car will do things that no other car will do.

Call on our dealer. Let the car itself win you.

But first write for our literature. Get all the facts. Mail this coupon.

Send me literature explaining why the New Chalmers "Six" is the Master Motor of them all.

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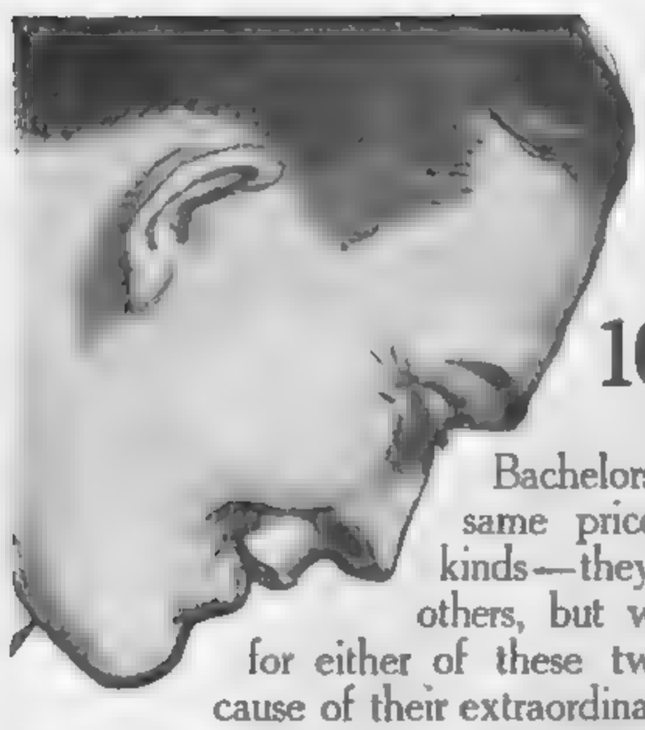

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Not guarantee argument alone, but

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Bachelors' Friend Socks are just the same price as ordinary guaranteed kinds—they are also guaranteed like others, but we don't ask you to buy for either of these two reasons alone, but because of their extraordinary 100% quality, namely:

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TRADE MARK
SOCKS

are for men who are particular as to fit, comfort and appearance, and yet who would be sure of their money's worth in wear.

Absolutely Fast Dyes. We positively guarantee Bachelors' Friend to be dyed with genuine imported German dyes which are the best and fastest known.

From every quality standpoint—raw material, welt, reinforcing and dyeing—for wear, comfort, silky feeling and appearance, Bachelors' Friend are 100% quality value.

Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades—every box guaranteed.

Box of 2 pairs guaranteed 2 months
" 3 " " 3 "
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Special—lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, $1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer so that we can arrange for your future wants.

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
YORK, PA.

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 23)

She had accomplished the whiteness of virginity, the smiling mystery of a girl in her small, round, freshly colored face.

Pursuing the impudence of my own fancy, I wore a gown of gobelin blue embroidered in gold. This was the color Alice had made famous in Millidge with her fairness. For years not another woman had dared it, being sure that she would invite a comparison that would not prove favorable to her. This was what I defied, that comparison—with my hair braided close to my head, which is very small, with not a curl loosened to complement or relieve the contour of my face. And while Alice invariably wore sapphires or pearls I wore no ornaments. My shoulders and neck, round and full and perfectly molded, proclaimed what Alice could never afford to proclaim—that I did not need them. She was growing thin. The hollows above her collarbone required concealment.

The music had begun when we entered and the younger set were already dancing.

"You promised me this waltz," said Augustus, fidgeting beside me with rickety animation.

"But not with children. Wait till the dance really begins," I protested, anxious to defer as long as possible the ordeal of appearing with him upon the floor.

We were joined presently by Margaret and Emmet.

"Joy, you bold girl, how dare you risk that gown! I thought Alice was the blue flame of Millidge!" she exclaimed, laughing.

"Do you like it?" I asked, wondering a little at her cordiality.

"I like you in it better than Alice. If you'd worn blue oftener she might not have worn it at all. And Mr. Marshall is entranced. He positively couldn't wait for some one to relieve him of my poor presence before he asked you for a dance. Or was it two or three you wanted?" she exclaimed, turning to make a little mournful mouth at him.

"You always give me three, don't you, Joy?" he said, as I offered my favor.

"Three the first year I was out, Emmet; two the second; one tonight," I laughed.

The circle about us widened as others joined it. The pleasant din of conversation increased above the music, which was becoming more insistent. The floor was now filled with gracefully swaying couples. Suddenly a silence like a breath passed over us. Every eye was riveted upon the door at the end of the room through which three persons were entering—Charlie Archibald and David Brock, with Alice between them. She wore a gown of carmine velvet, cut low at the neck and with long, tight sleeves that came down over her hands. Her yellow hair was curled low about her face and held in place by a band of carmine velvet.

I watched her advance with astonishment and dismay.

"That's the understudy of Mary Garden," said Margaret quickly.

We laughed as we recalled the fact that Mary Garden had appeared in an opera in Millidge some weeks earlier, wearing a gown of exactly this shade and with her hair curled low upon her temples in the same fashion.

There was a very old woman seated against the wall behind us. Her face was withered like parchment, her eyes were rheumy and dim. She had palsy and her head wagged incessantly. She tried to steady it, only to make it swing more violently from side to side as she fixed her eyes upon Alice.

"Mary," she quavered to her companion, "who is that coming? In my day proper women didn't dress like that. She looks like a flaming sword borne between the devil and a saint!"

The simile was too apt. Margaret exchanged a glance with me primly and moved aside to speak to Francis. David certainly looked the part of Satan. His face was flushed, his lips drawn to the tension sometimes seen when a man is in a delirium. His head bent, the black pupils of his eyes distended in a passionate gaze upon Alice, who was smiling archly as she replied to something he was saying. Charlie walked upon the other side, grave and pale. He gave the impression of not being present, of having escaped through the quiet skies of his singularly clear eyes into another place. There are many women and a few men who ascend when all about them seems to have descended. He appeared now in this bright confusion, in this din of music and tinkling voices, like a mysterious figure upon a distant horizon. It was an incredible achievement of which he was not himself aware.

Emmet bent his lips to my ear:

"Mrs. Archibald is about to be court-martialed!" he whispered.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Look at Mrs. Buckhaulter! I told you three years ago this would happen!"

I lifted my eyes in time to see Mrs. Buckhaulter return Charlie's bow, and then receive Alice's salutation with a stare that plainly denied her existence. Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Gillfilling followed her example.

Alice stood a mere instant confused. Then, flushing rosier than her gown, she looked from one to the other of them. But the three old dowagers neither moved nor changed expression. They became the ugly graven images of virtue, tilted back like fat idols against the wall. Father and the other men rose and bowed with alacrity, like old courtiers endeavoring to conceal a breach in fine manners. Alice moved on a little hurriedly to overtake her escort, still smiling, with her train licking the floor like a flame, her slim back bowed and her shoulders insolently lifted.

"It's over; sentence is passed," Emmet whispered.

Margaret was still engaged in a kind of amused altercation with Francis. Their courtship, if it was a courtship, had progressed in this manner from the beginning. It had consisted of a series of violent or semi-violent quarrels, Margaret being the offender, Francis the accuser. Her patience consisted in a kind of feminine amusement at his distraction.

Augustus was frisking here and there in the immediate neighborhood, greeting his friends and ever and anon looking back over his shoulder at me, like a man who watches a young filly he does not trust to stand without his hand upon the reins. He was an artful lover, who carried on a perpetual politician's courtship with the public and devoted the remainder of his time to the woman he was permitted to admire.

"Your little old widower is becoming noticeably attentive," said Emmet, observing him.

"Don't speak of it," I answered, smiling ruefully. "He doesn't know at this moment whether he's going to marry me or Mrs. Franklin. He's sneaking down there to her now; aims to get to her, whisper an ancient compliment and be back here before the next dance begins."

As if to fulfill my prophecy, he made a run, dodged nimbly out of sight behind the dancers and reappeared, bowing like a cricket with his arms akimbo before Mrs. Franklin, whose old painted face bobbed and smirked at him like an artificial rose beneath her diamond tiara.

Emmet and I exchanged glances of amusement at the comedy they enacted all unconscious of observation. It was brief. Augustus hurried back. Margaret had dismissed Francis. As they approached Emmet whispered to me:

"Joy, I choose the last dance before the reel. Will you sit it out with me in the colonnade?"

"Yes," I consented, smiling back at him as Augustus drew me into the waltz.

There is nothing so monotonous as the life of polite society. The passionate zeal with which it is pursued is a phenomenon of artificial existence that cannot be explained. The dullest life lived in the remotest backwoods by men and women of merely rudimentary intelligences is full of the wildest adventures by comparison. For there Nature takes a hand. She sweeps a forest to the ground with a cyclone; she strikes a barn with lightning. She buries a poor man's flock of sheep in the snow, or she gets out of bed on the wrong side some winter morning, slaps a flask of whisky into her hip-pocket, takes an ax, goes to the nearest saw-mill, and commits a murder as naturally as a business man blows his smoking breath into the frosty air of the city streets. Or she puts on a misty moonlit veil, takes a dew sprinkler, passes over hills and valleys a night in the early spring, lifts the grass from the frozen sod, changes the brown of furrowed fields to green, blows ten thousand flowers into

(Continued on Page 44)

Mallory Hats

"Cravenetted"

HIGH Quality, Correct Style, Fair Price—these features are made into every Mallory hat. Besides—they have an advantage *no other hat can possibly possess*—they are Cravenetted. This keeps a Mallory hat new looking and makes it last longer. A Mallory is not an "assembled hat," but is made (from raw fur to finished hat) under our own supervision in one of the world's largest and most complete hat factories. These are some of the reasons why, since 1823, Mallory hats have been worn by successful men—men who know values. Ask your dealer.

Look for the Mallory trade-mark. It stands for newest hat styles and great hat value.
Also look for the Mallory glass sign at your dealer's. It's a sign of the best in hats.

Prices, $3, $3.50, $4—Velours, $5 to $10

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MENTOR Underwear for boys and girls is made in the pure fresh air of the open country near Lake Erie.

Every suit is sterilized before it is packed. When you buy Mentor you get more than high quality and durability in the fabric: you get the comfort that comes from perfect fit.

The Mentor Closed Crotch (patented Oct. 18th, 1910) can't gap or sag, can be buttoned by a child and is always closed whether buttoned or not. Get the right trunk measurement and you automatically get the right fit.

Mentor is made in all sizes, weights and styles for boys and girls, as well as for men and women.

If you can't find Mentor Underwear, send us your dealer's name and we will mail you a special booklet with samples of all the Mentor fabrics.

The Mentor Knitting Mills Co., Mentor, Ohio

(Continued from Page 42)

bloom in a silence so sweet and fragrant it becomes a joyful miracle before the astonished eyes of hymn-singing men and women. Or if the crops are laid by and a calm threatens the community she remembers her soul, falls upon her knees and starts a revival. She makes a great excitement upon the immeasurable heights of man. She drags him to the altar. She lifts him from it redeemed and vociferous. No masked ball, however extravagant or splendid, can approach this ineffable reincarnation of souls, this spiritual upheaval of the highest from the lowest in a rural humanity. And it lasts longer, even until the labor and acquisitive animation of the harvesting begin. There is no sameness, no ennui where Nature controls the situation.

None of these things happens in polite society. Nothing really happens there. The life of it is a ritual of receptions, luncheons, teas and balls, all planned according to custom. I do not know why we endure it. The monotony, the awful, hopeless sameness accounts for half the vice that results. It is Nature still struggling to release us, to create a diversion; Nature divested of her rights, which consist no less of piety than they do of golden sheaves, of blossoming fields and of love. She cannot even accomplish the necessary animation of destruction. A well-constructed skyscraper will break the back of a hefty cyclone. If a blaze starts in a garage the fire department puts it out. If a man kills another it is not a tragedy, but merely a common crime. There is nothing left but to be burned alive in our sins, or to be preserved in our tight-waisted virtues like useless jewels in a safety vault.

This New Year's ball did not differ from a hundred others, except that it proved to be the gaudy and appropriate obsequies of the fairest woman in Millidge; the occasion when Alice danced gayly and madly with David into that outer darkness which rims society everywhere and is the background of it. She was to be seen at all the public functions after this, but never again in certain houses that were quarantined against her as if she had been a disease. Her name became a whisper among women like Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Buckhaulter. Thus do the best women always dispose of the other kind. They shroud them in silence deeper than the grave affords. It is by no means the mantle of charity, but a terrible sentence from which there is no appeal.

The hours passed, and I passed through them like an orator hurrying to his peroration. I had partners enough and to spare for every dance. When a woman places herself upon the bargain counter she does not need to say so—men know it. She becomes a pretty piece of merchandise which they consider but do not choose. I was aware now of the change in their manner to me and, like many other women in a similar position, I accepted what I could get in lieu of what I wanted. I permitted Bunk Hopgood to call me "Jolly." This exchange of Jolly for Joy implied the significance of the situation; the marking down of my price, so to speak. I have vowed to tell the truth, and I set it down here. If any one of them had asked me to marry him I should have accepted him instantly. I had come to that.

The trouble is when a woman goes so far, that also is known. She acquires the glittering affirmative expression. Her eyes are two yeses beneath accenting brows. Men read the script of her face as if it were a poster and become wary.

I was obliged to content myself with the assurance from Chan Peters that I was a "good fellow." This was the way he had of putting me in my place, of removing me from dangerous proximity. I regretted that I had not accepted him in his freshman year.

Bunk Hopgood went a step farther.

"Jolly," he whispered, as we waltzed together, "you are the prettiest girl in the room and you certainly know how to give a fellow a good time. I've always said that!"

He pressed my arm closer, intimately.

"Bunk, you are a flirt!" I retorted.

"Not with you, Jolly. I'd never dare to flirt with you."

"Why?" I laughed.

"'Fraid! Got a card up your sleeve. All the fellows know that," he snickered.

"What card?" I questioned.

"Not the queen of hearts for me, Jolly. Still you could—you might trump with it." He wagged his head knowingly.

I bore this speech without resentment. I could not afford it. Self-respect is somewhere above the commercial level in femininity. One often loses it without losing the rest. A chaste woman may destroy some ineffable part of herself. It is a violence she does to her immortality rather than to her mortality. The law which guards and defends that is different, more binding. This was the statute I had broken. I was now one of those pretty licensed outlaws in society who, being without love, barter for it. I was ready to exchange myself for a husband, for any husband who could maintain me in the state I desired.

At last Emmet came to claim the dance we were not to dance. This was the peroration I had waited for. As we left the sultry, crowded ballroom I felt my heart leap like a sword from its scabbard. Every faculty of my mind hastened to the intrigue. This was not love and it was not desire. It was the soul of an adventuress bent upon a certain achievement.

There was a long colonnade adjoining the ballroom. It was furnished with crimson hangings between mirrors on the walls, with tubs of enormous palms and a row of small tables where men came to smoke. We chose a seat in a corner behind one of the red and white columns. Emmet drew the table nearer. The shadow of one of the palms fell over us. He was observing me curiously. I returned his glance archly, sidewise. Then as if he had made up his mind concerning a certain matter he struck the bell on the table. A waiter appeared and he gave an order.

"We must have something to drink. Dancing is a thirsty business," he laughed.

The fellow returned presently with two tall glasses, slices of orange and cherries shining like gems in the amber liquid.

Emmet lifted his.

"Here's to Love and the lips of a fair lady!" he said, regarding me quizzically over the top of his glass as he drank.

"I like the first toast you drank to me better, Emmet," I replied.

"I remember—to Mistress Joy Marr! May she remain what she is and never change! But you have changed, Joy," he added.

"How?"

"You have become the product of yourself," he answered enigmatically.

I was silent, barely tasting the punch as I revolved this reply in my mind.

We feel more than we know and we know more than the boldest of us dare put into words. Still there remains what we do not know—the guess of the future. As the champagne punch mounted in my veins I fumbled in vain at the door of Fate. I knew that he did not, never had really loved me, but I knew that he was still madly infatuated with me. The past weeks of his apparent indifference—what did they signify? I resolved not to question him about this. I was willing to forego any explanation if by this pocketing of my pride I might win him, become engaged to him and make good the boast to David at the bazar. I was ready to play the card up my sleeve, any card, as I felt his impassioned gaze upon me. But the more intoxicated a man is with a woman, with merely her charm, the soberer his judgment becomes concerning her. He has a sixth sense hard to drug into matrimony.

I waited for him to speak. I did not know then that a man has no more need for words in a certain mood than a wild animal in a jungle. Language becomes at such a moment the betrayal of emotions older than speech. They commit him when the action does not. Therefore this strange elemental silence between us.

Suddenly he leaned forward, seized my hands, drew me to him and kissed me. He held me roughly to his breast. I realized instantly the difference between love and passion. They are no kin. The latter is merely a kind of physical rage.

"Emmet," I sobbed, "you have no right! Let me go!"

He laughed, brushed down the braids of my hair ruthlessly, as if so he would uncrown me, looked into my eyes, now wide with horror, and kissed me again.

"You are merely a broker in lovers, Joy, and your victim has the right to take whatever advantage he can!" he retorted, almost thrusting me from him.

I sat, scarcely breathing, leaning against the column.

"Go!" I whispered, not trusting myself to look at him.

He arose, stepped quickly round the table and left me.

I do not know how long I sat there, dishevelled, horrified, understanding at last that this was his vengeance, not his love.

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The sight of my hair hanging in braids upon my shoulders aroused me. I rearranged it methodically, regarding myself in the mirror.

Age is not a matter of years, but of moments. If certain hours were left out of life we should never grow old. I beheld the image of a stranger in the glass; the white, pinched features of a woman who had suffered something unworthily, whose innocence was a sort of guilt, whose beauty was a shame. I wondered what I should do. I could no more have returned to the ballroom than if I had been stripped naked.

I heard footsteps approaching and drew back farther behind the sheltering palm. David and Alice passed, leaning the one upon the other. I saw, rather than heard, David entreating her; saw her withhold rather than refuse what he asked. They paced the length of the colonnade, then returned slowly to the ballroom. Silence again, but with what a difference!

A clock began to strike somewhere below. A hundred bells gave tongue. Whistles blew. The town was in an uproar. The old year was passing. The music in the ballroom changed to a livelier tune. The reel had begun. Then suddenly I saw Charlie Archibald coming. Not the same calm figure I was accustomed to see, but a man blazing with strange fury. He walked hurriedly, looking from side to side, like a savage searching for his enemy. I knew that he was seeking David and Alice, and I knew by the drawn-sword expression of his face that they had escaped death by an accident, that if he had seen them as I had seen them nothing could have saved them. This was one of those incidents of fashionable entertainments, common enough, which never get into the society columns of the daily papers. But they are founded upon that secret interest that keeps the thing going.

Charlie sped rather than walked the length of the colonnade, flung open a door at the end which gave upon a balcony, went out, and then returned moving more slowly, like a man confused but still convinced.

We are queer creatures, moved by motives as conflicting as the web of destiny. So do we spin it, very fine, with many a thread in and out, which cannot be raveled, only tangled. As I watched this man approach, bent upon doing the very thing I most desired, I resolved to intercept him, to cover the retreat of Alice, to give it the appearance of innocence. I do not know whether I was moved by the desire to protect her or to shield David. I was simply changed, and I acted accordingly.

"Charlie!" I called.

He paused, looked about him astonished. I parted the leaves of the palms and poked my head through, smiling.

"Are you looking for Alice or for a burglar?" I asked.

"Yes!" he answered hoarsely, coming across and seating himself beside me.

"Which, Alice or the burglar?" I insisted, laughing.

He did not reply, only stared at me, breathing deeply, lips compressed.

"She and David have just gone. You missed them by less than a moment. We were having some refreshments here," I explained easily.

I do not know if dissimulation is the first or second nature of a woman, but it is one of her natures. I do not remember ever having had the least difficulty in telling a lie better than I could tell the truth. It was a kind of artificial veracity with which I was gifted.

He looked at the table, then back at me.

"There are only two glasses here," he contradicted.

"I have a headache; I did not take anything."

Slowly his expression changed to one of infinite relief. But he remained silent, as if he feared to trust himself to speak. He knew that I knew what was passing in his mind. And I knew that he was grateful, without entirely believing me.

"The reel is over. We have missed it. Shall I take you back to the Honorable Augustus? He was looking for you frantically when I came out here," he said presently, smiling at me like a convalescent, still distraught with a recent intolerable agony.

"No, send him here. He's too old to keep late hours and I must go home. My headache is getting worse," I answered wearily, feeling the return of my own distress now that the strain was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Hamilton, Brown dealer, anywhere, can show you the American Gentleman Shoe. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name and address of the Hamilton, Brown dealer in your locality.

Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis Boston

HUP

The 1914 Hupmobile is in the hands of Hupmobile distributers.

We believe this new Hupmobile to be the *best* car of its class in the world.

By *best*, we mean best in internal essentials, especially. We mean best in those things which make for long life and continuous service at lowest cost.

But we believe you will also pronounce it the *most beautiful* car of its class in the world.

We believe we have put *more money into the chassis* than any car of its class in the world.

We base these beliefs on our conviction—

That the production of this new Hupmobile incorporates a greater tonnage of *high grade steel* than any car of its class in the world;

That this new Hupmobile is the *largest user of aluminum*—without regard to class or price—in the world;

That the frame used in the new Hupmobile is the *costliest piece of pressed steel construction* used by any car of its class in the world;

That the Hupmobile long-stroke motor will *outpull any engine* of its class in the world;

That the Hupmobile *pressed steel body*—designed by us and built by the builders of Pullman cars—is the costliest body used by any car of its class in the world;

That Hupmobile *springs* utilize a greater tonnage of *costly* steel—more than 2,000 tons—than any other car of its class in the world;

That Hupmobile bearings—Timken and Hyatt—are the best in the world; one whole Hyatt building being devoted to Hupmobile bearings.

We repeat—for readiness; for ruggedness; for smartness of style; for fineness of finish; for daily work on the road; for extremest economy—we believe this new Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Details of The 1914 Hupmobile

Long-stroke, small-bore motor; cylinders cast en bloc, with enclosed valves; three bearing crankshaft, hollowed for circulation of oil; chain drive for magneto and cam shaft; unit power plant with multiple disc clutch; full floating rear axle; hood harmonized with body, without abrupt break at the dash; gasoline tank under the scuttle dash or cowl—

These are Hupmobile features which were new to the American market when the present type Hupmobile was introduced almost two years ago.

They are standard in the Hupmobile for 1914; many of them have been adopted by other American manufacturers; and a forecast of the 1914 European models published July 3 in *The Automobile*—the recognized authority—shows that nearly all of them are included in the latest Continental productions.

More than that, they remain Hupmobile standard because, in nearly two years of service, they have demonstrated their worth

The body is unchanged, save for minor detailed improvements. The back of the front seat, in the touring car, is upholstered; the doors are upholstered, with pockets, and given a more substantial appearance.

A rain-vision, ventilating windshield replaces the present type, though still hinged at its point of attachment to the car, so that it can be lowered forward if desired.

The capacity of the gasoline tank is increased approximately three gallons.

Oversize tires—33 x 4-inch—will be regular equipment for the $1200 car; also demountable rims, one extra rim and rear tire carrier, which clamps the rim without touching the rubber casing.

An electric horn, concealed under the hood, is included in the equipment. The horn button is at the centre of the steering wheel.

Electrical starting and lighting are accomplished by the Westinghouse two-unit system—separate generator and starting motor—with independent magneto ignition. Thus the ignition is not cut off in case accident should befall the generator, nor is the starting motor disabled for like cause, having the battery's store of electricity on which to operate—an advantage not found in systems where all electrical functions are centered in one machine.

The six-volt starting motor is practically built into the Hupmobile engine.

By means of a pedal convenient to the driver's left foot, a gear is shifted into engagement with a gear on the flywheel. The same motion of the operator's foot that engages the gears also closes the starting switch, and the starting motor is revolving slowly before the gears engage, thus greatly facilitating the operation.

The electric lighting equipment includes two headlights, with 16 c. p. bulbs adjustable for focus, and combination electric and oil side and tail lamps.

Current for the lamps is drawn direct from the generator, except at very low speed on high gear; so that the battery current is used only for the starting motor. The generator automatically keeps the battery up to full charge at all times.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

SPECIFICATIONS

"32" Touring Car or Roadster—$1050 f. o. b. Detroit

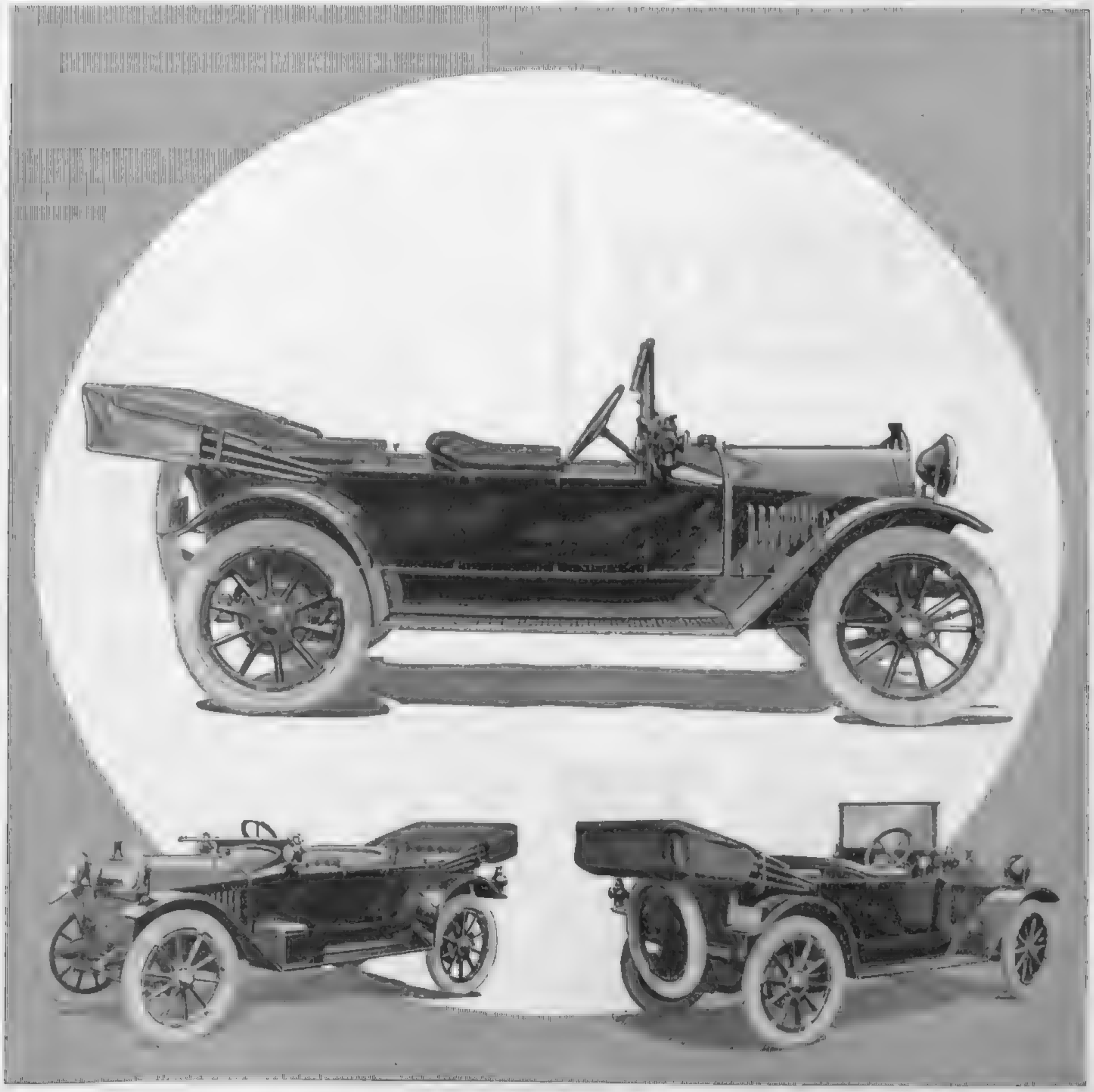
Four-cylinder long-stroke motor [illegible] power plant [illegible] Full floating rear axle [illegible] Tires 32 x 3½, Q. D. Rear shock absorber. Magneto rain shield.

Equipment—Electric horn, rain vision ventilating windshield; mohair top with envelope; Hupmobile Jiffy curtains; speedometer; cocoa mat in tonneau. Prest-O-Lite; oil lamps; tools Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with Westinghouse two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights; oversize tires, 33 x 4; demountable rims, extra rim, and tire carrier at rear—$1200 f. o. b. Detroit.

The car of The

mobile



American Family

Just as bodily health causes a healthy, wholesome complexion, so *mouth* health keeps the teeth sound and white and the breath untainted.

The finest complexion, the most engaging personality of man or woman suffer a terrible handicap if teeth and breath are bad.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco keeps good teeth lustrous, pearly, immaculately white, because it overcomes the mouth-acids that *cause* decay and discoloration. For though you do not realize their presence, yet the chances are 20 to 1 (so dental authorities agree) that the acids in your mouth are slowly eating into your tooth enamel and making openings for the decay-germs to enter and make cavities in the softer interior of the teeth.

Pebeco is specially made to overcome this all-but-universal acid condition of the mouth, as well as to do all and more than ordinary "toilet article" dentifrices do in cleansing, polishing and whitening the teeth. Its superiority as a complete dentifrice is due to this *double* service. Pebeco cleans the teeth and *saves* them.

Send for FREE 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and prove by actual test that Pebeco Tooth Paste is a scientific tooth preserver, and a beautifier and purifier of the breath, the use of which is a distinct pleasure. Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold by your druggist in extra-large, economical tubes that save money as well as teeth. Try it.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William St., New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

PATENTS OR FULL VALUE OBTAINED OR ALL FEES BACK

Write us at once for particulars, and proof that we will find you most to get most money for your invention. B. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. K, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

Salesmen Wanted For high-grade side line to stationery, drug and jewelry trade. Big commissions. Pocket samples. Commission on re-orders. References. State territory

AUTOFILLER PEN COMPANY, 913 Jefferson Ave., Toledo.

Your ideal of a sock!

You want a *four*-fold quality in your socks:

1st; Durability: The heels and toes of Iron Clad No. 398 are knit with the strongest yarn ever put into socks. Remarkably lasting.

2nd. Appearance: Iron Clad No. 398 has that soft, lustrous texture that you only expect to see in high priced hose.

3rd, Fit: Iron Clad No. 398 has a snug, elastic fit that is wrinkleless on the leg and soft and comfortable on the foot. And it is *seamless!*

4th Colors: Iron Clad No. 398 gives you a wide choice of beautiful shades. Black, White, Navy, Mode, Wine, Heliotrope, Champagne, Copenhagen Blue, Golden Tan, New Salmon, Dark Tan and Dark Grey. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

Iron Clad 398—Only 25c

If you would try this hose you would unquestionably be pleased. Thousands buy it regularly. Every pair is *guaranteed* to give satisfactory service. If your dealer can not supply you, why not send us a dollar today for a *four-pair* trial? We'll PREPAY postage. (State colors and size

A free catalog in colors!

Here is a handsome guide to good hosiery. Brimful of illustrations, some in actual colors, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. A postal card will bring you a free copy.

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

THE GOVERNMENT COMPANY

(Continued from Page 13)

in line. The cry was that these heartless receivers were taking the bread out of poor people's mouths; they were turning virtuous families into the street to starve. James Jones' bald head, spectacles and chin-whiskers became as familiar to newspaper readers as the President's teeth. There were touching interviews with his aged wife. He had worked twenty years for the city and was now thrown out a beggar! There were plenty more like him. It did make an effective story; and when a charitable organization called mass meetings to protest it looked as though we were in for a serious disturbance.

The city, however, was employing over eighty-five thousand men. Its payroll amounted to nearly a hundred million dollars a year. We had seen James Jones making one ledger entry every eight minutes. The comptroller's own investigation showed clerks doing one-quarter of the work they ought to. That kind of thing ran all the way through. If we could not stop it we might as well throw up our job.

So we chose that psychological moment to pull off a fine disclosure of police graft—having put a corps of detectives at work gathering material even before the receivers were appointed. Of course there was plenty of graft to disclose. We began by arresting a couple of lieutenants and at the end of a week had an inspector behind bars. That sensation knocked James Jones, *et al.*, into a cocked hat! The public forgot all about the mass meetings; and even the newspapers that had hammered us hardest felt bound to praise the receivers for discovering the grafters—as though any child could not have done that!

We did not forget, though, about James Jones. It was hard to turn virtuous families into the street; and, whatever the public said about us, we were not the men to see people suffer when we could prevent it. So Peter Thorne, Tom Briar and myself held a little conference and decided to take care of James Jones and his fellow victims.

Not long before this John Stone had given twenty-five million dollars for his famous Soldiers of Peace Fund. This was a very pretty idea which had been unloaded on him by a couple of preachers and three society ladies who had gone in for the uplift because their nervous systems would not stand late hours any longer. Soldiers of war were pensioned when they were disabled; but faithful servitors were disabled in peace also. Why not do something for them? That was the gist of the scheme. The newspapers praised it; a young poet, who did stunts along Fifth Avenue for tea and the social advertising, wrote some touching verses about it; and altogether John was quite tickled about the thing.

There were seven trustees of the fund. Tom Briar and I were two. A scion of the local aristocracy that we happened to have stranglehold on was a third, and the fourth was a distinguished and widowered college professor, who was trying to marry Peter Thorne's daughter. That gave us a clear majority of the board. If the city employees whom we discharged were capable of working at all we tried to find other jobs for them such as running elevators and answering the telephone. If they were so far gone from habitual laziness or age or drink that they really could not work, we pensioned them as soldiers of peace. John Stone roared quite a bit about it—said we ought to chip in on the pensions; but we insisted that his money might as well go to these soldiers as to any other. So one threatening difficulty was overcome.

To show that it was a real difficulty, I will say that not a great while before this the president of the Borough of Manhattan discharged forty-four cleaners because they were absolutely not needed. Some press comments ran as follows: "Widows are deprived of means of supporting themselves and helpless dependents: one has three children to support, the eldest ill. Another supports the children of a dying sister. Two widows have been caring for sons dying of consumption in two single-room houses. A man of sixty-three must hunt work. Another received his dismissal the same week he buried his child. To such a fine point has the great city of New York brought economy." And because of these press comments, the borough president reinstated the forty-four cleaners on the payroll—protesting all the time that they were absolutely not needed.

The above is all set forth on page eight of an old report on city government that was published just before we took hold; and I want to say right here that every bit of this stuff I am telling you about the city government can be found in well-authenticated reports—with a ton or two more of the same sort if you care to look it up. But, with at least forty-four superfluous cleaners on the payroll, did the city get good service? Were its offices cleaned? For an answer to that question, turn over to page nine of that same old report and read as follows:

"Cartloads of dirt were taken from the rooms of the department of finance. The floors were so dirty and so hopelessly infected that it was necessary to remove their surfaces by planing. There is no longer any mystery about the ravages tuberculosis has been making among the department's employees—fifteen having died from it in one room!"

There you have a picture of the whole thing—the payroll loaded with superfluous cleaners while dirt and tuberculosis germs accumulated under their feet; amazing ease in getting anybody on the city payroll; amazing difficulty in getting anybody off it!

It did not stop with the city payroll, either. One day Williams dropped into my office with a bundle of tickets as big as your head.

"Know what they are?" he asked. "They are labor tickets that were just sent to the borough president. He turned them over to me. You see, there is a terrible pressure on everybody round here for jobs. The little politicians stock in trade consists of his ability to get jobs for people who are unable to get jobs for themselves or to hold them under competitive conditions. The little politicians pull on the big ones. They're always hungry for more jobs!

"Well, they load down the city payroll until it's waterlogged, but the pressure for jobs continues; so they turn to the big corporations that have a constant relationship with the city and get jobs from them. There are seven hundred and fifty tickets in this bundle. Every ticket represents a job with a public-service corporation. They were sent to the borough president to be distributed round among such henchmen as he might select."

"That's rotten bad business for the corporation!" I observed.

"Well, not so bad as you'd think," Williams replied. "You see, these corporations are more or less under surveillance by the city. There are laws and ordinances they are supposed to obey. To see that they do obey, the city has inspectors. Well, I have just been going over our corporation inspectors, and I've fired seventy-four of them in a bunch—the worst lot of bums and heelers you ever saw! One of them said: 'Why, you're taking our work away from us!' And I replied: 'Oh, no—you've never done any work! The record shows that. I am merely taking your salaries away from you. Otherwise you will be exactly as you were before.' The corporation provides so many jobs for political distribution, in return for which favor the city has it inspected by some bum who can be relied upon never to trouble it. Beautiful system—ain't it? You can bet your life when a corporation provides three or four hundred jobs for ward heelers the city of New York pays the wages in one way or another quite as much as though the fellows were on the city's own payroll!"

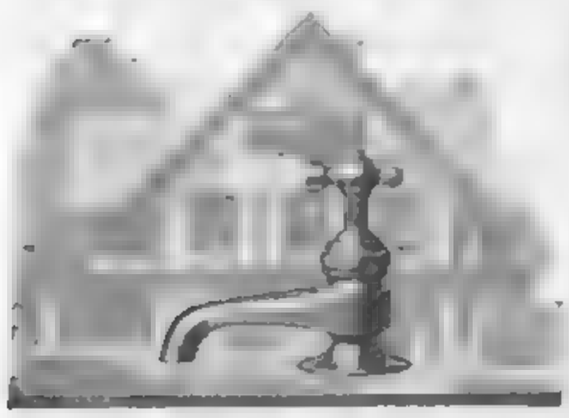
I thought it over a minute and exclaimed: "Why, this d——d concern will eat up the town!"

This, like everything else I'm writing, is all in the reports.

Well, we went through the payroll—discharging the fireman who was personally conducting a saloon in Harlem; the water-department foreman who spent four thousand one hundred and eighty-five dollars in one year in repairs on a nine-hundred-dollar automobile; the engineer and stoker of the water department's yacht who for three years took turn-and-turn-about getting drunk; so that the boat was practically never in commission except when a party of city officials wanted to go off on a spree with it, and put in substitutes. This yacht, by-the-way, was supposed to be used to catch water thieves. Its own log showed that for nine hundred and seventy out of

QUICK-PRESSION FAUCETS

PATENTED



Guaranteed Against Faucet Troubles

RESIDENCES

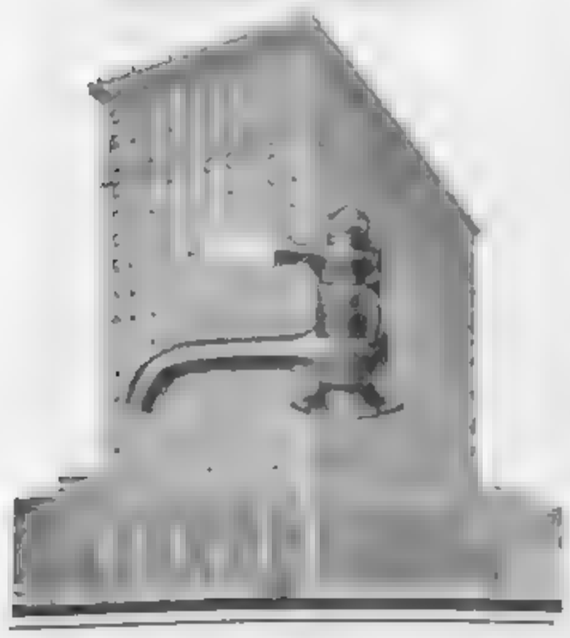
Quick-pression Faucets for residences are radically different from others in construction, and proven right by five years of perfect service in thousands of homes. They open and close with quarter-turn of handle, do not leak, never rattle, drum or thump, last for years and years; and are beautiful in design, perfect in workmanship.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

For other places where faucets are given continuous hard usage and economy in water consumption is demanded the make Quick-pression Faucets. They open with a quarter turn close automatically, and have the other advantages mentioned above.

Send for free booklet "Faucet Facts," and ask your plumber to show you the faucets. Always look for the name "Quick-pression" and the guaranty tag.

The Central Brass Mfg. Co. of Cleveland
Originators and Sole Manufacturers of
Quick-pression Faucets
6119 Cedar Ave. S. E. Cleveland, Ohio



Winter-Proof Paint

White Lead, like the metallic lead from which it is made, is tough and ductile. With linseed oil it combines into a leathery and elastic paint film that stretches in summer and contracts in winter without breaking. The adulteration of White Lead destroys this elasticity, weakens the resistance to extremes of temperature and finally results in cracking and scaling paint.

White Lead made by the modern Carter process is guaranteed strictly pure and has every good quality of any pure White Lead. And it is so fine that it has unusual covering capacity and durability, and is so white that it has established a new standard of whiteness for white paint and given new life and beauty to colors.

To get the utmost value in paint, have your painter use Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil mixed to your order.

Everything you want to know about house-painting is told in our text book **"Pure Paint."**

Free, with six modern color schemes, to property owners.

Write for it.

Carter White Lead Co.
12060 S. Peoria Street
Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ rate, prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata D

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

one thousand days it was out of service; and to keep it in service for thirty days cost over a thousand dollars a day. Talk about catching thieves!

These, however, were only a few of the spectacular cases. The common case was either that the man was incompetent or that under an intelligent businesslike organization there would have been nothing in the world for him to do. Remember that the city was employing over eighty-five thousand men and spending nearly a hundred million dollars a year on its payroll! You can imagine what a cleaning out there was!

About this time there was a nasty little fire on the lower West Side in which four firemen were killed. They had carried a hose into a burning building, but the hose had burst, leaving them without water; and the fire caught them. There was no doubt the hose was rotten; so we called in the chief of the fire department—a first-rate fellow too. His duly recorded testimony was about like this:

"Don't you have your hose regularly inspected to see whether it is sound or not?" I asked him.

"We are supposed to," he replied; "but of late we haven't; in fact, I'm afraid to. You see, so much of it is in poor shape that if it was inspected and condemned we wouldn't have enough left to fight a fire with. It's better for us to do the best we can with what we've got than to be without any—though it was tough on the poor fellows at that fire!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped John Stone, who was present. The papers said John was heartless, but he never asked a gang of his own men to fight fire with rotten hose!

That naturally started us off on city supplies, for the city spent over twenty million dollars a year for supplies of various kinds. It was just about like the payroll. There were a hundred and twenty different departments or branches, and anybody who wanted anything and could get hold of the money went out and bought it to suit himself.

"See my collection of leadpencils," said Edgar Thomas to me one morning, pointing to his desk. It was literally covered with leadpencils and hardly two of them were alike.

"These are only a few of our seven thousand different varieties," he added.

When any principal of a public school, or anybody else who had any authority, needed leadpencils he just sent out to the nearest stationery store—or perhaps to a friend who was in that line of trade. Now years and years before that our railroads had adopted the system of buying all supplies for the entire line through one central bureau which watched the markets, bought in big lots, and consequently got the lowest prices. But our poor railroads had no money to waste and the city had. Incidentally it is a positive fact that we saved fifteen thousand dollars a year in the purchase of leadpencils, pens and ink alone; and the records are there to prove it.

"This is interesting!" Thomas observed another day. "Here are two police station houses of about the same size. One reports that it has burned fifty-two tons of coal the last six months, and the other that it has burned only ten!"

It was interesting to us only because we were used to the simple ways of business and strangers to the art of city government. We found that the city accounts for years and years back were full of just such glaring discrepancies as that. Apparently nobody had ever noticed them or paid the slightest attention to them. Different city departments bought coal on their own hook. Scarcely any two of them paid the same price for the same coal. Nobody noticed it. Nobody cared. Some time before this the city had spent quite a lot of money installing a new modern furnace. The great advantage of this new furnace was that it would burn three-dollar coal where the old one, to give as satisfactory results, required five-dollar coal. Of course the saving in coal would presently pay for the furnace; but the city had gone right on feeding five-dollar coal to the new three-dollar furnace every day since it was installed!

Not only was there no system in buying but dealers delivered what they pleased—and then the stokers burned what they pleased. You see, there was no system anywhere; no standard; no checking of one man or machine against another. For example, one department was paying a dollar and eighty cents a bushel for oats and at the same time another department was paying

THE EVER-READY blade shaves close and clean without a scratch or pull. It has no equal.

The entire, complete EVER-READY 12 bladed outfit for $1.00 is marvelous value. A triple plated, rustproof, lather catching safety frame, guaranteed ten years—twelve (12) triple tested guaranteed EVER-READY blades (12—count them), stropper in handle and all in a solid, splendidly made velvet lined case—all for $1.00.

We'll return your dollar quickly if not the best shave of your life.

Sold throughout the world by Druggists, Hardware, Cutlery and General Stores. Everywhere you can buy

Extra Blades—10 for 50c.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

STANVAR
is a Household Necessity

You need it because there are dozens of important uses to which it can be put.

Your floors will be better to look at—cleaner, more sanitary and easier to keep in perfect condition—your doors, woodwork, tables, chairs and every piece of furniture can easily be kept free from streaks, and finger marks, *if rubbed occasionally with a piece of cheese cloth moistened with* STANVAR.

STANVAR, the twentieth century wood finish, gives that most desirable, wax-like appearance to all wood surfaces. Floors treated with STANVAR have a beautiful, wax-like appearance without the dangerous slipperiness of wax.

STANVAR is a boon to all women who aim to keep their furniture, floors and woodwork in a beautiful and sanitary condition. Here are some of the uses which thousands of enthusiastic STANVAR users have discovered

Baby Carriages	[illegible]	Screens
Bedsteads	Dining Tables	Serving Tables
[illegible]	Doors	Settees
Bath Tubs (outside wooden frame)	Floors (Varnished and Painted)	Sewing Machines
Beds	Front Doors	Side Boards
Book Cases	Linoleums	Stairways
Bureaus	Oilcloths	Tables
Cabinets	Picture Frames	Trunks
Chairs	Porch Chairs	Window Frames
Chiffoniers	Refrigerators	Window Seats
		Woodwork (interior)

All leading house furnishing, paint and hardware dealers are advocating and selling STANVAR. *Fill in and mail the attached coupon, and we will promptly send you a liberal sample of* STANVAR, *together with instructive booklet describing in detail its many uses.*

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
2600 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS, 2600 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample can of STANVAR.
Name
Address

two dollars and seventy cents. Nobody had inquired why. The keep of horses cost a hundred and forty-three dollars a head a year in one department, and two hundred and seventy-two dollars a head in another. They were all too high; but in any respectable private business the discrepancy would have been noticed. Here nobody paid any attention to it.

I remember very well one day when Edgar Thomas took me through the water-department stores. I do not know how many hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars may have been represented there; but nobody could find anything. As an actual fact, the stuff was so hopelessly mixed up that they had practically given up trying to find anything. If supplies of a certain sort were needed the commissioner, instead of wasting his time searching through the jumbled stores, just sent out and bought a new lot. Of course this new lot would be more than was immediately needed, and the balance would be tossed into the junk heap and virtually lost!

The police department kept a ledger that was supposed to show supplies on hand. These supplies embraced four hundred and fifty different articles. An actual count showed that as to only sixteen articles out of the four hundred and fifty did the amount on hand agree with the ledger. Some articles were short by thousands of items. Of others there were thousands more on hand than the ledger showed.

Well, we went after these things just as we would if we had found them in a railroad we had bought; and we were getting along beautifully when up came a cloud from an unexpected quarter that looked pretty ominous.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Birdmen's Guideposts

SIGNS on the tops of the gasholders that are so prominent in every city in Christendom are now proposed as the best form of guideposts for aviators. The Société Technique, of France, composed of experts on gas matters, has a committee working out a plan to mark all the gasholders of France in this way.

The idea is to mark on the top of the holder the latitude and longitude figures for that locality in characters more than two yards high. By referring to a map the aviator can readily determine the name of the community. By printing the figures on an east-and-west line the aviator will be given further help in steering his course; and furthermore, as he approaches a city and notes its gasholders, if he knows even vaguely which direction is north he will be able to fly over the holder in such a course that he can easily read the figures. One difficulty is the increasing use abroad, especially in England, of spiral gasholders. These great steel cylinders have no iron frames outside for guides, but have spiral strips down the sides, so that when the gas tank sinks, as its gas flows into the mains, the telescoped tubes twist down into one another and figures printed on the top would not keep an east-and-west direction.

An Official Kicker

A NEW job has been devised by an American railroad president—that of kicker for the public. The president's son asked his father to find a summer job for his college roommate who had no railroad experience, but was anxious to work in the summer to help pay his tuition fees at college; and the request came just when the president had about formulated in his mind a new plan for improving the road's service and bettering the attitude of the public toward railroads in general. He hired the college boy at eighty-five dollars a month and expenses, and instructed him to keep himself in the mental attitude of a patron of the railroad and to kick at everything that, as a patron, he did not like.

So the college boy has been traveling up and down the railroad every day. If he sees a dirty station he writes a letter to the president. If he hears a fellow passenger complain about the service on the dining car another letter goes in. Poor accommodations to meet a rush for tickets at a station might be noted—and so on. The other side of the railroad's affairs is also given attention, and the boy writes to the president of any kind words about the railroad he hears a patron say, or any specially courteous treatment from an employee.

PHOENIX SILK HOSE
provides the quality that good judgment demands, the economy that prudent

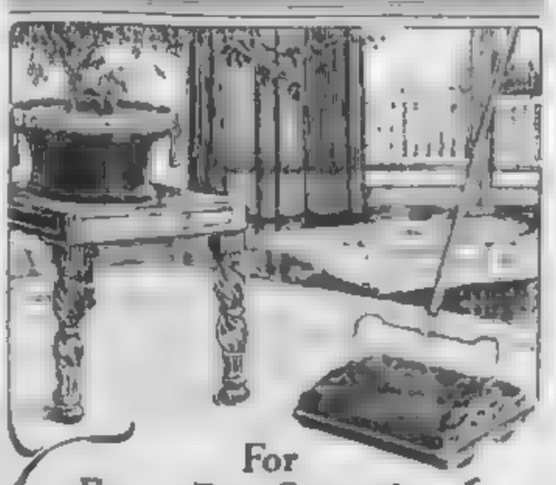
Made of the very finest pure-dye thread silk procurable, Phoenix Silk Hose possesses the exquisite lustre and soft, clinging texture that is so much desired, yet its cost is low and its service wonderful

IN DISTINCTIVE 4-PAIR BOXES

ALL COLORS AND WEIGHTS

There is no longer a "silk hose season"—twelve months in the year well-dressed people enjoy the luxury and elegance of silk hose—and no single factor has contributed more to make this condition possible than Phoenix Silk Hose.

Men's 50c., 75c., $1.00 Pair
Women's, 75c., $1, $1.50, $2 Pair
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee



For Every-Day Sweeping

We make no claim that the Bissell Sweeper is a whole power plant in a nutshell, nor that it will do the *impossible* feat of pulling dust right *through* the average carpet or rug nor that you can run it up the side walls or clean upholstery with it.

But we do most earnestly maintain that for *all around daily use* the Bissell excels any other method of cleaning carpets and rugs in the genuine service and convenience it offers

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" BALL BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

cleans without effort and with no injury to the carpet. Its lightness makes it easily transferable from one part of the house to the other. At dealers everywhere for $[illegible] to $[illegible]. If your dealer does not keep it write for booklet "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"We Sweep the World"

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
That's all we want to know
Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff [illegible] rich in a week [illegible] but if you can make money [illegible] portfolio cartoons and sample lesson plans [illegible]
The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 818 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O

Ball-cup Nipple FREE

Mothers, send us this advertisement [illegible] to try baby with [illegible] at bottom—will not collapse, feeds regularly. Outlasts ordinary nipples. Only one to a family
State baby's age, kind and quantity of food.
Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1362 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Hall Section

"RANGER" BICYCLES

LOWEST PRICES We sell the best grade bicycles at exceedingly low prices [illegible] celebrated models from $12 up. A few good second hand machines $3 to $8
10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, [illegible] DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and our attractive offer.
A postal brings everything. Write it now.
TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries, half usual prices. Rider Agents [illegible] Write today
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F-55 CHICAGO

"THE VELVELOUR"—Something *Different*
Fashion decrees "Velours" "The Velvelour" sets you apart from the "crowd." Sold only by us. Of finest velvet velour, silk serge lined. Three colors Dark Brown, Dark Gray Black [illegible]. We charge [illegible] PREPAID Money [illegible] Order now—simply state size and color, and enclose $2. Write for "1913 Fall Style Book"—FREE.
FRENCH CO., 240 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

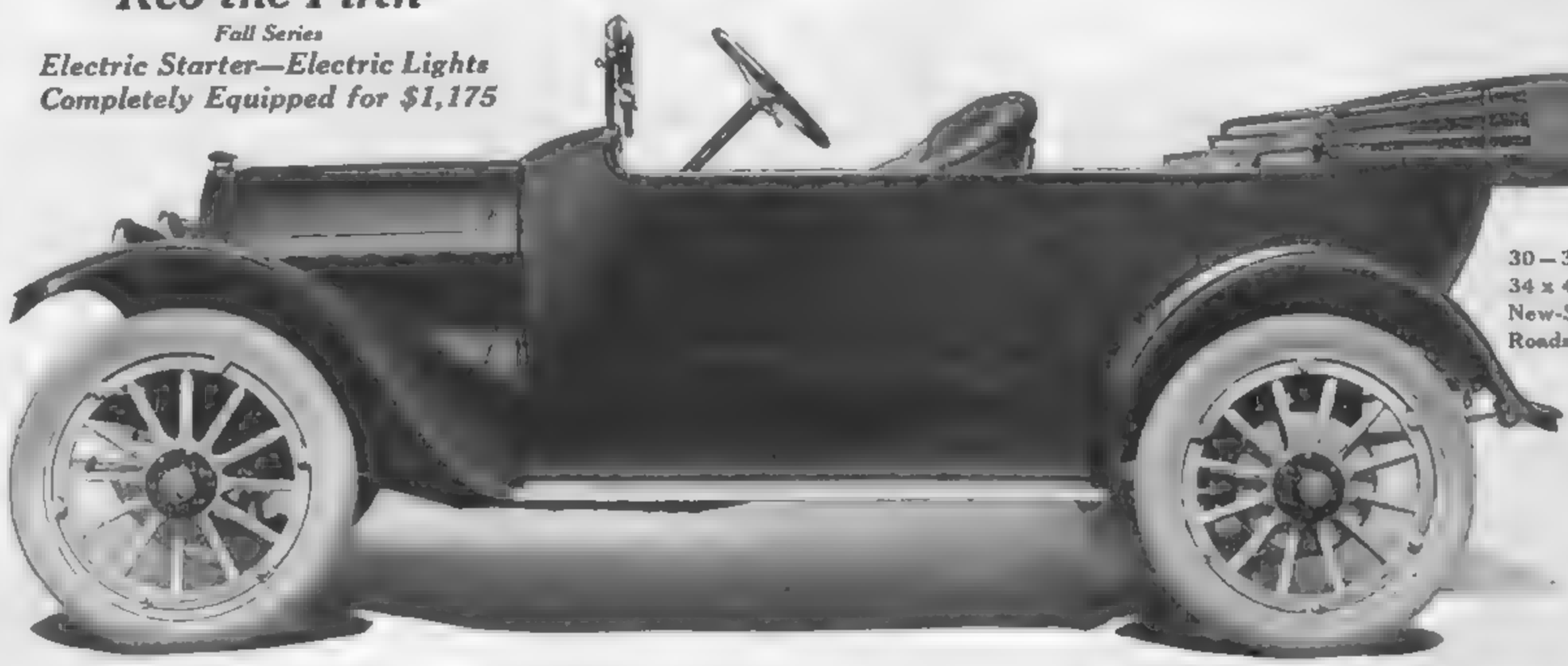
The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Brush your Teeth this Way!!!
Not This Way

We Dress You Better

For less money or no charge. Suits and overcoats made to order $15 to $20. Pants $3.50 [illegible], express prepaid. Style, fit and wear guaranteed. Established 1840. No agents. Send for samples. State color preferred.
PEERLESS TAILORS, East St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Reo the Fifth

Fall Series
Electric Starter—Electric Lights
Completely Equipped for $1,175



30—35 h. p.
34 x 4-in. tires
New-Style Body—
Roadster or Touring Car

Now $220 Less

Last season's model of Reo the Fifth, with electric starter and complete equipment, sold at $1,395. And the year was our record year, exceeding our previous year by 25 per cent.

Now we have added many improvements. And, without sacrificing one feature, without skimping one part, we are quoting the car at $1,175 complete.

This is how we have done it:

The best electric starters cost much less this year. Our chassis is standardized. Our capacity is largely increased.

All the special machinery, jigs and tools for this chassis have been charged against previous output. These items from now on are wiped out from our cost.

So we offer you now the best car that R. E. Olds ever built. We offer the handsomest car that ever went from this factory. And we offer a price of $220 less than we ever before sold a car of this class.

This is the greatest innovation which has ever been offered in the history of the Reo concern.

Reo the Fifth with Many Improvements

The New Things

Now comes this car with a new-style body—a low, rakish, low-hung body. A wider body. A cowl-front body with a gondola back—the very latest mode.

The instrument board, with all instruments set flush, is brought within reach of the operator.

The windshield is ventilating, clear vision and rain vision. The search lights have dimming attachment. The upholstering is deep and soft.

There's a new-style tire carrier on the back, which also holds the tail light and the number tag in a manner which complies with all laws.

We add an electric horn.

The transmission has been changed in ways which accomplish utter silence.

Electric Starter Electric Lights

Now Reo the Fifth comes completely equipped with all that modern cars require. No extras are needed.

Electric self-starter—electric lights.

Speedometer—windshield—electric horn.

Mohair top, curtains and envelope.

Extra demountable rim.

Tools, robe rail, etc.

Our Exclusive One-Rod Control

This car alone has our center rod control. A rod which connects directly with the gears. No outside levers, no connecting links.

The gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. And the rod isn't in the way.

No side levers, no brake levers. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. The driver's entrance from either side is clear. These appealing features are found in no other car.

Every Feature Retained

We still retain every costly feature which made this car distinctive. It is still the best car R. E. Olds can build, after 26 years' experience

The steel is twice analyzed, so the strength is made certain. Each vital part, at much added cost, is given 50 per cent over-capacity.

The gears are tested for 75,000 pounds per tooth—the springs for 100,000 vibrations.

The car is over-tired. We use 15 roller bearings and 190 drop forgings. The carburetor is doubly-heated.

All the extremes, all the costly precautions which made this car famous are here. All the tests and inspections—all the margins of safety—all the utter exactness. This car is built for low cost of upkeep, and to run year after year as well as it runs when new.

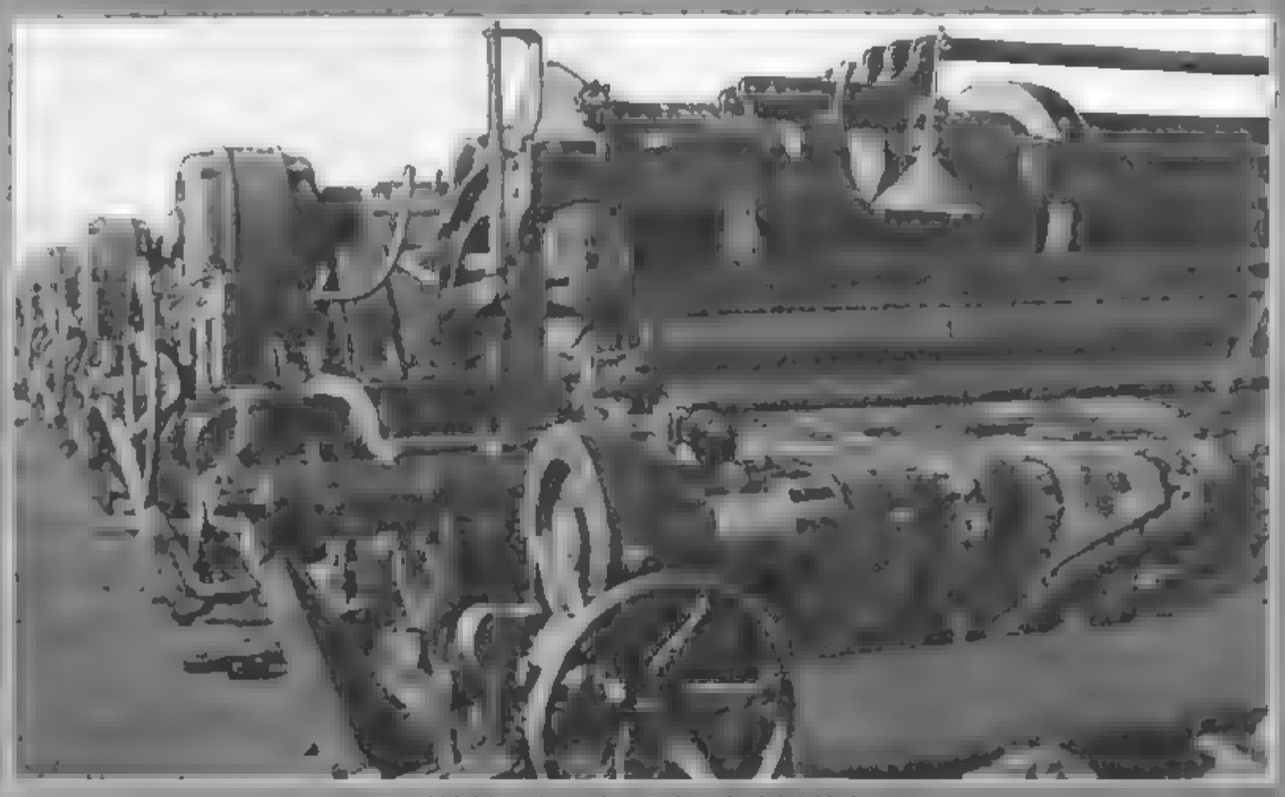
Now with all these unique features, with all these improvements, we quote you a saving of $220. That's the result of three years' concentration on a single model. Such a car at such a price would be otherwise impossible.

Look where you will, you will not at this price—nor anywhere near it—find a car you would think of preferring.

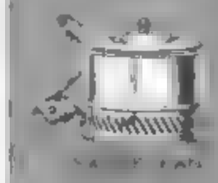
We have dealers in a thousand towns. Go see this new model and ask when you can get one. Also write for our catalog with full specifications, details and comparisons.

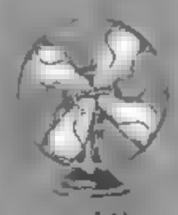
R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

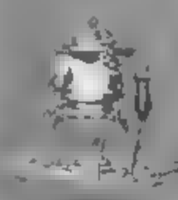
Canadian Price, $1,575. Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



ELECTRIC CARPET MAKING







Westinghouse Electric

Reduces the Cost of Manufacture of Everything You Use

DO you realize that the use of electric power for industrial purposes is a matter of vital importance to you and to every member of your family?

It lowers the price of the clothes you wear, the house you build, the furniture you use and a great many articles of food you eat.

Westinghouse Electric designs and builds electric motors to drive the machines of nearly every established industry.

The system of transmission originated and perfected by Westinghouse Electric enables factories everywhere to get the benefits of Central Station power at the lowest possible cost.

Central Station power and Westinghouse Electric motors are saving the industries of this country millions of dollars in the production of everything from a spool of thread to an automobile or a locomotive.

They are benefiting the workman in these industries by giving him better and more lucrative conditions of labor. They are helping the stockholder by showing him a higher return on his investment.

And they give the consumer a greater purchasing power for his dollar and the assurance that he is receiving the same quality, or better, at the lower price.

Electric motors of the quality manufactured by Westinghouse Electric have a longer life than other forms of machinery, and therefore can be classed higher as a plant investment.

The name "Westinghouse Electric" is your guarantee.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

East Pittsburgh, Penna.

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives all over the World

Don't Dread Cold Weather—Get a Kalamazoo Furnace

The Kalamazoo Furnace protects your health—keeps your home heated to a comfortable temperature in coldest weather. Economy of fuel under all conditions. Ease of handling. That's the work of the Kalamazoo.

Free Plans made by our heating experts to agree with the construction of your house and the weather in your locality. Let us tell you how you can get these plans.

Save Dollars on Your Heating Plant

We'll prove to [illegible]

Get Free Trial Offer

The genuine Factory-to-Consumer Offer that [illegible] now [illegible] Kalamazoo customers. Any honest reader can order a Kalamazoo Furnace—on trial. You are the sole judge. We'll [illegible] Your bank or trust company [illegible] the Kalamazoo Stove Co. with a $100,000 Guarantee back of you.

Use Furnace 1 Year—Return If Not O. K.

For your further protection we give the 360 Days' Approval Test. That allows you to return the furnace and get your money if it does not live up to our claims.

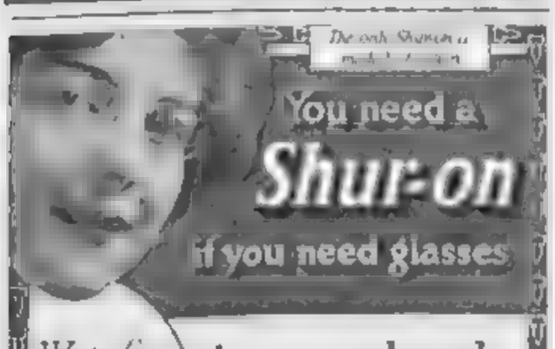
Mail a postal for catalog with valuable information on heating your home. Investigate the furnace that can be backed up by such a binding offer. Write at once.

Ask for catalog No. 982

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We make a full line of Stoves, Ranges, Gas Stoves and Furnaces. We have three catalogs. Please ask for the one you want.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You Gas Stoves Too



Write for "How to Buy Glasses intelligently"

A properly adjusted Shur-on stays in place comfortably.

Stylish in appearance
Simple in construction

Test Your Own Eyes

Read with each eye at thirteen inches. If the [illegible] best man you know [illegible] letters in a Shur-on [illegible] meaning. Remember the name Shur-on is [illegible] bridge over the [illegible] get glasses to fit you.

LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME IN THE BRIDGE OR THIS MARK IN FINGERGRIPS

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Ave. H
Rochester, N. Y.
Est. 1864

POULTRY PAPER 44-124 page periodical up-to-date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry for pleasure or profit. Four months for 10 cents.
POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. 22, Syracuse, N.Y.

OLD TIMES AND NEW IN THE THEATER BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

send our man up there to copy everything and get correct atmosphere. So, you see, one of the old-time knights of the whitewash brush wouldn't do at all.

My most enlightening experience in the matter of realistic production was in the case of Little Women. We reflected that an enormous number of persons had read this novel, in which atmosphere plays quite as important a part as plot, and that they'd be looking for it. So we went right up to Miss Alcott's home at Concord, where the scenes were laid, and took pictures of everything. There were four different girls in this household of Little Women, and each one had a corner of her own which was said to correspond with the particular character of the young miss. We actually got for the production twenty-five different articles out of Miss Alcott's own house. And our very careful efforts were rewarded by the papers which commented, "Fairly good stuff."

In the good old days we used to pay twenty-eight cents a yard for canvas on which to paint our scenes. I've been notified today that the last raise brings this material up to forty-eight cents a yard, and this must be fireproofed at six cents a yard extra. We use but one brand of canvas and there are only three firms in New York that handle it.

Ours is the highest paid labor in the market because it is a special trade. We cannot use an ordinary house carpenter, since he is accustomed to a rougher line of work and it would take us too long to break him in. A carpenter gets five dollars a day and a dollar and twelve cents an hour for overtime and Sundays. Our unskilled laborers get three dollars a day for shop-work. We pay scene shifters fifty cents an hour, not for the time they are actually engaged in setting up scenes, but for the whole time of the performance or rehearsal.

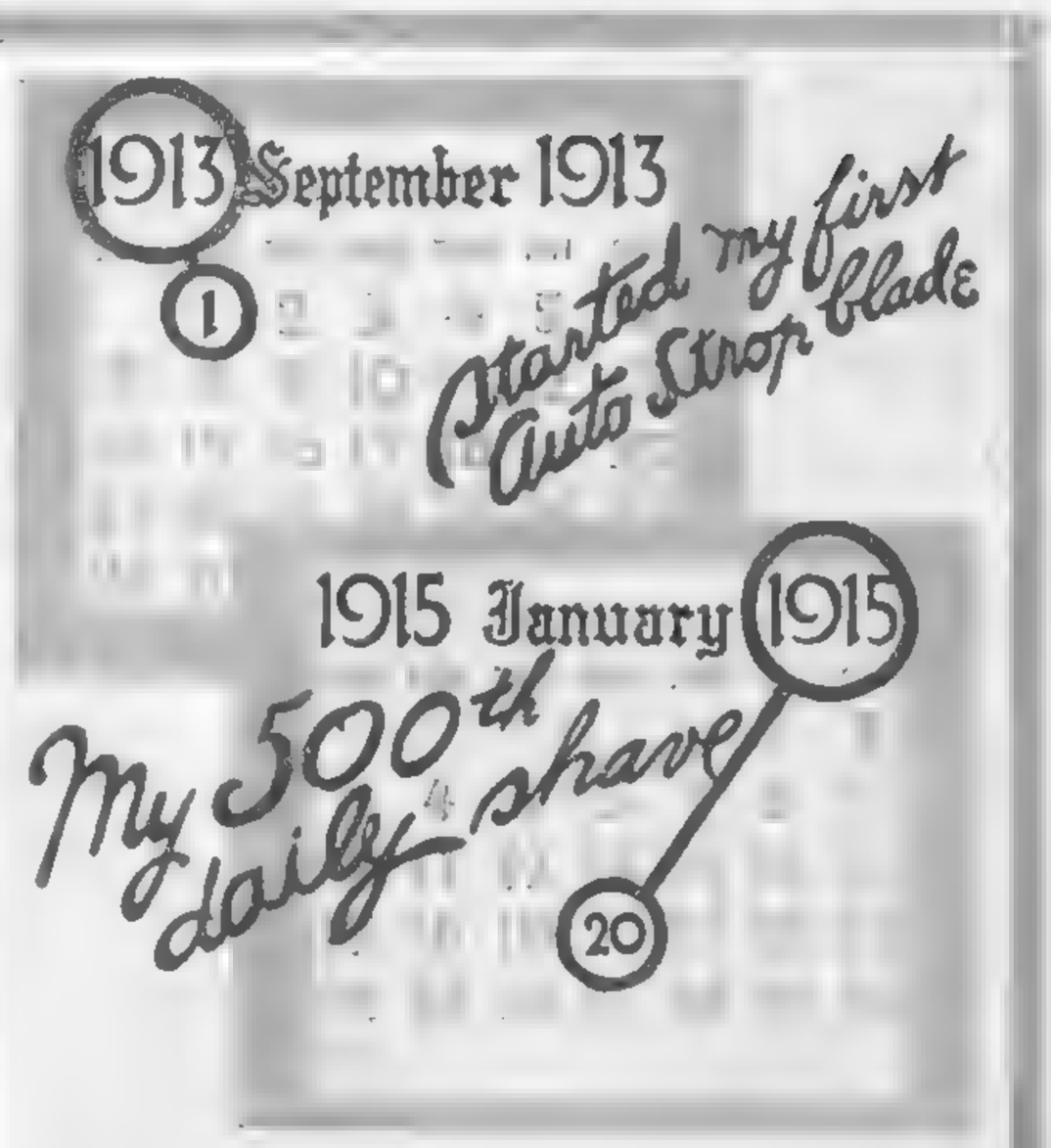
Risking Loss in Scenery

In the good old times lighting a play was almost an after-consideration. We used merely enough light to enable the audience to see the actor. Artistic shadings were undreamed of. But nowadays the lighting of the show is one of the most important things about it and is correspondingly expensive.

We have not only fearfully increased the cost of production but have, by our punctiliousness in the matter of atmosphere, made a vast deal of waste inevitable. In everything but the most conventional types of plays, and particularly in spectacular pieces, the scenery is so essentially a part of the story that you cannot use it again for anything else. And as there are no two productions alike, you may easily see what happens to it.

In a modern play we can use up almost every stick of the stuff that belonged to a failure, but it will all have to be changed in some way. A sofa, for instance, may be used in twenty-five different shows, but every time it will have to be re-covered to match the scenery in use. It is so all along the line of furniture and properties.

The great losses entailed are in the ambitious spectacular plays. I have in mind a show that was talked about more than a year before it was put on. The scenes were laid in various parts of the world, an immense deal of time and labor were spent in collecting properties and the money spent on the thing amounted to $60,000. It ran for one week. With the exception of a few of the "props," which may be used for incidental ornamentation, the thing is a dead loss. Some time ago a certain manager built a production at a cost of $20,000. When the play fell down I was offered the stuff for $4000. I pondered the matter and finally concluded that I couldn't get even that value out of it for a certain spectacular play I was contemplating. The orchard scene in Little Women cost over $4000. If the play had failed I couldn't have got anybody to cart it out of the theater as a gift. The original cost of The Whip was enormous. Yet with the exception of the banquet room, the little red room in front, and the scene in which the girl worked when she got the telephone message, the production would have been a total loss if the play had failed.



You Will Not Need Blades Until Jan. 20th, 1915

JUST think of the economy of 500 Shaves Guaranteed from 12 Blades. Provided you shave every day you will not buy new blades until Jan. 20th, 1915, and maybe not then.

Besides the easy stropping means easy, cool, velvety shaving with the same blade day after day, week after week.

AutoStrop shavers are delighted with the new model having the adjustable feature. All beards are alike to this razor, which can be regulated for any kind of a shave.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is sold on 30 days' free trial by all dealers. If it does not fulfill every advertised claim, return it and your money will be refunded.

Adjustable

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

The new adjustable model is now on the market in the United States. Adjustable to all beards. Price $5. Send for our Catalog showing fancy and fitted sets.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto, London

The Merger of East and West

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"
—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

The telephone, by making communication quick and direct, has been a great cementing force. It has broken down the barriers of distance. It has made us a homogeneous people.

The Bell System, with its 7,500,000 telephones connecting the East and the West, the North and the South, makes one great neighborhood of the whole country.

It brings us together 27,000,000 times a day, and thus develops our common interests, facilitates our commercial dealings and promotes the patriotism of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

There is another thing about a very expensive production. Where a lot of money has been sunk in a show the manager, under the hypnotism of large vested interests, is often prompted to continue to throw good money after bad in a losing piece. If you have a fifty-thousand-dollar production you are very apt to have a hundred people on your salary list, which runs into money every week. But you're loath to send such an outfit to the scrapheap until you give it a pretty good try-out. If you had spent only $2000 on that production you'd have cut your losses short at the end of the first week.

The best evidence of the general advance of the theater is the new financial status of the manager and theatrical securities. Twenty years ago the amusement business in this country was regarded with suspicion. Play securities had no standing with the banks. The idea of borrowing money on such a thing or on anything connected with the theater, except the building itself, would have been thought preposterous—a joke. In fact when I first came to New York to operate in the theatrical business I did not know what it was to borrow money. But things are different now. The manager can borrow money from the banks in this city just as well as the restaurant man or the merchant. I know of an instance where a successful play was produced and the manager wanted to borrow $35,000 with which to build a theater. Another manager offered to go on the back of the first man's paper to that amount, provided he put up his play as collateral. The bank loaned the money. That would have been an impossible thing twenty years ago. No theatrical man ever borrowed money then. As a matter of fact there was only one theatrical bank at that time. Now you'll find all the banks along Broadway in close touch with theater affairs. In fact two are almost wholly supported by this class of business.

The new status of the play as a security is due to expanding conditions. For instance, Bought and Paid For first had life in first-class theaters. A few years ago that would have settled it for good and all. But now it has a second life in popular-priced theaters, and it will have still another life in stock. The stock rights of Bought and Paid For are worth at this moment $50,000 sure money, and I don't know of a bank doing business on Broadway that would not loan me that amount on these particular rights for that play.

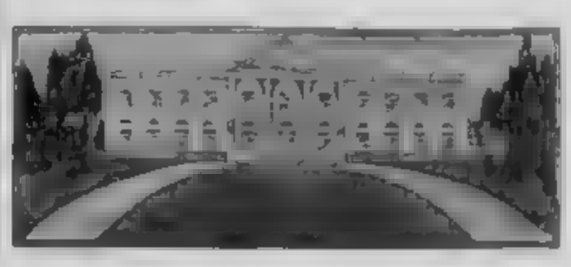
Studies of Rats

WILL two or three children brought up together in a home each grow faster and better than one child brought up alone? This question naturally follows the announcement of discoveries that have recently been made by some physiologists who have been studying the growth of young animals, though with scientific reserve they have not gone so far as to raise the question themselves.

A few months ago one investigator, who carefully studied the growth of some small animals, such as rats and guinea-pigs, found definitely that they grew faster if they were not kept separate. He suggested that an explanation might be that two baby rats, cuddling up together, did not each need to develop so much heat as two baby rats kept apart—and so more of the energy value of their food could go into growth as less would be needed to keep up bodily heat.

Two other physiologists have now announced further studies on the heat production of animals, which incidentally confirmed the discovery that the animals grew faster if kept together, but seemed to show that the theory of saving heat by cuddling did not fully account for the strange fact.

They have come to the conclusion that two brought up together are less restless, sleep better and are more comfortable generally, and that this is the reason for their faster growth. If it was only a matter of heat it would not apply to well-attended babies; but the later reasons advanced for the phenomenon in the case of animals makes it at least a possibility in the case of babies.



Put your foot in a Florsheim and you have style that is right, comfort you'll enjoy and service paid in full.

There is a Florsheim dealer ready to serve you—if unable to locate him—write us.

"Imperial" Quality $6.00
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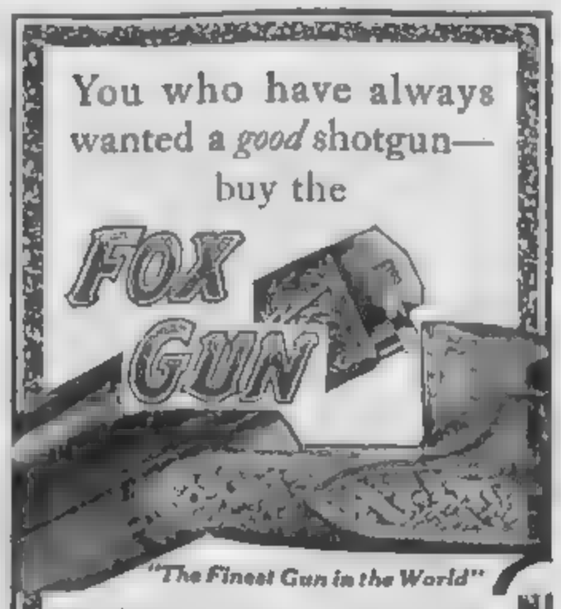
Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

You who have always wanted a *good* shotgun—buy the



"The Finest Gun in the World"

To buy a gun without **Fox** qualities is to buy disappointment. The science of gun-making has been wonderfully developed in the mechanical simplicity, enduring strength, perfect workmanship and accurate shooting qualities of the **Fox**. Not in 1 or 2 points of superiority, but in **twenty.**

Your Dealer Will Tell You

the "20 Reasons Why" all grades of Fox Guaranteed Guns, from the Fox Sterlingworth ($25 to the Fox-Special $1 000) *are different.* If he cannot accommodate you write direct for Catalogue and "20 Reasons Why."

The FOX Rotary Bolt will keep gun tight forever—only 1 of "20 Reasons Why."

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4702 North 18th St.
PHILADELPHIA

BUY GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES BUY
The World's Best

LARGEST MAKERS HEATING AND COOKING APPLIANCES IN THE WORLD

Sold by First-class Dealers Everywhere

THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY
DETROIT —— CHICAGO

THE PARIS GARTER MAN

YOU'VE seen him in street cars, on the bill boards, in the magazines, and in the newspapers.

Next time you buy garters, be sure you SEE HIM ON THE BOX.

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
are the recognized standard the world over.

A. Stein & Company
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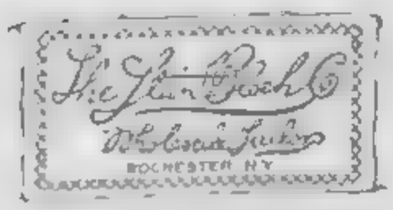
A Modern Jason

Jason, the hero of an old Greek tale, won lasting fame because he spent years in hunting the world over for a certain fleece of gold *and found it.* He would never have become famous had he not *found* and brought back the Golden Fleece. ¶ Every season our buying organization carefully searches the great woolen markets at home and abroad that the careful dressers of America may have choice of the finest fabrics and newest patterns from the most famous looms of the world; cloths of English wool; cloths of Australian wool, or the best woolens that this country produces.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

could not enjoy their reputation for excellence but for the use of the best woolens, exclusively. Only the choicest pure-wool fabrics could ever justify the superior tailoring and beautiful hand work we spend on the garments.

The Stein-Bloch label is sewn in every suit and overcoat that we make—it is our testimonial that here is a big, serious purpose to produce the smartest and most perfect clothes that exceptional skill can fashion.



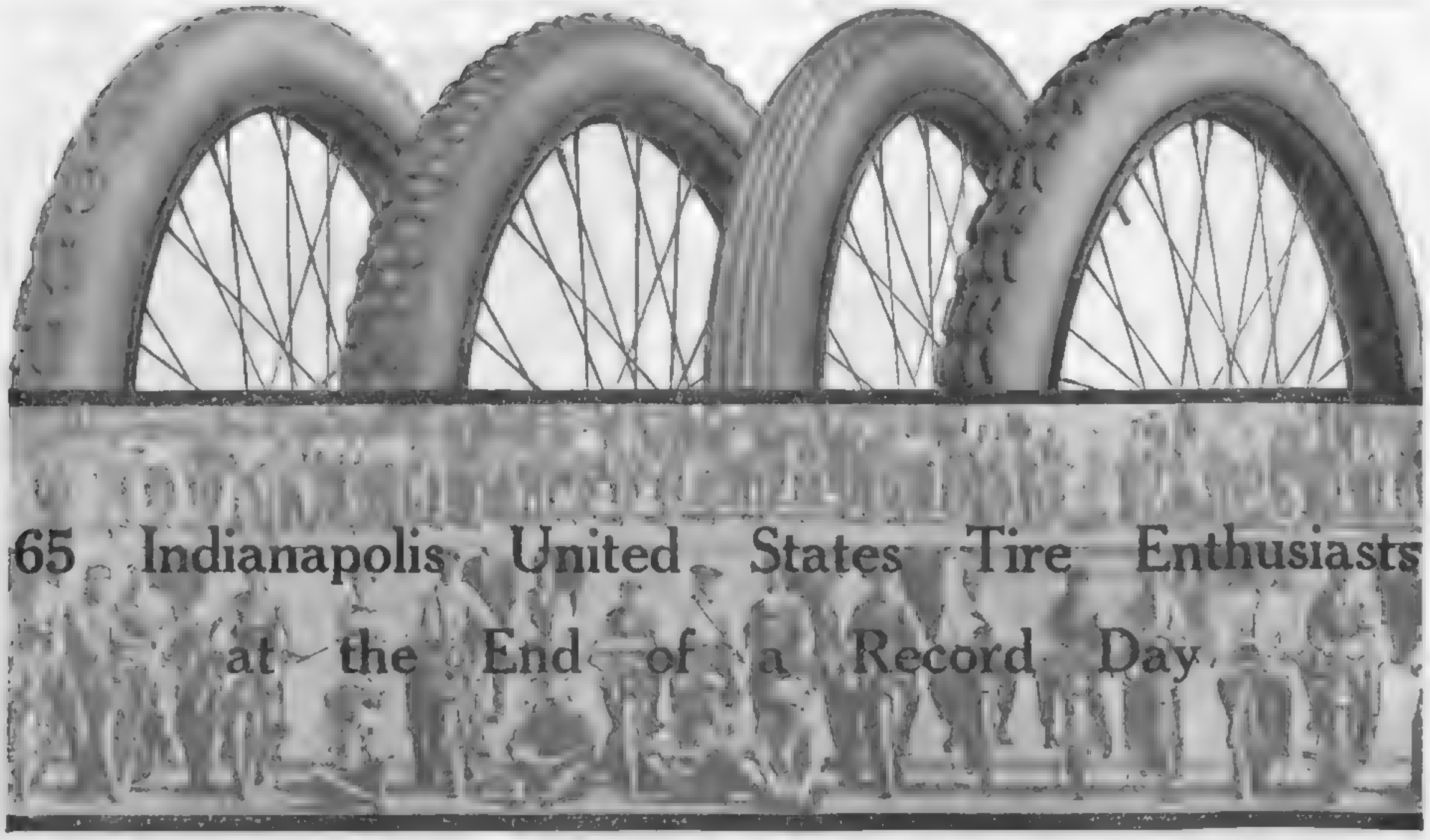
THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.

Wholesale Tailors

Rochester, N.Y.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue Bldg. CHICAGO: Republic Bldg.



The Verdict of the Greatest Number of Motorcyclists is Shown by the Unprecedented Number of United States Tires in Actual Use on the Road Today

The actual number of United States Motorcycle Tires in use on the road is absolute and conclusive proof that the world wide popularity of these famous tires is founded upon unusual merit.

The tremendous popularity of the motorcycle is shown by the enormous increase of sales. This all around utility machine is bringing health and pleasure to thousands and also making it possible for men in all parts of the country to work miles from home, because of the distant points it quickly brings together.

The Motorcyclists who day in and day out use the most rigorous roads have adopted the famous United States Tires only after the ***actual*** accomplishments of these tires under the severest road conditions.

Remember that the name United States Tires means a world famous organization of four tremendous factories working hand in hand—that it means to Motorcycle Enthusiasts the mark of all that is best in Tires.

The increase of 139 per cent. in sales of United States Tires in one year is without parallel.

Note This:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	423 So. 19th St.
BOSTON, MASS.	560 Commonwealth Ave.
BUFFALO, N. Y.	693 Main St.
BURLINGTON, VT.	202 Park and Shelburne Sts.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.	14 W. Trade St.
CHICAGO, ILL.	1228 Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, O.	414 E. 4th St.
CLEVELAND, O.	1908 E. 4th Ave.
COLUMBUS, O.	89 N. 22nd St.
DALLAS, TEXAS	2109 Commerce St.
DAYTON, O.	Second and Jefferson Sts.
DENVER, COL.	1512-16 16th St.
DES MOINES, IOWA	1005 Locust St.
DETROIT, MICH.	240-245 Jefferson Ave.
DIEGO, CAL.	1057 K St.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	47 Ottawa St.
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HOUSTON, TEXAS	706 San Jacinto St.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	527 N. Capitol Ave.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.	801 Main St.
KANSAS CITY, MO.	1815 Grand Ave.
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	1922-1924 Hennepin Ave.
NEWARK, N. J.	27 Halsey St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	600 Baronne St.
NEW YORK, N. Y.	Broadway at 58th St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	529-531 N. Broad St.
PHOENIX, ARIZ.	Cor. First and Van Buren Sts.
PITTSBURG, PA.	5929-31 Baum St., E. E.
PORTLAND, ORE.	84 Broadway
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	18 Snow St.
RICHMOND, VA.	709 W. Broad St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	195 East Ave.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,	132 E. So. Temple St.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	443 Main Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	636-646 Van Ness Ave.
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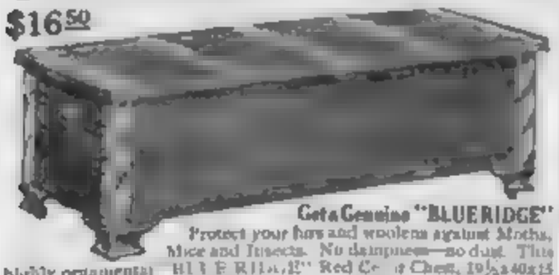

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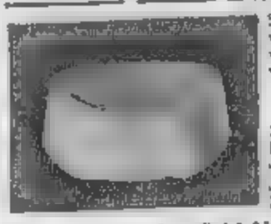

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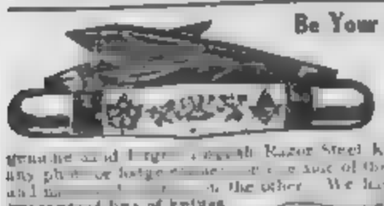

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LETTING A SALE MAKE ITSELF

(Continued from Page 11)

paid for a pair of shoes. Manufacturers have had to meet the situation in various ways. One cuts the quality of his shoes and markets them at the old price. Another keeps up the quality and raises the price. Yet another holds up the old quality and price, but persuades the retail shoeman to do business on a slightly smaller profit—on the assumption that cost will presently go down again and make matters easier for everybody.

One of the best shoe drummers in the United States is a man whose sales are said to be upward of two million dollars every year. As this new situation loomed up he got the sales truth of it quickly and clearly, and has held his trade by letting the truth work for itself and his customers. Advances in price are probably permanent, he figures; so the right way to sell shoes under the new handicap is to let the retail shoedealers understand that the same grades of footwear cost more to manufacture and that the consumer must pay more, and the sooner the facts are made clear to everybody the sooner will conditions be adjusted.

Salesmen are often inclined to be cowardly in the face of such difficulties, he says. They are afraid to tell the truth and to rely upon it as something dynamic which is capable of working by itself; but the truth alone prevails and, when analyzed and applied, is certain to nullify all the temporary advantages gained by competitors who trust to sophistries.

When truth is really embodied in a sales proposition—and it is the whole truth and nothing but the truth—then a little skillful understatement may be the best thing to bring it out strongly.

Among the countless real-estate projects always being pushed on Long Island, there is one residential park that has been developed by a man who believes that solid value is most easily sold in the long run. In the real-estate business a little tricky landscape gardening makes a fine showing. Erect a handsome entrance for your residential park, place two or three houses judiciously, and then sell sites on a hilltop with apacious views all round—sun shining, birds singing, band playing, with all the other real-estate garnishings—and the excited homeseeker will probably overlook less showy improvements such as sewers, gas, water, sound pavements, healthy trees and the like.

Landing a Capitalist

This real-estate man says that the weakness he has to fight hardest in his salesmen is the tendency to over-statement. Men on the selling crew grow familiar with the property. Solid improvements are mostly in the ground, out of sight. The salesman, scared by showy features in competitive projects, is afraid that the prospective purchaser will not see these honest improvements in his own, and so tries to bolster up a sound proposition with extravagant statements.

Some of his salesmen had been working on a Philadelphia capitalist, a heavy investor in real estate. He was a conservative old fellow of the trustee type, full of skepticism. Competitors had been working on him, too, pulling him this way and that. He expressed his doubts of Long Island in general; and the more he doubted the more the salesmen for this solid project tried to impress him with big talk.

Finally the boss took him in hand. The capitalist was invited to spend a couple of days seeing Long Island, and accepted. The first day they got into an automobile and rode down to the property; but they merely cut across one corner of it and the real-estate man said hardly anything about it.

"You want to see the general layout of this part of the island," he said, "and form your own conclusions."

So they motored round through a dozen competitive developments, looking into each one very thoroughly, and then wound up at a seashore hotel for lunch. On the way home they motored over a wider area, cut another small corner off the real-estate man's project, and went to the theater. Next day it was pretty much the same. They cut a wider circle round the property to give it a good setting and the boss said little about what he had to sell.

On the third morning the Philadelphian wanted to go again, and now he insisted on studying his host's property in greater

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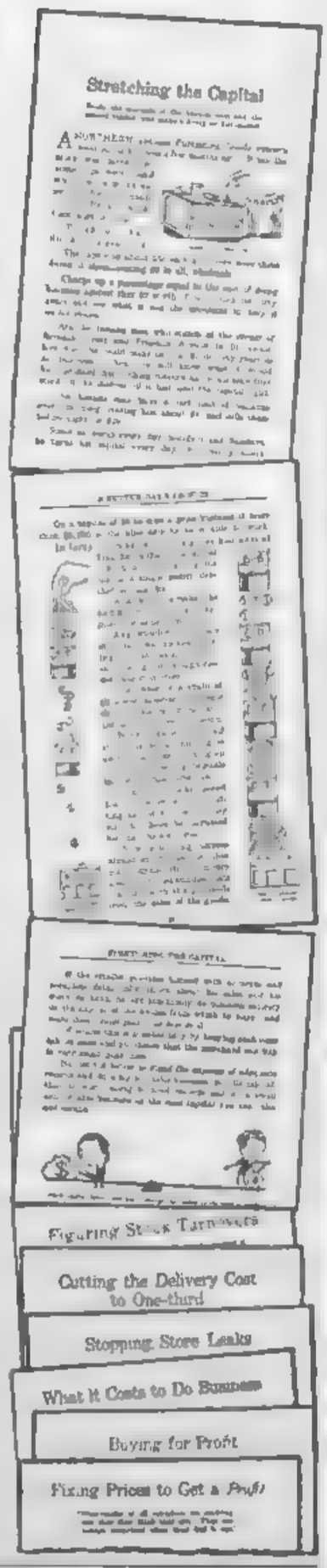
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detail. The real-estate man still said very little about it, apologizing for the unfinished appearance of improvements and explaining that maybe the place would look more attractive in a few weeks. He said so little that the capitalist concluded he must be a mighty poor salesman. He was so blind to the solid merits of his own project apparently that by-and-by the capitalist was pointing them out and the real-estate man was assenting in a lukewarm way.

The capitalist grew enthusiastic, insisting that this was the best investment in that part of Long Island; and before he went home he had purchased nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. Yet the burden of selling effort had been largely on his own shoulders. The real-estate man had simply shown his project in its true setting and let the truth behind it develop itself and clinch the sale.

When truth and worth are actually behind the sale conditions the salesman has a strong leverage to work with, and it will help him close the deal if he knows how to use it; but, as some men do muscular work by sheer strength with a crowbar or a cart-stake for lack of ingenuity, so many salesmen work by sheer strength to sell goods, waste energy on tasks too heavy to be handled that way, and grow discouraged at the apparent odds against them. When a salesman begins sending in gloomy reports to his boss he may be under the impression that truth has gone bankrupt.

A company making fine cutlery put a new package on the market—a mahogany chest packed with an assortment of goods suitable for gifts. The idea was excellent and other concerns quickly copied it. This company had always held to quiet designs in its goods and its mahogany chest was quite plain.

Gingerbread Mahogany

Competitors went in for highly ornamental boxes, mostly in bad taste. On the assumption that its chest was one that purchasers could take home and live with, the company felt that the design was right and in the end sure to outsell the showier productions of competitors; but salesmen were badly frightened by the other firms and pleaded for more ornament.

One of the best men on the staff sent in a despondent letter, saying that a merchant to whom he always sold a large bill of goods had refused to order this trip. Competitors' goods were so much more attractive that he gave them the preference. The salesman's letter was so urgent that the sales manager went to see the merchant.

When he stepped into his store he saw four of his own chests on the counter. Behind them was a single gaudy chest of competitive make. The merchant said nothing was wrong. He liked the quiet article. It appealed to the kind of customers to which he preferred to sell. The ornamental chest was the last of a lot he had ordered on impulse. He was ashamed of it and hoped somebody would buy it for a distant bride.

What really happened when the salesman called was this: Dazzled by surface attractiveness of the other fellows' goods and shaken upon the merits of his own, he had got to seeing opposition everywhere. One chest of competitive make loomed larger than four of his own.

The merchant was busy that day and promised to have his order ready next time the salesman came along. The salesman hurried to write the boss that all was lost—and he believed it.

The sales manager met this element of doubt by having an accounting with truth to show that it was still solvent. He gathered careful estimates of what each competitor was selling, proved that the solid gains were on the side of his company; and when salesmen could see the truth of their proposition in figures they went to work again in confidence.

To the salesman who understands the factors that work with him, even difficult sales are managed easily.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles on salesmanship by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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WARNER AUTO-METER

EDUCATING "NICE GIRLS"

Continued from Page 25

And for those girls who go to these schools at a sacrifice—what about them? Well, in them is apt to be fostered a certain mental or moral degradation. As a simple illustration: Many a girl, when she comes in contact with girls who have more money, thinks she has not a gown nice enough to wear at a certain function, let us say. No doubt she has, but so long as she thinks she has not it amounts to the same thing. What happens? Frequently the girls who have more money give her a gown. They like to do it and it does not mean anything of a sacrifice to them; but it does mean something of a degradation to the girl who accepts. She is apt to develop into a sponger, for along with this moneyed class usually appears the second class of parasites.

In these schools many of the teachers have not learned—and it is doubtful whether they care to learn—one basic feature of organization. However it is an evil not confined alone to private schools. Perhaps a story will illustrate it:

In one of the private schools the girls were getting out some kind of yearbook. It was their own idea and they were to manage it themselves. Girl-like they went into it too extensively. It was suggested to them by one of the teachers—but not by the head mistress—that they should not make a tax on any girl greater than any other girl could consistently afford. Girls at this age, when they are taxed too heavily, are ashamed to object. They go to their homes and ask for the money, and the American parents make some sacrifices generally and give her the money. Probably it is all out of proportion to the income of that home. Economically this teaches her the wrong thing about expenditure, and socially it teaches her the wrong thing concerning democracy. But to continue the story:

In the first place the girls apportioned a tax according to the pocket-money of the richer girls—not of the poorer. Then they got in heavier than they had expected. They sought a way out. They had heard of means of help under such circumstances; so, to clear their expenses, they went round to the shops to get advertisements. And they were quite puzzled when the teacher said to them: "I think it is very cheap to make the shops pay for a book that advertises you—that tells whether you are fat or lean, or can make a running jump or vault with a pole, or whether you lately made a joke in class." But the head mistress of this school was not the one who made the comment. It depended on the chance of having an individual teacher keen enough to point out the sense of value to the pupils. It was of this same school that snobbishness was denied:

"Of course we haven't the same means of leveling that a boarding school has. In the little athletics that we do it is bound to be merit that wins. If we find a girl is being neglected we speak about it to the other girls. But—there are some families who send their children here for the purpose of getting them into society. The girls don't like these aggressive pupils!"

Again: In another school the principal said: "Some of my girls—when they come—are snobs. For instance, part of the joy of riding in an automobile, as they say, is that not everybody—not nearly everybody—can do so. If everybody could a great deal of the pleasure would be taken away!"

Tasks Instead of Titles

And yet, in Germany, situated on Lake Constance, there is a practical school that has been the outgrowth of a revolt against just this kind of undemocratic snobbishness. The girls belong to the nobility. Several of them are titled. But when they enter this school they lay aside their robes of nobility and clothe themselves in plain working dresses of coarse and durable material. The school is on a farm. It has its own cows and its own garden, and the girls are supposed to run this farm. In the intervals of farmwork, as most if not all the girls are to be presented at court, they learn a certain amount of court *savoir faire*. One day when an American educator visited the school he found the pupils in a state of revolt. On the place was an old tumbledown barn that the *Gnädige Frau* at the head of the school had given to the girls to fix up for some club purpose—but it was to be their own job! They had to clean it out, which meant considerable, in view of the fact that there had been a stable attached to it and that the place had not been used in decades. They had to tear down some of the partitions and build in cupboards and other necessary additions. Also they had to lay new floors. They had learned to do this in their studies.

And please do not mistake—it was not in manual training alone or in any technical course that they were given their skill. Their mathematics applied directly to making the measurements and calculations necessary for that job. Their art had given them lessons in proportion, design and decoration—all of which was made applicable to this job. Finally everything had been done except cutting the new windows. Now as this structure was of stone and the walls were very thick this was a difficult job to do. And the reason for the revolt of the girls was that the *Gnädige Frau* had said it was too hard for them and that workmen must be employed.

Rather more democratic than any finishing school I found in the democracy of America!

Considering, therefore, the type of girl who goes to the finishing school and the kind of society in which she afterward moves; considering her necessary division of labor; considering the changes and conditions affecting all women, and therefore all social requirements—in the widest use of the term—are there no courses that could be offered to make the connection with modern life more close and more practical?

Dangers in Current Events

The head master previously referred to has some very definite beliefs in regard to this. He does not believe in teaching history. Neither will he have a course in current events. His reason is naïve, to say the least. Next year, it seems, he expects to have the niece of a very prominent millionaire Socialist in his school. If he had a current-events class something would be bound to come up about socialism, and some one might say that the girl's uncle was a fool! "My word! We couldn't have that!" Then he has the daughter of a very prominent trust magnate. In an events class it is sad to state that probably today something would be said about trusts. "Oh, no! Couldn't risk that!" There are several daughters of bankers in the school. An events class touching upon currency reform? "Hardly!" No—a class in current events was not to be thought of!

"Most of my girls don't read the papers unless I require it," testifies another. "Papers bore them! Then some of the parents do not allow them to read the papers—and I am always guided by the desire of the parents! When I put a list of books on the board and it contains any book like—well, like The Cloister and the Hearth—I put in parentheses: 'By permission of parents!'"

In another school a list of newspapers and where they may be found is scheduled on the bulletin board. "But they don't read them very often," the teacher volunteered.

It was a curious fact that in every school visited there was mention made of the social-service idea. Every school seemed to encourage it—probably because the girls themselves were in for it. This may be due to several reasons: It may be attributable to the interval between graduation and marriage, in which they must do something—or to the idea of service that is somewhat idealistically and impractically taught—or to adolescent enthusiasm. Few of them go into it with any practical and serviceable notions, much less plans. Few of them stay.

On the whole it seems to be rather wasteful to the girl and to the service; but where there is such a tendency it might be turned to some account. One or two schools only have attempted to make it a point of contact with the actual economic problems of that particular community. The alumnæ of one Southern school have a club in one of the factories. Pupils are not allowed to join it until after they have graduated, but they make frequent visits. And from it some of them seem to become impressed in a larger way with bigger problems. In another school the girls

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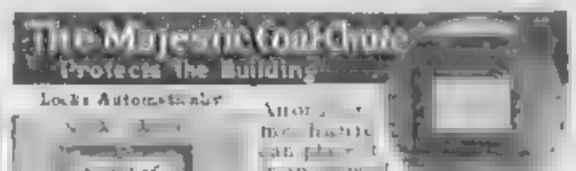

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Anticipating a tremendous business expansion during the fall and winter months we have decided to aggressively extend our field of operations into new and undeveloped territory. Our six acres of factory floor space, coupled with 25 years of successful experience in making and selling exclusively high grade advertising specialties in celluloid, metal and paper, including Art Calendars DeLuxe, enables us to offer competent men a highly attractive selling proposition. Term of service to begin Jan. 1st or sooner. Personal interview arranged.

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Your youngsters

don't want to whittle and fuss with wooden pencils. Let them follow the modern idea.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
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Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Ithaca Guns

¶ The U. S. Government buys Ithaca Guns for Navy Officers—Uncle Sam always buys the best. ¶ Locks simple, hammerless one [illegible] ¶ Hammer lasts in 1,625 of a second—will increase your score. ¶ Beautiful catalogue FREE—describes 10 grades $17.50 up. Five factors [illegible] ¶ Send us this adv. with 10c. and get beautiful hanger—regular price 25c

ITHACA GUN CO. Dept. A. ITHACA, N. Y.

Let Us Pay Your College Bills

Just because your funds are low, don't make your college course an ordeal by working afternoons, evenings—all your spare time. College students "working their way through" average twenty cents an hour. You can do a lot better than that and under more pleasant conditions. If you will devote part of your spare time to enjoyable, outdoor occupation in our interests, we will award you a Curtis Scholarship entitling you to your complete course. Let us explain. *Educational Division, Box 113*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

asked for a course in economics because one of the teachers had been an officer in the Consumers' League.

After all is said, however, when one believes that a curriculum has not changed much—and has not needed to change much—during the last century, she is bound to be a reactionary. Whatever may be the opinion, there remain the questions: Are these schools turning out products that follow the professed ideals of these schools? Do the sweet-girl graduates go into the homes and become the motherly home-makers and keepers of the sanctity of the hearth? Do they, as did our mothers and grandmothers, know how to cook and how to sew? Or if, as many of these same advocates maintain, cooking and sewing are not necessary—because today they are being done out of the home rather than in it—do these graduates know how to direct? Women of today have not seemed to learn how to be employers. Many of them do not know how to order a meal that will contain even sufficient nutritive value. They do not know how to exact service because they do not know the elements of that service. A man at the head of a large business knows how to run that business scientifically because he knows the work of each man in his employ. Women of today do not. Our mothers did.

Now what about those schools that advocate the domestic type of woman? What is their own answer? That women, after marriage, harden; that they become wasters; that they set a faster and even faster pace in society. This, if you please, is the testimony of many women who have been connected with the most prominent finishing schools for years.

What Herbert Spencer Said

And what is their excuse? Most of those who have to do with the schools noted in this article say they must nowadays prepare girls for college, and that if they accomplish this they have no time to give anything modern. And they can make few if any connections with modern life in the subjects they do give them.

In the face of this testimony one is bound to inquire: What more do the colleges accomplish, in proportion to the added time given to education, and in proportion to their added equipment, and outside of any vocational or industrial courses—which, after all, are technical courses—what more do the colleges do to fit women for their jobs? It is not a matter of vocational training versus classicism either! "To prepare us for complete living is the function that education has to discharge," says Herbert Spencer.

Today we are living in the first part of the twentieth century. It is not quite the same, you know, as living in the first part of the nineteenth; and yet, when one complains that she was cheated in her college course; that, for the most part, she was kept in an inclosure, with her eyes turned toward the past; and that after four years she was turned about and told to look the other way and live in the twentieth century—when she complains that the college has cheated her what does the classicist answer?

Something like this: But see! You do live and do your work. That is because your mind was trained and your will was controlled. You are able to get what you need! You can find out how to manage your affairs! You can study how to bring up your family! You can learn how to be a useful unit! If you really desire to know a thing you have been so trained that you will be able to acquire that knowledge.

It sounds so nice! And yet, for my part, I feel that schools did not do the right thing by me. There is not a day when I pick up the newspapers that I am not conscious that I do not know history. Nobody ever taught me history.

Not long ago the guests at a dinner were talking quite animatedly over some of the problems of a national election that was then taking place. There was much said concerning the different planks of the different platforms, and about the institutions and laws and needs of the country. Among the guests was a woman connected with a well-known girls' school—one that puts considerable stress upon the fact that it fits girls for colleges. She listened in silence for some time; then she said:

"Why, how American you all are!" There was a moment of perplexed silence and she continued: "Fancy getting so interested in such things! I have been educated and brought up and have worked so long in the Old World atmosphere that, hearing you, I feel as if I were fifty years behind the times."

And yet every year over a hundred girls are under her control and study the curriculum that she has set forth as necessary for the education of the nice girls.

A certain principal that I met seemed very willing to face this problem with some regard to the character of the girls who attended her school, and with some idea of what their job in life would be and what ought to be expected of them. She is a party Socialist and a lawyer.

Domestic Science Courses

"I am proud of my curriculum," she told me. "Not many of my girls go to college, but no girl may enter my school as a senior unless she has completed her sophomore year in college—for the girls who have taken my course have had that amount of intellectual training. This year my seniors passed an examination in business law of which any institution would be proud.

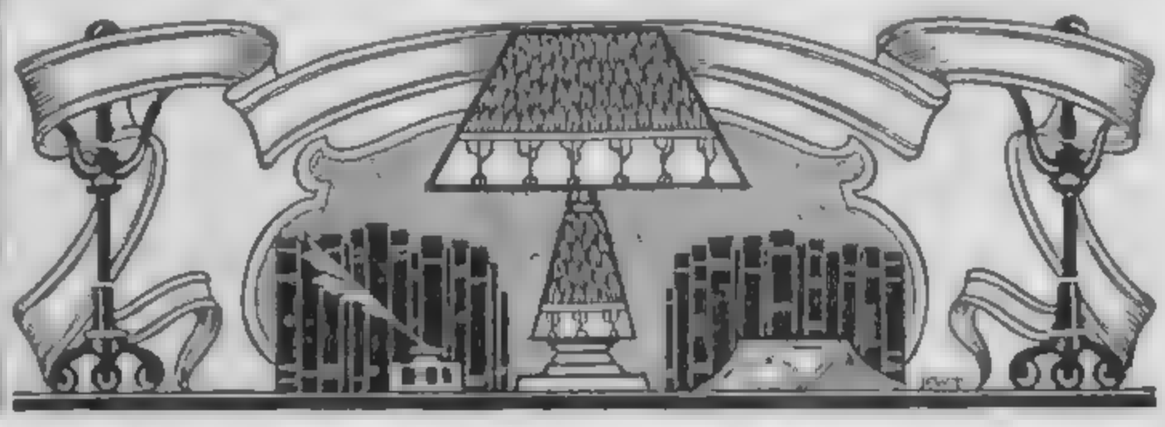
"Most of my girls are very wealthy. Hitherto I have tried to teach them some idea of the relative idea of money—to show them, for instance, that if one pays, let us say, one hundred dollars for a dress, she should not, by any sane rule of proportion and common sense, pay seventy-five dollars for a hat. In a dress there may be some adequate value from the standpoint of material and the skill of the work put upon it; but there cannot possibly be the same proportionate value in the wearing qualities or in the material of a hat.

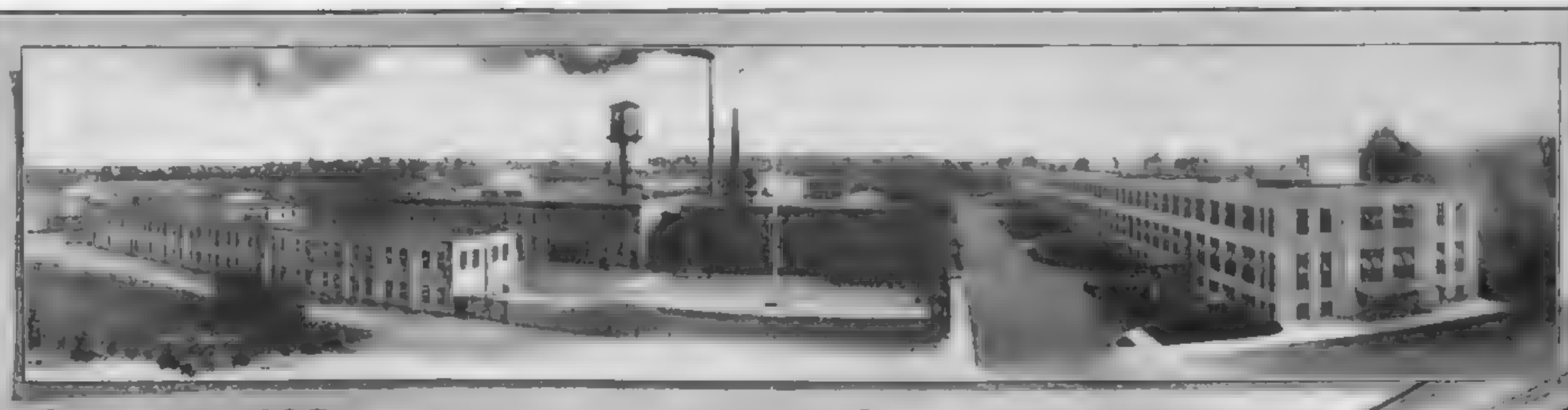
"For some time I have felt that there was a real need, particularly in a school of this sort, for the kind of scientific training that will teach these girls real home-making—that will fit them for their jobs. Domestic science does not altogether accomplish it, for most of these girls will neither cook nor sew—neither do accounts in arithmetic nor banking. I have been puzzled about it for a good while; and, as a result, next year we are to open a technical department in our school. I have taken another house next to this.

"At stated times, and without loss to their other studies, each girl will be the hostess. I will give her the budget to run that house. One girl will be the cook; one a waitress; one a housemaid, and so on throughout the whole household machinery. Certain other girls will be the guests. The hostess will have to divide her budget—she will have to market, apportion her amount, direct her servants, arrange for her luncheons and dinners, and entertain her guests. In this way each girl will learn, through the laboratory process of doing it herself, something about the things she will have to do or direct hereafter."

If parents are going to send their children to a swimming school it is rather essential to know whether they are to be taught by the dry method or the wet!

If parents are going to send their children to a fitting school it is rather essential to know whether that school will fit them—whether it knows how, is able and will fulfill the aim it claims. Surely it ought not to unfit!





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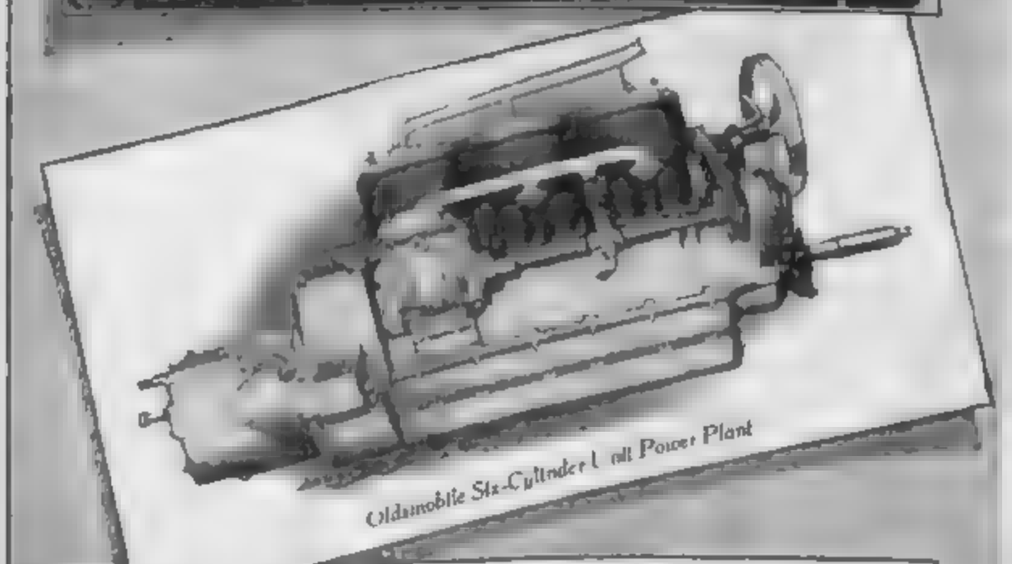
OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Lansing, Michigan.



Oldsmobile Six-Cylinder Unit Power Plant

The Car Oldsmobile 1914

Four- or Five-Passenger Phaeton, Touring Body Type, $2975 Seven-Passenger Touring Body, $175 Extra. Limousine, $4300

Oldsmobile 1914

Leading Platform

OUR entire sales organization, engineering department and factory managers believe the 1914 Oldsmobile to be the greatest six-cylinder motor car ever produced, and insist upon advertising it as such—there is no other expression which so adequately and truthfully describes the new 1914 Oldsmobile Model 54.

While this new model was not given any extensive publicity until August 1st, the inquiries already received indicate an interest among dealers and prospective owners which has never been quite so keen over any other model in the history of Olds Motor Works.

The facilities for manufacturing this wonderful car are the outgrowth of an experience in the production of gasoline motors which dates from 1880.

One standard which has been maintained through all the years, without a single deviation, is the Oldsmobile standard of quality and finish. This is at once apparent to the casual observer, and is a source of continual satisfaction to owners.

An infinite capacity for taking pains is the distinction between the manufacture of a good car and an inferior one; even though the specifications may read alike in type, hard usage uncovers the difference in actuality.

It is a safe prediction that there will be more Oldsmobile Sixes sold in 1914 than any other car in its class. The reason lies in the Oldsmobile traditions for quality, stability, and power—brought to the point of perfection in the Model 54.

Equipment 1914 Oldsmobile, Model 54.—Combination electric and oil side and tail lamps, special Oldsmobile design. Special design Oldsmobile electric head lamps. Special design three-way adjustable ventilating windshield. Top, boot, and patented adjustable side curtains. 60 miles speedometer. Adjustable stem setting and winding Waltham clock. Rear tire irons, capacity for two tires. Demountable rims, one extra. Imported horse-hair tonneau mat. Null motor-driven air pump. Famous Delco starting, lighting and ignition system. Electric light in tonneau. Extension electric trouble lamp. Tools, jack. Patented bow separating top holders. Adjustable auxiliary seats in seven passenger. (Extra, at additional cost, wire wheels, special Oldsmobile touring trunk.) Motor 50 horsepower, six cylinders, unit power plant, three point suspension. Bore 4¼, stroke 5½. Extreme length of four and five-passenger models, 16 feet. Extreme length of seven passenger, 17 feet. Springs front, semi-elliptic. Springs rear, ¾ elliptic. Tires, 36 x 5 both front and rear. Gabriel snubbers (rear).

Four- or Five-Passenger Phaeton, Touring Body Type, $2975
Seven-Passenger Touring Body, $175 Extra
Limousine, $4300

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich.

The 1914 Oldsmobile can be seen at any of our factory branches, located in all principal cities, and dealers from coast to coast. Catalog sent on request

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

The high point in tobacco making.

Sold in the 90 Cent Glass Humidors and handy HALF SIZE 5 Cent Tins.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the pound glass humidor prepaid by parcel post to any address in the United States, for 90 cents. Address Stag Dept. P. Lorillard Company, 95 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

STAG

SMOKING TOBACCO

LIFE AMONG THE ABANDONED FARMERS

Continued From Page 5

roads the road map omitted, and the road map had many roads the country had left out. Eventually, though, we came to a district of gently rolling hills, dotted at intervals with those neat white-painted villages in which New England excels; and between the villages at frequent intervals were farmhouses. Abandoned ones, however, were rarer than we had been led to expect. Not only were these farms visibly populated by persons who appeared to be permanently attached to their respective localities, but at many of them things were offered for sale—such as home-made pastry, souvenirs, fresh poultry, antique furniture, brass door-knockers, milk and eggs, hand-painted crockery, table board, garden truck, molasses taffy, laundry soap and livestock.

At length, though, when our necks were quite sore from craning this way and that on the watch for an abandoned farm that would suit us, we came to a very attractive-looking place facing a lawn and flanked by an orchard. There was a sign fastened to an elm tree alongside the fence. The sign read: For Information Concerning This Property Inquire Within.

To Winsell I said:

"Stop here—this is without doubt the place we have been looking for!"

Filled—my wife and I—with little thrills of anticipation, we all got out. I opened the gate and entered the yard, followed by Winsell, my wife and his wife. I was about halfway up the walk when a large dog sprang into view, at the same time showing his teeth in rather an intimidating way. To prevent an encounter with an animal that might be hostile, I stepped nimbly behind the nearest tree. As I came round on the other side of the tree there, to my surprise, was this dog face to face with me. Still desiring to avoid a collision with him, I stepped back the other way Again I met the dog, which was now growling. The situation was rapidly becoming embarrassing when a gentleman came out upon the porch and called sharply to the dog. The dog, with apparent reluctance, retired under the house and the gentleman invited us inside and asked us to be seated. Glancing about his living room I noted that the furniture appeared to be a trifle modern for our purposes; but, as I whispered to my wife, you cannot expect to have everything to suit you at first. With the sweet you must ever take the bitter—that I believe is true, though not original.

A Slight Misunderstanding

In opening the conversation with the strange gentleman I went in a businesslike way direct to the point.

"You are the owner of these premises?" I asked. He bowed. "I take it," I then said, "that you are about to abandon this farm?"

"I beg your pardon?" he said, as though confused.

"I presume," I explained, "that this is practically an abandoned farm."

"Not exactly," he said. "I'm here."

"Yes, yes; quite so," I said, speaking perhaps a trifle impatiently. "But you are thinking of going away from it, aren't you?"

"Yes," he admitted; "we are."

"Now," I said, "we are getting round to the real situation. What are you asking for this place?"

"Eighteen hundred," he stated. "There are ninety acres of land that go with the house and the house itself is in very good order."

I considered for a moment. None of the abandoned farms I had ever read about sold for as much as eighteen hundred dollars. Still, I reflected, there might have been a recent bull movement; there had certainly been much publicity upon the subject. Before committing myself, I glanced at my wife. Her expression betokened acquiescence.

"That figure," I said diplomatically, "was somewhat in excess of what I was originally prepared to pay; still, the house seems roomy and, as you were saying, there are ninety acres. The furniture and equipment go with the place, I presume?"

"Naturally," he answered. "That is the customary arrangement."

"And would you be prepared to give possession immediately?"

"Immediately," he responded.

I began to feel enthusiasm. By the look on my wife's face I could tell that she was enthused too.

"If we come to terms," I said, "and everything proves satisfactory, I suppose you could arrange to have the deed made out at once?"

"The deed?" he said blankly. "You mean the lease?"

"The lease?" I said blankly. "You mean the deed?"

"The deed?" he said blankly. "You mean the lease?"

"The lease, indeed," said my wife. "You mean ——"

I broke in here. Apparently we were all getting the habit.

"Let us be perfectly frank in this matter," I said, "Let us dispense with these evasive and dilatory tactics. You want eighteen hundred dollars for this place, furnished?"

"Exactly," he responded. "Eighteen hundred dollars for it from June to October." Then, noting the expressions of our faces, he continued hurriedly: "A remarkably small figure considering what summer rentals are in this section. Besides, this house is new. It costs a lot to reproduce these old Colonial designs!"

The Opinions of a Native

I saw at once that we were but wasting our time in this person's company. He had not the faintest conception of what we wanted. We came away. Besides, as I remarked to the others after we were back in the car and on our way again, this house-farm would never have suited us; the view from it was nothing extra. I told Winsell to go deeper into the country until we really struck the abandoned farm belt.

So we went farther and farther. After a while it was late afternoon and we seemed to be lost again. My wife and Winsell's wife were tired; so we dropped them at the next teahouse we passed. I think it was the eighteenth teahouse for the day. Winsell and I then continued on the quest alone. Women know so little about business anyway that it is better, I think, whenever possible, to conduct important matters without their presence. It takes a masculine intellect to wrestle with these intricate problems; and for some reason or other this problem was becoming more and more complicated and intricate all the time.

On a long, deserted stretch of road, as the shadows were lengthening, we overtook a native of rural aspect plodding along alone. Just as we passed him I was taken with an idea and I told Winsell to stop. I was tired of trafficking with stupid villagers and avaricious landgrabbers. I would deal with the peasantry direct. I would sound the yeoman heart—which is honest and true and ever beats in accord with the best dictates of human nature.

"My friend," I said to him, "I am seeking an abandoned farm. Do you know of many such in this vicinity?"

"How?" he asked.

I never got so tired of repeating a question in my life; nevertheless, for this yokel's limited understanding, I repeated it again.

"Well," he said at length, "whut with all these city fellers moving in here to do gentleman-farmin'—whatsoever that may mean—farm property has gone up until now it's wuth considerable more'n town property, as a rule. I couldn't scursely say I know of any of the kind of farms you mention as laying round loose—no, wait a minute; I do recollect a place. It's that shack up back of the county poor farm that the supervisors used for a pest house the time the smallpox broke out. That there place is consider'bly abandoned. You might try her."

In a stern tone of voice I bade Winsell to drive on and turn in at the next farmhouse he came to. The time for trifling had passed. My mind was fixed. My jaw was also set. I know, because I set it myself. And I have no doubt there was a determined glint in my eye; in fact, I could feel the glint reflected upon my cheek.

The Self Filling "SWAN"

The perfect self filling fountain pen. To fill the holder with ink is simplicity itself. Merely unscrew the cap at the end of the barrel and squeeze the rubber filler five times and the pen is full. There is absolutely no chance of soiling the fingers or of dropping ink.

The self filler has all the merits of the other styles of "Swans"—*double feed* insuring instant and constant flow of ink and preventing blotting. Mabie, Todd & Co. gold pen (famous for over three generations). The self filler and all "Swans" carry an unconditional guarantee.

For sale by stationers and jewellers: $2.50 and up. With little windows $3.00

Write for illustrated folder showing the different styles and sizes. Pen points to suit every kind of hand.

MABIE, TODD & CO.

17 Maiden Lane, New York 209 S. State St., Chicago
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Guess Where

Guess the places on the map where LIFE is being read as shown by the pictures in this advertisement, and if your answer is correct and you will send us one dollar (see coupon) we will send you LIFE for three months to any address in this country.

Life

is issued every Tuesday, everywhere. Send ten cents for sample copies or a two cent stamp for a copy of Miniature Life, full of jokes and pictures. Obey that impulse.

SPECIAL OFFER

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26) Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers, no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct, not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 70 West 31 Street, New York
One Year, $5.00. (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04.)

Tommy's Reflection

"Hello, Ma! Do you think we got any more Kellogg's? I can't see any anywheres."

They all like Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. For breakfast, for that after-school hungriness, nursery tea, or Sunday supper, few dishes can be served with so little trouble or such wholesome, appetizing satisfaction.

The flavor wins favor everywhere.

Look for this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

To prevent disappointment, don't merely ask for toasted corn flakes—say "KELLOGG'S, please" and look for this signature on the package

Three Men From the City and Their Farms

The First Was a Parson

Sickness drove him to a homestead in the West and he became a grubber of sagebrush—one of the army of brainy, brawny, plucky pioneers who are making green fields and homes and money in the wilderness.

The Second Was a Business Man

Apples were his hobby. He had eaten them and read about them—and then he bought an old, neglected orchard and began to grow them. The rejuvenation of those trees is giving him pleasure untold and profit, too.

The Third Was a Man with Imagination

He saw an old farmhouse—weatherworn, down at the heels, but solid as the very rocks of which it was built. Its picturesqueness appealed to him; he bought it and remodeled it to a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

THE Stories of these three back-to-the-landers are told in next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman*. Opportunity called them and they answered!

Is the Country calling you, too?

IT IS—THROUGH

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers *$1.50 a Year*

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the next farm Winsell turned in. We passed through a stone gateway and rolled up a well-kept road toward a house we could see in glimpses through the intervening trees. We skirted several rather neat flower beds, curved round a greenhouse and came out on a stretch of lawn. I at once decided that this place would do undoubtedly. There might be alterations to make, but in the main the establishment would be satisfactory even though the house, on closer inspection, proved to be larger than it had seemed when seen from a distance.

On a signal from me Winsell halted at the front porch. Without a word I stepped out. He followed. I mounted the steps, treading with great firmness and decision, and rang the doorbell hard. A middle-aged person dressed in black, with a high collar, opened the door.

"Are you the proprietor of this place?" I demanded without any preamble. My patience was exhausted; I may have spoken sharply.

"Oh, no, sir," he said, and I could tell by his accent he was English; "the marster is out, sir."

"I wish to see him," I said, "on particular business—at once! At once, you understand—it is important!"

"Perhaps you'd better come in, sir," he said humbly. It was evident that my manner, which was, I may say, almost haughty, had impressed him deeply. "If you will wait, sir, I'll have the marster called, sir. He's not far away, sir."

"Very good," I replied. "Do so!"

He showed us into a large library and fussed about, offering drinks and cigars and what-not. Winsell seemed somewhat perturbed by these attentions, but I bade him remain perfectly calm and collected, adding that I would do all the talking.

We took cigars—very good cigars they were. As they were not branded I assumed they were home grown. I had always heard that Connecticut tobacco was strong, but these specimens were very mild and pleasant. I had about decided I should put in tobacco for private consumption and grow my own cigars and cigarettes when the door opened, and a stout elderly man with side whiskers entered the room. He was in golfing costume and was breathing hard.

"As soon as I got your message I hurried over as fast as I could," he said.

"You need not apologize," I replied; "we have not been kept waiting very long."

"I presume you come in regard to the traction matter?" he ventured.

"No," I said, "not exactly. You own this place, I believe?"

"I do," he said, staring at me.

"So far, so good," I said. "Now, then, kindly tell me when you expect to abandon it?"

Some Straight Talk

He backed away from me a few feet, gaping. He opened his mouth and for a few moments absent-mindedly left it in that condition.

"When do I expect to do what?" he inquired.

"When," I said, "do you expect to abandon it?"

He shook his head as though he had a marble loose inside of it and liked the rattling sound.

"I don't understand yet," he said, puzzled.

"I will explain," I said very patiently. "I wish to acquire by purchase or otherwise one of the abandoned farms of this state. Not having been able to find one that was already abandoned, though I believe them to be very numerous, I am looking for one that is about to be abandoned. I wish, you understand, to have the first call on it. Winsell"—I said in an aside—"quit pulling at my coattail! Therefore," I resumed, readdressing the man with the side whiskers, "I ask you a plain question, to wit: When do you expect to abandon this one? I expect a plain answer."

He edged a few feet nearer an electric push button which was set in the wall. He seemed flustered and distraught; in fact, almost apprehensive.

"May I inquire," he said nervously, "how you got in here?"

"Your butler admitted us," I said, with dignity.

"Yes," he said in a soothing tone; "but did you come afoot—or how?"

"I drove here in a car," I told him, though I couldn't see what difference that made.

"Merciful Heavens!" he muttered. "They do not trust you—I mean you do not drive the car yourself, do you?"

Here Winsell cut in.

"I drove the car," he said. "I—I did not want to come, but he"—pointing to me—"he insisted." Winsell is by nature a groveling soul. His tone was almost cringing.

"I see," said the gentleman, wagging his head, "I see. Sad case—very sad case! So young too!" Then he faced me. "You will excuse me now," he said. "I wish to speak to my butler. I have just thought of several things I wish to say to him. Now in regard to abandoning this place: I do not expect to abandon this place just yet—probably not for some weeks. In case I should decide to abandon it sooner, if you will leave your address with me I will communicate with you by letter at the institution where you may chance to be stopping at the time. I trust this will be satisfactory."

He turned again to Winsell.

"Does your—ahem—friend care for flowers?" he asked.

"Yes," said Winsell. "I think so."

The Quest Abandoned

"Perhaps you might show him my flower gardens as you go away," said the side-whiskered man. "I have heard somewhere that flowers have a very soothing effect sometimes in such cases—or it may have been music. I have spent thirty thousand dollars beautifying these grounds and I am really very proud of them. Show him the flowers by all means—you might even let him pick a few if it will humor him."

I started to speak, but he was gone. In the distance somewhere I heard a door slam.

Under the circumstances there was nothing for us to do except to come away. Originally I did not intend to make public mention of this incident, preferring to dismiss the entire thing from my mind; but, inasmuch as Winsell has seen fit to circulate a perverted and needlessly exaggerated version of it among our circle of friends, I feel that the exact circumstances should be properly set forth.

It was a late hour when we rejoined our wives. This was due to Winsell's stupidity in forgetting the route we had traversed after parting from them; in fact, it was nearly midnight before he found his way back to the teahouse where we left them. The teahouse had been closed for some hours then and our wives were sitting in the dark on the teahouse porch waiting for us. Really, I could not blame them for scolding Winsell; but they displayed an unwarranted peevishness toward me. My wife's display of temper was really the last straw. It was that, taken in connection with certain other circumstances, which clinched my growing resolution to let the whole project slide into oblivion. I woke her up and in so many words told her so on the way home. We arrived there shortly after daylight of the following morning.

So, as I said at the outset, I have definitely given up my purpose of buying an abandoned farm and becoming an abandoned farmer. This fall we are looking about the Upper West Side for an abandoned flat.

Judging by the entrance halls and the interior decorations in the new buildings we have visited thus far, they are probably the most abandoned flats in the world.

Four of the principal Berry Brothers products are used in finishing the beautiful Colonial house shown above. On the floor, Liquid Granite; on the interior trim, mantel and staircase, Luxeberry White Enamel; on the doors, Luxeberry Wood Finish; on the porch pillars and other exposed outdoor trim, Luxeberry Spar Varnish.

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A floor varnish whose name suggests its wonderful durability. Given a beautiful finish which wears indefinitely and is unaffected by water. The best known and most widely used of all varnishes.

Luxeberry Wood Finishes

For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. Woodwork 30 years old finished with this splendid varnish is still fresh and bright.

Luxeberry White Enamel

Unequalled for white interior finishing — stairs, hallways, bathrooms, as well as white furniture. Gives a rich, lustrous surface of exceptional beauty. A white enamel that stays white.

Luxeberry Spar (It's Waterproof)

So called because originally used for marine work—for masts, spars, decks and hulls of boats. Now widely employed for all kinds of outdoor finishing, exposed to the weather. Will not turn white and has never been known to check or crack under the severest test of time and temperature.

For Every Varnish Need— Berry Brothers' Varnishes

NO matter what your varnish requirements are — interior or exterior, for whatever purpose — Berry Brothers can furnish you the varnish that is best adapted for that use.

Don't buy "just varnish." Let us help you choose the right varnish for your requirements. Don't think that any varnish will do for *any* purpose. Floors require a different finish from bookcases, and outdoor work, exposed to the weather, needs a different varnish from stair-rails.

Don't use a $2.50 varnish where a $4.00 varnish would be real economy. Let us advise you.

Fifty-five years' experience has taught us how to make the right varnish for every purpose. We make all kinds; we make them right — and varnish buyers have come to know and trust us. That is why we have grown to be the largest makers of varnish in the world.

That is why the Berry Brothers' label on your varnish-can guarantees not only satisfactory appearance, but durability and ultimate economy.

Whether you are a houseowner, contractor, builder, painter, dealer, architect or manufacturer, it will pay you to know about Berry Brothers' Varnishes. Solve your varnish problem by buying or specifying Berry Brothers'. Any dealer can supply you.

Send for our "Homebuilders' Booklet." Interesting, instructive and free for the asking.

Berry Brothers, Inc.

Largest Varnish Makers in the World ***Established 1858***

Factories: — Detroit; Walkerville, Ont. *Branches:* — New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco

Next Week is Berry Week, the Best Time to See Your Dealer About Varnish

From September 13 to September 20 will be *"Berry Week"* in the leading stores throughout the country, handling varnish, paint and similar goods. Dealers will devote special attention to the sale of Berry Brothers' Varnishes. They will have varnish displays on exhibition. They will be unusually ready and able to discuss varnish problems with you.

Take advantage of *"Berry Week."* Learn more about varnish. Plan for your fall repairs and decorating. And order Berry Brothers' Varnishes if you want satisfaction.

BOSS OF THE ROAD

"38" Packard "48"

PROWESS

From Chicago to Detroit, 284 miles, in seven hours and nine minutes is the record of the Packard "38"—an average of 40 miles an hour. This rough road performance has never been equalled. The Packard has more speed than you can use.

COMFORT

Packard road comfort is expressed in motion, with no sense of exerted power. Added zest is given by the new, silent worm bevel gears. Ease and sureness of operation are the natural result of left drive, electric self starter and centralized control board.

SAFETY

The bridge builder's factor of safety is embodied in every detail of Packard construction. Each new model is pounded over dirt roads, alkali wastes and mountain trails for at least 30,000 miles. That is one reason why your family is safest in a Packard.

STAMINA

In a non-stop motor test of 300 hours, the Packard more than doubled the best previous official record for continuous running. Durability far exceeding the requirement is the uncompromising standard to which every Packard is built.

Ask the man who owns one

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT · MICHIGAN

SNIDER'S

Fried Oyster Recipe

1 pint large oysters ½ cup flour
½ cup milk ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup

Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into the mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs, fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

For Soups

Add one and one-half tablespoons Snider's Catsup for each person to be served. Add to soup before removing from stove. Serve hot.

Tomato Sauce Recipe

1 tablespoon butter 1 tablespoon flour
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
1 cup hot water

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

For spaghetti and macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese.

Brown Gravy Recipe

Add one tablespoon Snider's Catsup to all thick gravies for each person to be served.

For 30 years the Leader

Order Today ~just delicious

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

had the better of the next two rounds but was shaded in every session thereafter

M'GRAW ENGAGES DENTIST FOR GIANTS

No Disordered Stomachs if Good Teeth Will Prevent It.

Beginning on Sunday next the Giants will be drifting to Marlin, Tex in relays. Always in the lead in hitting upon schemes conducive to pennant winning, Manager McGraw thought out another one yesterday Having thought it out he proceeded to act and the result was he engaged a dentist to make the training trip with the Giants. Dr. E. J. Birs of this city is the dental expert engaged and it will be his duty to see that the players are all right as to teeth.

"More than once it has been my experience that players reporting in the spring, especially new players, have had trouble with their teeth," explained the Little Corporal. "That has hindered them in their training work of itself and then again a disordered stomach may result to hinder their progress still more. Therefore so far as the presence of a dentist in our retinue of experts is of value I purpose doing that much to promote good condition among my players."

Drawing reproduced by the courtesy of Baseball Magazine

The Giants Know the Value of Good Teeth—Good Health

There is a message for every one in the news item shown here—the message that proper care of the teeth is necessary for work or play, for sport or study. Good health is essential—for good health you must have good teeth to chew your food and give you good digestion.

Join the Good Teeth Good Health Squad—begin to use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It cleans the teeth thoroughly without scratching—it is antiseptic and checks decay-germs—it has a delicious flavor which makes its use a treat.

Most people realize the value of their teeth only when they begin to lose them. Start to save yours today.

Your dealer has Colgate's—or we will send a generous trial tube on receipt of 4c in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

If you want a copy of The Jungle Pow Wow for your son or daughter, brother or sister, say "Send the book."

Colgate Preparations are most acceptable as Christmas Gifts.